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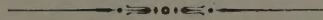
THE

WINDHAM

MAGAZINE

OF

ART



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THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

SOME PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By F. G. KITTON.

THE portraits of Scott considerably outnumber those of his famous compatriot and contemporary, Lord Byron, a fact easily accounted for when their respective ages are remembered. As a description of all the presentations of the author of "Waverley" would monopolise far too much space here, I must concern myself only with the more important, viz., those which were painted from life.

Undoubtedly, the earliest portrait of Scott is a miniature on ivory, painted by Kay about 1776, delineating the future novelist as a boy of about six years old. It was done at Bath, and given by Scott's mother early in the present century to a relative, Mrs. Captain Watson, in whose family it remained for at least seventy years, afterwards passing into the hands of the late Mr. David Laing, LL.D., of Edinburgh, who bequeathed it to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. It is a small bust, in profile to the left, and represents the child as having light blue eyes and long, curly hair of a light chestnut colour (which afterwards changed to a nut-brown hue), the expression of the face being grave and pensive; he wears a scarlet dress with a broad white lace collar. A very careful copy, made at a later date (probably by an amateur artist), was given by Scott to his daughter Sophia, and was engraved by Horsburgh for Lockhart's biography of the novelist; another repetition is in the possession of Mr. John Murray, whose father purchased it at the sale of Mr. Edward Cheney's works of art in 1885.

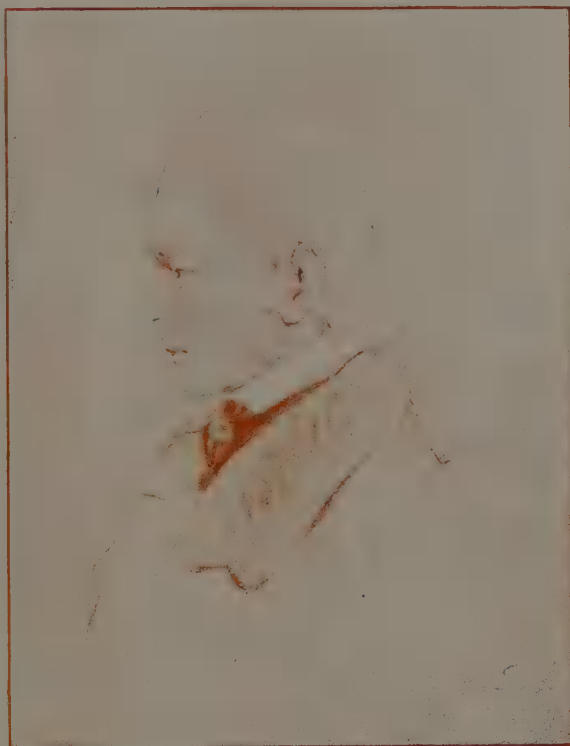
Two miniatures of a later date were included in

the Scott Centenary Exhibition, held at Edinburgh in 1871. The first of these, by W. Nicholson, R.S.A., represents Scott in his boyhood, together with his pretty nurse; the other (artist unknown) belongs to a rather subsequent period, but no description of it is available. In the exhibition just referred to were two other portraits of the great writer, by Nicholson, executed in water-colours about 1820. There is yet another early miniature (the name of the artist being also unrecorded) to which especial value is attached for the reason that it was a present from Sir Walter to his *fiancée*, Miss Carpenter, shortly before their marriage in 1797; this portrait of him as a young man, with his hair slightly powdered, is at Abbotsford.

To James Saxon belongs the credit of having produced the first portrait in oils of Sir Walter, which was painted in

1805, at the time he was composing his earlier poems. This picture is a three-quarter length, and faithfully represents the author in a sitting posture; his dog "Camp" leans upon the left knee of his master, who is dressed in black and wears a white neckcloth. The canvas was done for Lady Scott, who, in consequence of repeated requests that it should be engraved, transferred it to Messrs. Longmans and Co., the well-known publishers, and in their house in Paternoster Row it probably remains. The engraved reproduction by Heath is said to be the earliest *published* portrait of Scott (see p. 3).

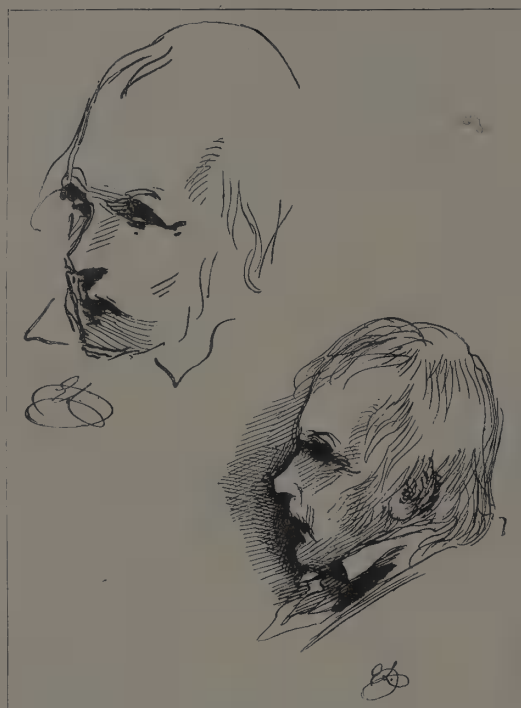
It was in 1808, when "Marion" appeared, that Scott initiated a series of sittings to the



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From a Pencil Drawing by G. S. Newton, R.A., in the Possession of M. H. Spielmann, Esq.)

distinguished portraitist, Sir Henry Raeburn, whose first likeness, painted for the bookseller Constable, depicts the novelist at full length, seated by a ruined wall, and holding a note-book and pencil as though in the act of composing; he is dressed in black and wears Hessian boots, his face being up-raised towards the spectator; that favoured animal,



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From Pen-and-Ink Sketches by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., in the Possession of M. H. Spielmann, Esq.)

"Camp," reclines at his master's feet, while in the distance there is a glimpse of Hermitage Castle and the mountains of Liddesdale. Lockhart, although considering this a most faithful presentment, remarks that the serious expression of the face was very unlike the hilarity and vivacity then habitual to it, but quite true to what it was in the absence of mental excitement. That Sir Walter himself approved of it is indicated in a letter addressed by him to Constable in 1809, in which he desired as a parting favour that it should be considered as done at his debit, and for himself, a suggestion which the bookseller, in handsome terms, declined to accept. At the sale of Constable's effects it became the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, who had previously desired Scott to sit for a portrait intended to adorn his lordship's library at Bowhill, but, although the novelist expressed himself "equally proud and happy" to do this, and hoped "it would be so executed as to be in some degree worthy of the preferment to which it was destined," this picture of

himself was never executed, the position originally assigned to it being subsequently occupied by Constable's portrait already mentioned.

In 1809, Raeburn produced another full-length representation of Scott, which, however, was nearly a repetition of its predecessor, although the artist had new sittings for it. In this painting, which is at Abbotsford, the novelist's two greyhounds, "Douglas" and "Percy," are introduced in addition to "Camp," while the background depicts the valley of the Yarrow. Raeburn's third and final portrait of Scott was done after a considerable interval (that is, in 1822), at the request of Lord Montagu; it is a half-length, "a massive, strong likeness," wrote Lockhart, "heavy at first sight, but which grows into favour—eyes very deep and fine" (see p. 7). A peculiar interest attaches to this canvas, on account of it being the last work of Raeburn's pencil.

A presentment of "The Wizard of the North" is naturally a prominent feature in Sir David Wilkie's pleasing group of "The Abbotsford Family," produced at Abbotsford for Captain Sir Adam Fergusson in 1817. In an amusing letter to Sir Adam, Scott describes the picture as having "something in it of a domestic character, as the personages are represented in a sort of masquerade, such being the pleasure of the accomplished painter. . . The idea was to represent our family group in the garb of South Country peasants supposed to be concerting a merry-making. The place is the terrace near Kay-side, commanding an extensive view towards the Eildon Hills. The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburgh," etc. Lockhart did not like the portrait of the principal figure in this group, but considered that of Sir Adam as exceptionally meritorious. Concerning its production it is recorded that Wilkie experienced considerable difficulty in securing Scott for the necessary sittings, for, "instead of business, he was thinking only of amusement, as if he had nothing in the world to occupy him." In a later picture, painted in 1822 by the same artist, representing "The Arrival of George IV. at Holyrood," the portrait of Scott is, according to Lockhart, equally unsatisfactory. Sir Donald Currie is, I believe, the fortunate possessor of another portrait by Wilkie, painted during the artist's visit to Abbotsford.

In 1818, Andrew Geddes, A.R.A., made a small pencil drawing (slightly touched with red) of the head and bust of the novelist, as a study for his picture of "The Discovery of the Scottish Regalia," painted during the same year. The face is seen nearly in full, and looking slightly downward; the hair falling over the forehead. The drawing is

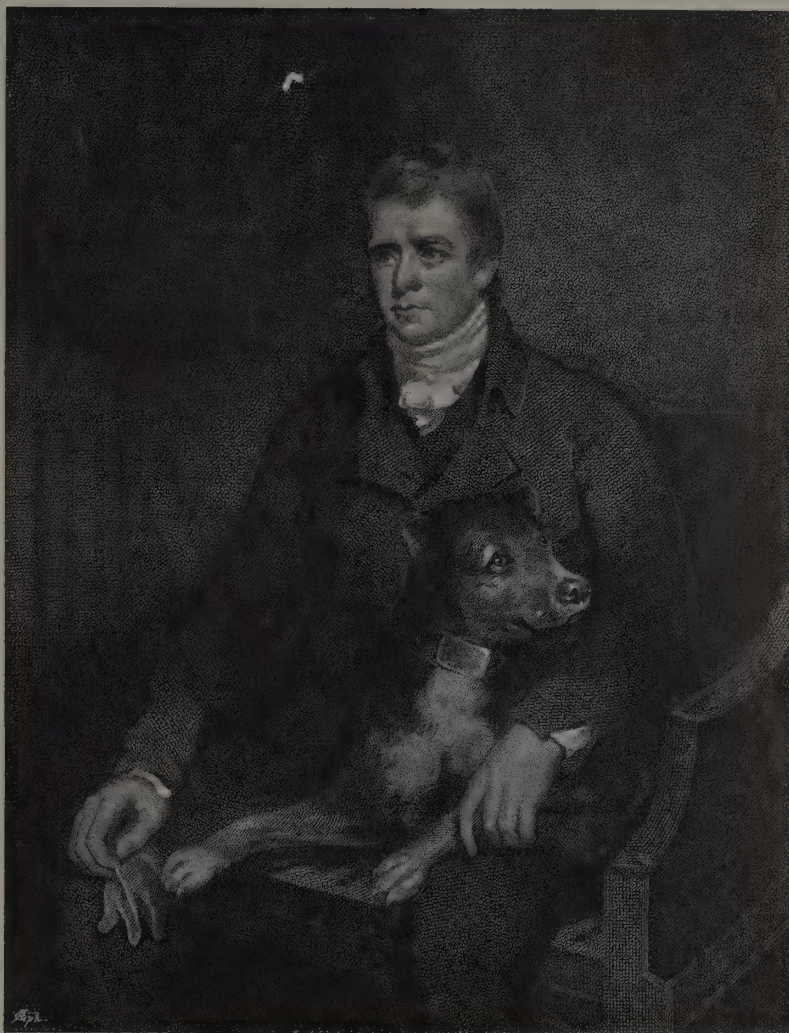
post-dated 1823, and was purchased for the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in 1885. Lockhart also refers to a head, "nearly a profile, boldly drawn"—a sketch in oils—which was really another study by Geddes for the picture just mentioned; it once belonged to Sir J. Stewart, of Allanbank, and is probably the identical painting (executed in 1818) that was lent by Miss James to the Scott Centenary Exhibition. A similar portrait, painted on a panel, was sent by Mr. Agnew to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House in 1892.

In the same year (1818) we have a presentment of Scott by T. Phillips, R.A.—a life-size head in oils, painted for Mr. John Murray, and now in Albemarle Street. The face of the novelist is seen nearly in full; he wears a tartan plaid and an open collar, which, in Lockhart's opinion, "gives a theatrical air to what otherwise would have been a very graceful representation of Scott in the 47th year of his age." The artist, however, has "caught a true expression not hit upon by any of his brethren—a smile of gentle enthusiasm." A replica is in the collection at Knowle.

In 1819, Sir William Allan, R.A., produced the first of his portraits of Sir Walter, which he included in a picture called "The Ettrick Shepherd's House-heating." Two cabinet portraits by the same artist were on view at the Scott Centenary Exhibition; one of these was entitled "The Minstrel of the Border," while the other, executed in 1831 for

R. Nasmyth, F.R.S., depicts the novelist in his study at Abbotsford, in the act of reading the Proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots previous to her marriage with Darnley. The latter is a full-length (seated) representation of Scott, who wears a dark green coat with black velvet collar, white waistcoat, large black neckcloth loosely tied, and trousers of a pale yellow-brown colour, the face being lighted by reflection from the document; "Maida" lies at the novelist's feet, and the still-life of the picture, in-

cluding many historical relics, was painted from the original objects at Abbotsford (see p. 8). The picture (which was afterwards etched by the artist, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery) possesses a special value because it is the last portrait for which Sir Walter sat, it having been exhibited at the Royal Academy only a few months before his death in 1832. At Abbotsford there is another small paint-



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From the Engraving by Heath, after the Painting by James Saxon.)

ing on a panel by Allan, which is probably a replica of that just described, except for a variation in the pose of the dog, which is here seen standing at the side of Sir Walter, whose right hand rests on the animal's neck as though in the act of caressing it. A similar picture was lent to the Scott Centenary Exhibition by Mr. T. Williams, of London.

Concerning a presentment of Scott with his Highland terrier, painted for Lady Abercorn by Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A., in 1820, the novelist thus

wrote to her ladyship:—"The Portrait is advancing, by the pencil of a clever Artist, and will, I think, be a likeness and a tolerably good picture. . . . If I look a little sleepy, your kindness must excuse it, as I had to make my attendance on the Man of Colours between six and seven in the morning." This afterwards became the property of Lord Napier. A study of the head by the same painter was probably a preliminary sketch for the larger canvas. Ten years later, Sir J. W. Gordon produced for Mr. Cadell a portrait of Scott which Lockhart ranked among his best pieces—a half-length, depicting the author of "Waverley" in a seated posture, with hands resting on his staff, and having "Bran," the staghound, by his side. A cabinet portrait, also by Gordon, of Sir Walter in his Study in Castle Street, Edinburgh, was lent to the Centenary Exhibition.

In 1820, Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., informed Scott of the King's resolution to adorn the great gallery at Windsor Castle with portraits, by the distinguished President, of his Majesty's most famous contemporaries, and that the series should commence with Sir Walter. The painting, therefore, was immediately begun in London, and, when completed, was universally considered an admirable likeness. The novelist himself, in expressing his satisfaction, remarked that he wondered how Sir Thomas had made so much out of "an old weather-beaten block," and subsequently declared his regret that there should exist another picture of him besides this. Lawrence's remarkable portrait is a three-quarter length of the size of life, representing the author seated at table in the act of composing, the head being slightly raised, with the face towards the spectator. Here the artist has caught and fixed with admirable skill one of the loftiest expressions of Scott's countenance at the proudest period of his life, correctly conveying the idea that the gifted writer (as he himself expressed it) was a "stout, blunt carle, that cares for few things and fears nothing." Unfortunately, Sir Walter had to leave town before the picture was finished, thus compelling the painter to fill in the figure from a separate sketch, apparently to the detriment of the subject. Lockhart, on first seeing the head, thought nothing could be better, but observed a change for the worse when the rest of the subject had been carried out, as it was, on a distinctly different scale. Lawrence afterwards declared that, although Scott was one of the most patient sitters he ever had, he found it difficult, owing to his natural vivacity, to secure the requisite solemnity of expression, which, however, he finally succeeded in doing by inducing Scott to recite a bit of poetry. This historical canvas has been finely

engraved by Horsburgh, and still remains in the Royal Collection at Windsor.

Another interesting portrait is that by G. S. Newton, R.A., 1824. It is a small, richly-painted three-quarter length in oil, done at Chiefswood, and presented by the artist to Scott's daughter, Mrs. Lockhart. "It is the best domestic portrait ever done," was Lockhart's enthusiastic comment. Here we see the baronet seated at table, holding a stick, and wearing his usual country dress—a green jacket, black neckcloth, and a leathern belt round his shoulders for carrying a forester's axe. This picture reposes at Abbotsford, and a replica is in the possession of Mr. John Murray.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann owns a pencil drawing, on buff paper, of the head, by Newton, which formerly belonged to the Drake Collection (see p. 1). The face is in profile to the left, and there are white touches on the hair surmounting the high forehead that gained for him, in later days, the *sobriquet* of "Old Peveril," in allusion to the "peak which towered high above the heads of other men." In the Forster Collection, at the South Kensington Museum, will be found another small portrait of Scott by Newton.

Sir Walter gave sittings to C. R. Leslie, R.A., in 1824. This portrait, which was painted for the author's American friend, Mr. Ticknor, represents the great writer seated in a carved armchair, with right hand resting on a walking-stick. The face is seen nearly in full, and in the background the artist has introduced a crest with motto, "Watch Weel." One who was present nearly the whole time the work was proceeding remarks that it was a fine likeness at a particular period of the sittings, but unfortunately Leslie listened to the advice of some wisacre who thought the mouth might be improved. In giving effect to this suggestion the artist spoiled the picture, for he never again hit the correct expression.

In his Diary, under date January 7th, 1826, Scott wrote:—"Knight, a young artist, son of the performer, came to do a picture of me at the request of Terry. . . . I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes. But the young man is civil and modest, and I have agreed he shall be in the room while I work, and take the best likeness of me he can, without compelling me into the fixed attitude and yawning fatigues of an actual sitting." The result was a small portrait of Scott, seated at table writing. The head is described by Lockhart as being "ill-drawn and feeble in expression; but the *Literary Gazette* at the time considered it excellent. The picture was soon after destroyed by a fire at the house of the owner at Finchley.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*(From the Engraving by Horsburgh, after the Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the Royal Collection.
Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)*

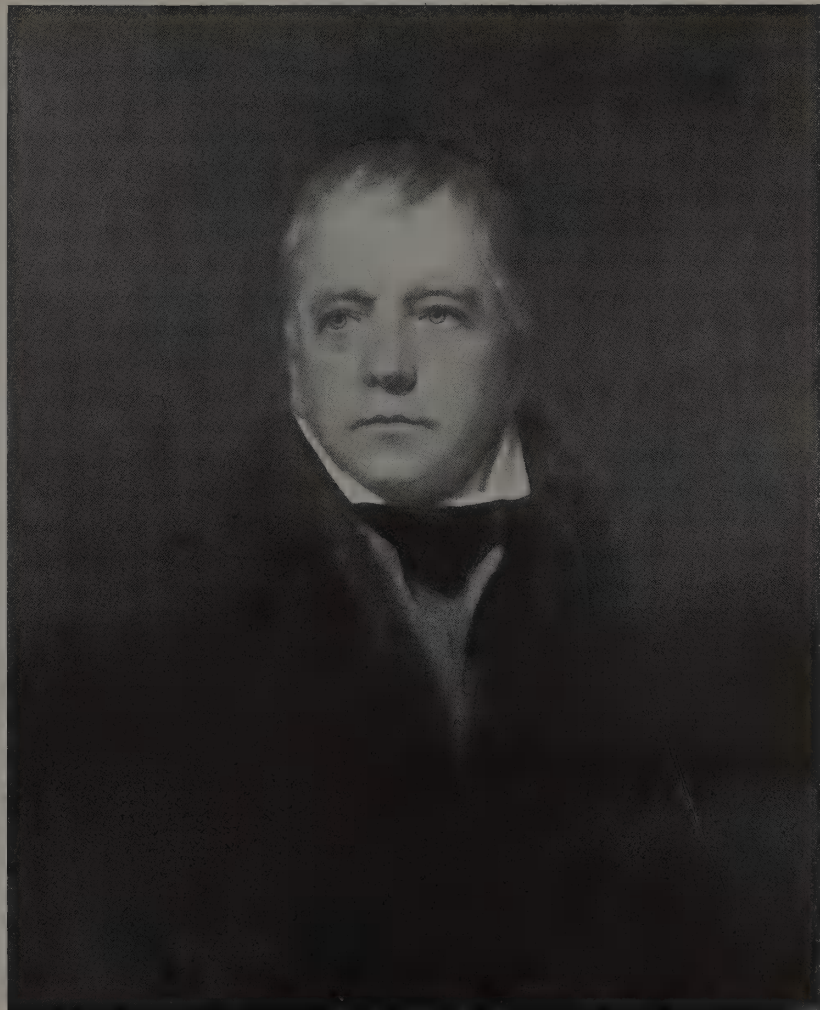
In 1824, Colom Smith, R.S.A., painted a half-length for his uncle, Lord Gillies. This also Lockhart never admired, although it pleased so many of Sir Walter's friends that the artist, yielding to pressing demands, executed no fewer than fifteen replicas. It was during this year that the novelist entered in his Diary the following statement: "Breakfasted with Haydon, and sat for my head." But what became of the result of the sitting I am unable to discover. On May 9th, in the same year, Sir Walter wrote: "This day, at the request of Sir William Knighton, I sat to Northcote, who is to introduce himself in the same piece in the act of painting me, like some pictures of the Venetian school." Again: "Another long sitting to the old Wizard Northcote. He really resembles an animated mummy." This picture was lent to the Centenary Exhibition by Sir William Knighton, Bart.

In the Council Chamber of the Royal Society of Edinburgh hangs a life-size portrait of Scott, as President, painted for the Society by J. Graham, R.S.A.,* in 1829. The artist retained in his own collection a duplicate of this portrait, which was presented in 1867 to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery by the artist's widow. In this picture (which differs slightly from the original) the author, wearing evening dress, is seen to the knees, seated in a crimson-backed chair, and fronting the spectator. The face is turned in three-quarters to the right; the hair, as well as the bushy eyebrows, is very grey and combed straight down—a peculiarity observable in all the later portraits.

After his "high and palmy days" had for ever

* In 1834 this prominent Scottish artist married a Miss Gilbert, when he added his wife's cognomen to his own, and was therefore subsequently known as J. Graham Gilbert. His portrait of Scott was engraved in 1834 for Jerdan's "National Portrait Gallery."

vanished, Sir Walter sat to Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., for his portrait, which was painted at Abbotsford in 1831 for Lady Ruthven, and bequeathed by her to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. Scott wrote in his Diary at this date: "Frank Grant is still with me, and is well pleased—I think very advisedly so—with a cabinet picture of myself, armour and so forth, together with my two noble staghounds. The dogs sat charmingly, but the picture took up some time." It is interesting



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From the Painting by Sir H. Raeburn, in the Possession of the Earl of Home.)

to learn, *à propos* of this portrait, that while the artist was at work upon it Scott was busily dictating to Laidlaw his last novel, "Count Robert of Paris." In the picture—a small full-length—the author, seated at a table and wearing his favourite green coat, with a dark vest and tie, is posed as though in the act of writing, and holds with the left hand a large volume which rests on his knee. An

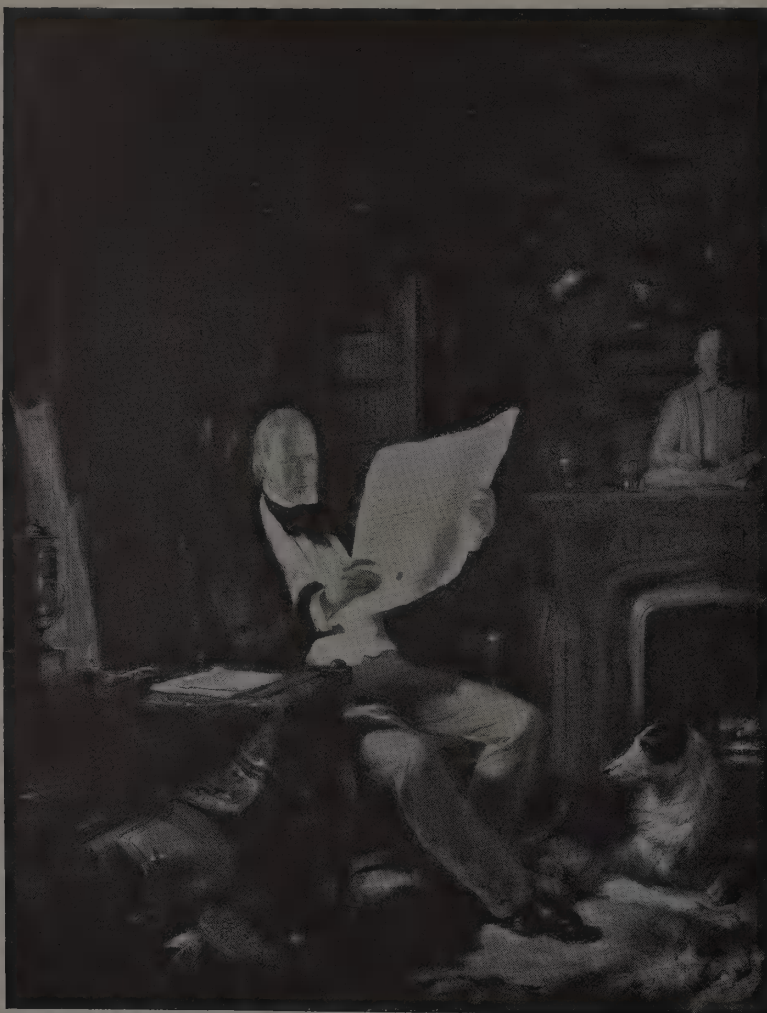
altered replica was engraved by Thomas Hodgetts in 1835.

In 1834—about two years after the novelist's death—a sketch in oils, on panel, was made at Abbotsford by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.: this is a small, richly-painted interior, in which Sir Walter, seen to the waist, is represented as seated at a table, upon which lie a sword and part of a suit of armour,

It is a full-length, with the scenery of the Rhymer's Glen, and his familiarity with Scott renders it almost as valuable as if he had sat for it. Mr. M. H. Spielmann possesses two studies by this artist—sketches of the head in pen-and-ink; and in the Forster Collection there are two slight pencil sketches, also of the head, by the same master-hand.

A portrait of Scott "in the character of Peter Pattieson," by R. Scott Lauder, R.S.A., was lent to the Centenary Exhibition by Mr. John Blackwood. Another interesting (undated) picture is that by T. Faed, R.A., portraying Sir Walter and his literary friends at Abbotsford, although it should be stated that the personages in this group (Hogg, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Lord Jeffrey, Moore, Campbell, Sir David Wilkie, etc.) never assembled together under Scott's roof. The principal figure is seated in the foreground, reading aloud from a manuscript to those around him, who assume various poses. This painting was disposed of at the Gillott sale for 910 guineas. The engraving in mezzotint, by James Faed, was dedicated to the original proprietor of the painting, Mr. Alexander Dennistoun.

Although an account of the sculptured portraits of Scott does not rightly come within the scope of the present article, it would, I think, be an omission if no mention were made of the only statue of the novelist executed during his lifetime, viz., that produced by John Greenshields in 1831. The portrait-bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, modelled in 1820, was considered by Lockhart as alone preserving for posterity the cast of expression most fondly remem-



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From the Painting by Sir William Allan, in the National Portrait Gallery.)

bered by his intimates. Scott's biographer called it the "Conversational Bust," and so generally was it appreciated that nearly fifty casts were immediately disposed of. The only duplicate in marble was executed for the Duke of Wellington, while the original is at Abbotsford. This bust was pirated by Italians; so that England and Scotland, and even the Colonies, were supplied with inferior casts to the extent of thousands—the Copyright Act notwithstanding.

Landseer is responsible for another portrait of Scott, produced shortly after the novelist's demise.

Act notwithstanding.

THE PLACE OF SCULPTURE
IN DAILY LIFE
DECORATION
by Edmund Gosse.

IF modern sculpture has had to suffer from the blows of its natural enemies—such as Puritanism, indifference to beauty, a gross utilitarianism—it has suffered most from the treason of a friend and kinsman. The nineteenth-century architect has much to answer for in his selfish policy of excluding the sculptor from his counsels. When art has been really flourishing and national, the builder has always called in the modeller and carver to aid him in giving distinction and character to his edifice. The sign of a radically inartistic age is the divorce between the two classes of men. Sculpture presupposes an interest in art; even the horrors of modern Italian mortuary carving, shocking as they are, show a desire for artistic expression. Architecture, on the other hand, may exist, and does very largely exist, in all corrupt ages, without the smallest relation to art. A house to live in, another to conduct business in, another for worship, another for sport—these can all be constructed without any other consideration than practical commodiousness. That they should serve their purpose of utility, and be cheap and plain, that is all that is desired; in our days it is commonly the best that is achieved.

But what could be less than this the sign of a great artistic movement in architecture? In antiquity the finest successes in that class were never made without the stimulus and aid of sculpture. We cannot think of the temples of the Greeks without recollecting their sculptured decorations. Sculpture grew up at Athens under the protection of architecture, and when sculpture dwindled, architecture ceased to be distinguished. The metopes added, with their hard forms and the vigour of their high relief, the effect of colour required to complete the harmony of the builder's elegant and cold design. Grand as the latter was, and pure in its grandeur, it would have failed to produce from a distance its effect of complicated beauty without these emphatic sculptures. The spectator presently approached the precincts and

ascended the steps of the temple. Here a new element attracted his vision—the frieze, with the delicacy of its low relief, its exquisite distribution of a paler key of light, again came to the aid of the architecture, and determined its general effect. If, as seems to have been often the case, the great temples had metopes only on one or two sides of them, this was in itself a refinement of sensation. The visitor drew near and, in the bald and unadorned south side of the temple, was conscious of something wanting—of a certain final pleasure withheld from the eye. He turned, and the east end rose before him, rich with variegated light and shadow, and encrusted with the manifold imagination of the sculptor.

It was the same at the height of the Gothic age. In his eagerness to reach an impossible perfection the mediæval architect despaired of the reduplication of his own orders of ornament, and called in the sculptor to surpass his efforts and to animate the surface of his work. Sometimes, as pre-eminently at Wells and at Chartres, he offered so generous a hospitality to his brother-artist that the church has come to seem to us almost a canvas for the sculptor to work upon more than a specimen of the art of the architect. We think of the sculpture first and the architecture second; yet, so deftly are the two intermingled, that we are conscious all the while that the former exists as a handmaid to the latter, a servant called in to co-operate, and raised by the gracious tact of her master to a position as dignified as his own in the household. The Gothic builder was conscious that a higher vitality than the best of his mouldings could supply might be given to the surface of his edifice by the addition of living forms. He welcomed the carver with his ornament of plants and animals, his gargoyles, his abacus, the long-drawn tiers of his hieratic statuettes.

But this ambition to live has passed away from our modern architects, who seem to have an absolute indifference about the soul of a building if only they

can get its body ship-shape and comfortable. Of recent English buildings I know but one—the Institute of Chartered Accountants—in which, after the old noble fashion, sculpture takes her proper place at the side of architecture. In this rarely beautiful structure Mr. Belcher has been supported and illustrated by Mr. Thornycroft and Mr. Bates with a result that is wholly fortunate. (See *MAGAZINE OF ART* for March, 1895.) There is I know not what of intellectual deadness about most recent architecture, due in large measure to the neglect of sculptured ornament, without which the face of a great building is like that of a human being in whose eyes there is no lustre of intelligence. In America there has of late years sprung up among the architects a finer sense of their relation to the sculptors; and in the uses to which the vigorous genius of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens is put in several of the great cities of America, we may see what less commercial instincts might achieve in England.

If the architects give us at present but little hope of seeing sculpture vitalised on the exterior of our public buildings, let us turn to the interior. Let us visit our churches and chapels. Here there is a wonderful field for the patronage of sculpture if people would but regard it. It is part of the feverish hurry of our existence, a type of our haste to forget the past, that so little attention is paid nowadays to the seemly and tender practice of recording the memory of the dead in tablets and mural monuments. The charm and interest of a church is vastly increased when it contains some appropriate funeral sculpture. In spite of the ravages of Puritanism, the smashing of monuments, the relegation of old memorials to the cellar and the stonemason's yard, the interior of our country churches is still, in a multitude of cases, made delightful to a casual visitor by its busts and tablets. A neglected field of inquiry is the Anglo-Italian sculpture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as seen in the churches and mortuary chapels of our rural counties. It is not often that, in out-of-the-way places, the student comes suddenly upon such a treasury of sculpture as is found, in the depth of the Cotswold Hills, in the chapel of the parish church of Chipping Camden; but if a census were made of the busts and recumbent statues, the medallions and the tablets which adorn the small ecclesiastical buildings of this country, we should be astonished at the degree to which the memorial art was exercised within the Church of England, until Puritanism came with its hammers and its savage intolerance of beauty.

It is only the wealthy who can afford to bestow the dignified and, in all but a few cases, the osten-

tatious honour of a recumbent figure on a deceased friend. It is a splendid tribute, but it is one which is hardly among the simpler uses of the art. Yet less showy persons than nobles and ancestral squires can yield themselves, if they happen to think of it, the distinguished pleasure of rendering honour to their dead in the form of a church monument. The money lavishly expended on a grand funeral, and then in the cemetery upon a portentous and inappropriate tombstone which the rain soon renders illegible, would often be far more intelligently spent on a marble tablet for the interior of the church, which would last and keep sweet the memory of the deceased for centuries. The most delightful form, I think, for a modest monument of this nature to take is that of a medallion portrait, delicately carved in very low relief, surrounded or supported by an inscription stating who and what the deceased was, and by any texts or valedictory phrases that may suit the wishes of the relatives. The peculiar style in which the whole is put together must, of course, be left to the artist; but this is a form of monument which cannot fail in skilful hands to be tasteful, and which lends itself to an infinite variety of fancy. It should be of marble always, since, in our northern climate, bronze is lost on the wall of a church or chapel; and terra-cotta is less fine, and seems—though this may be a delusion—to be less durable. I speak, in describing this form of monument, only of what is more distinctly within the range of a moderate purse. For double the sum an imaginative design, such as Flaxman drew so charmingly, may be executed; but I mention the tablet with a portrait-medallion as a form of sculpture which is within the reach of all persons of reasonable fortune, and which yet is worthy of the attention of a first-rate artist. I think that in every case, however, the style chosen for mural sculpture in a church should be very low relief, and for this reason, that the light in an ecclesiastical building falls in unexpected directions, and is apt to distort and exaggerate the shadow of any salient object upon the walls. This is a disadvantage which we may often feel in contemplating the otherwise admirable memorials put up in churches during the second half of the eighteenth century, from the days of Roubiliac to those of Bacon.

We do not think enough of the place which relievo might and should take in the interior and exterior decoration of our buildings. It is true that for its full message it requires the gift of strong light; in our northern dusk, that only whispers which sounds like a trumpet under the blaze of Greece or Africa. Perhaps we must resign for all but domestic use the basso; there remains

to our sculptors the noble practice of the alto. It was in this department of the art that sculpture grew to maturity. The sculptors learned in the practice of relief what they afterwards taught in the round. The plates of copper, beaten into shapes of dogs and heroes, which ran round the walls of the Palace of Alkinous, and the plates of ivory, rudely carved, which were applied round tombs in Attica, contained the earliest babblings of the music which was soon to sing out of the art of Myron

that the initiation of athletics at the Pythian games was a purely physical or sensuous thing. It had its intellectual side as well; it quickened and deepened the visual sense and led to its expression in nobler and more accomplished forms. The late Sir Edgar Boehm was of opinion that the modern artist ought to perpetuate the memory of the winners of the Derby precisely as Ageladas celebrated the chariot races at Olympia. He made certain attempts in this direction, but without



CHAPEL AT CHIPPING CAMDEN.

and Phideas. It was in these compositions that the sculptors first gained freedom of modelling, and it is a great misfortune that so little opportunity is offered by the demands of modern life for exercising the hand in the full and complicated work of composed relief. Whenever sculpture has been in a lively condition, it has shown its vitality in the variety and beauty of its bas-reliefs.

Passing to more desultory considerations, it must be felt to be strange that the wide development of a love, or, more than a love, a national passion, for athletics should not have had its effect upon the art of sculpture. It is obvious that the enfranchisement of Greece, and the institution of a great system of public sports, had an instant effect upon the sculptors. It would be an error to suppose

catching the enthusiasm or the turmoil of the contest. But the national game *par excellence*, which would seem to lend itself so remarkably to plastic illustration, remains absolutely without a tribute from the modellers. No Greek of the fifth century before Christ would have spent a quarter of an hour at Lord's without wishing to place there, at opposite ends of the Pavilion, a batsman and a bowler in marble.

The worst of recommending the popular games of this country as subjects for the sculptor is that when attempts are made to illustrate polo or cricket, football or racing, it is done in a tight, small way. It is done for spectators whose eyes are untrained to broad effects, who know nothing of the lie of muscles, but everything about the

arrangement of buttons. In the exhibition of the Royal Academy year by year we meet with efforts in the direction here indicated, which it would be pleasant to encourage, but which sin so flagrantly against all the rules of composition, are so hard and meagre in line, yet so languid in essential design, that they cannot be treated as contributions to sculpture even in its humbler form. The modifications in costume which have recently come into fashion may do something to attract a better class of artists to this kind of work. The possibilities of football are great, though the cycle and the niblick seem at present to defy the capacity of the sculptor.

Something has already been said here, in an earlier paper, of the medallion as a practical outlet for sculptural talent. We must return to the theme for a moment. There is a species of purely artistic medal, unknown to the ancients, which was an invention of the Italian Renaissance, and which is so closely in sympathy with modern feeling that its neglect among ourselves is very singular. The commemorative medallion invented in Tuscany in the fifteenth century, and familiar to us in the work of Pisanello and his followers, differed from all earlier expressions of numismatic art in the fact that it was not to be circulated as money, but to exist as an object as independent and personal as a bust or a statue. It was commonly only a few inches in diameter, and was cast in bronze, not struck from a die as a coin is. Pisanello, who deserves to rank among the great names of the artistic world, borrowed nothing but the general form from the coins of antiquity. He invented a breadth and picturesque fulness of form, a distinction in portraiture, a grand disposition of line which were entirely novel in this kind of work. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the medal became a form of intimate sculpture which was within the reach of any man of taste. Ladies hastened to be immortalised in the delicate bronze of Pastorino of Sienna. Unhappily the refinement of these early Renaissance medals soon gave way to a theatrical and coarse convention. The Italian medal ceased to be a thing of beauty and charm, and in the decay of numismatic taste, where cleverness and executive skill long survived purity and originality of design, the nations, one after another, lost the habit of regarding this as a practicable branch of domestic sculpture.

There have been attempts to revive this charming exercise of the Little Masters of sculpture. In France very considerable progress has been made, and even in England, where for some time a Society of Medallists was founded, several leading artists have made studies in this direction. But the

amateurs and private collectors do not support the movement. It is surprising that those persons who return from a museum charmed with the distinguished Italian medals of the fifteenth century, in which the physiognomy and the costume of so many singular types are preserved to all ages, should not ask themselves what prevents the encouragement of living sculptors to essay in the same field. But they never seem to do so.

We pass from the obvious domain of sculpture when we reach jewellery and goldsmith's work. Yet in the great days of the Renaissance all these arts were united; and if we were wise we should go to-day to the sculptor, and not to the trading jeweller, for this species of ornament. Cellini was merely setting jewels when Michelangelo sought him out and perceived his genius in a line with which that master was himself quite unpractised. So no one whose eye was accustomed to modelling could see the marvellous jewels which Mr. Alfred Gilbert constructs, often mere arrangements of bent wire, without perceiving the evidence of a sculptural talent of the highest order. Yet it is probable that most women would rather wear the fal-lal of the Palais Royal than the most exquisitely designed fantasy that was ever conceived by the brain of an artist.

It is time, however, to bring these desultory considerations to a close. I will permit myself to remind my readers what has been the object of this little series of papers. My desire has been to indicate the most practical modes in which we can employ the noblest and the most refined of the plastic arts in the adornment of our streets and public buildings on the one hand, and of our private houses on the other. The subject is one which I cannot persuade myself to believe can continue to occupy the thoughts of cultivated people so little. I have desired in these papers to keep closely to what is possible and convenient. The dreams of theorists and the abstract speculations of æsthetic philosophers are exceedingly valuable and important; but before we get anything really done, we must descend from the heights of abstraction and plant our feet pretty firmly on the flat ground of the concrete. I have, therefore, resisted the temptation to speak vaguely about those principles which move through the art of sculpture like the laws of harmony in music. I have not discussed here the relation of modern art to the faultless art of the ancients, nor have I dwelt on the motley and pathetic, but often very amusing, history of modern sculpture. I have not diverged from a consideration of the ways in which sculpture may be utilised in the daily life of citizens and of individuals.

Why do they call it a *Pas de Quatre*?
 'twould puzzle a sage to know.
 It's you & I, & I & you, as up & down
 we go.
 What does it matter whoever the rest,
 however they twist & swirl?
 Whether they dance, or whether they prance,
 or whether they waltz in a whirl?
 Never a thought of any one else, as we
 go to & fro.
 Why do they call it a *Pas de Quatre*?
 'twould puzzle a sage to know.

PAS de QUATRE.



Why do they call it a *Pas de Quatre*?
 I think I'm beginning to know.
 What of the hands that hold & loose
 as up & down we go?
 What of the feet that rise & fall, &
 patter along the floor?
 For two are yours & two are mine,
 & two & two make four.
 What of the eyes that meet & part
 as we go to & fro?
 Why do they call it a *Pas de Quatre*?
 I think I'm beginning to know.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Bernard Partridge & Co.
 (Inscribed And. xiv. Rd. Bldg.)

CHARLES BURTON BARBER.

BY HARRY FURNISS. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BURTON BARBER'S SKETCH-BOOK.

SELDOM, indeed, has there existed an artist whose work has been so popular and whose personality so little known as Burton Barber, and yet at the same time one whose individuality in his pictures has been so evident and engaging.

The work of some men, no matter how clever or great it may be, does not inspire those who admire it to become acquainted with its author, but with books of a delightful, sympathetic, and domesticated character all who read them say of the author, "Do you know So-and-so? He—or she—must be charming." So also is it with painting. If you "live with" a picture surely the probability is that it would be a source of pleasure to you to be able to claim acquaintance with its originator, more especially if the subject treats of human sympathy; and in the present lion-hunting epoch, in which the insatiable pursuer of personalities—I refer to the interviewer—finds the smallest crumb from the table of a third-class celebrity sufficient for columns of a magazine, it is more than wonderful that Charles Burton Barber remained comparatively unknown, although to those who had the privilege of his friendship it was not in the least surprising that he should have remained in the shade. For no man dreaded exposure to the fierce light of publicity more than the talented but withal modest painter.

For a quarter of a century he was "commanded" to attend the Royal Palaces to paint pictures for Royalty, yet not one paragraph announcing this

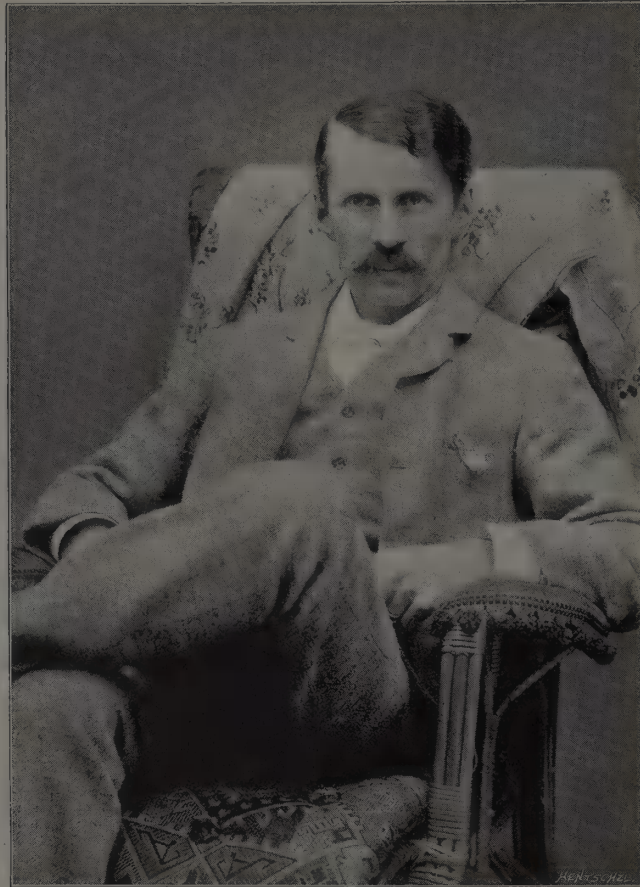
appeared in the press, and not one penny did the patronage of royalty bring (outside the commission, of course) to the worker.

Here is a contrast to the advertising theatrical manager or the West-End tradesman!

Charles Burton Barber was in some respects the equal of Sir Edwin Landseer, and in one respect his superior. His private pictures for the Queen were the most satisfactory, for he was, after all, Sir Edwin's successor as the painter of animals, and it was quite an accident that he did not do as much painting for the general public as that artist, whom he worshipped.

The accident was that Landseer happened to have lived before him.

Like Landseer, Burton Barber loved to paint the stag. He studied him carefully on his native heath in the shaggy



CHARLES BURTON BARBER.

wilds of the Highlands, but as no one would give a moment's consideration to the noble deer after those by the great master, Burton Barber came down from the solitude of the northern fastnesses and took to painting dogs and cats in the studio.

For this must be held responsible the picture dealers, who must have ruined quite as many reputations as they profess to have made. At one period Burton Barber had a struggle to avoid becoming merely the painter of the hunting-field. It was when he was just of age that he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy. (I may mention that he had been a student in the school and had carried off some medals.) The picture in question was entitled "First at the Fence," and in the year

1866 it attracted general attention, placed as it was on the line. The unusual point of view from which the horse is drawn, the masterly foreshortening of his quarters, and the careful and correct handling of the hounds are excellent, and truly wonderful in the work of a painter of such tender age. The work has been published and republished, and had the dealer had his own way "The View at the Fence" would have followed, a third picture after that, and in course of time the entire field would have been produced.

But it was after the dealers discovered the fact that the public bought pictures of children and dogs that poor Barber's fate was sealed: for he was allowed to do nothing else—a state of affairs which he bitterly lamented. Only

things as please you, for your own delectation, is delightful, but manufacturing pictures for the market is just the devil."

The brother who was the recipient of this letter adds to his own in sending it to me:—

"The fact is, his heart was literally in the Highlands, for his love of the red deer and the attraction which mountain solitudes and scenes of storm and mist possessed for him was quite phenomenal, and whenever the picture dealers would give him a holiday he sketched these subjects with an absorbing interest and delight, which was, under all the circumstances of the case, absolutely pathetic. In his studio, in which he painted so many 'popular pictures,' we had a conversation one even-



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.



DEER.

last year, in writing to a brother, he said: "Painting for one's own pleasure, making studies of such a bachelor might be allowed to go on painting

brother expressed a strong opinion that although

pictures which he could not sell until death arrested him, the first duty of a married artist was to think of his wife and family, and of the confiding butcher, baker, and other tradesmen who were good enough to supply them with meat and drink. In conclusion, and while it may be allowed that his pictures show much variation in their degree of merit, it is fearlessly asserted that in the well-known instances of 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy,' 'The Order of the Bath,' 'In Disgrace,' 'Sweethearts,' and 'A Special Pleader,' he attained a perfection of drawing and a felicity

How often has he regretted that circumstances prevented his escaping from "manufacturing pictures for the market"?—a market that made so much out of, and gave so little to, Burton Barber.

It cannot be truly said that he enjoyed his work. He disliked thinking his subject out, and was quite miserable during its inception. The sight of a new canvas made him ill, and the spectacle of a new frame, which generally means the completion of the picture for which it is made, invariably upset him, for, true artist as he was, nothing he did satisfied him. He was not imaginative, he was not prolific, and he was not a "potboiler." Had he been one, he would have rapidly amassed a fortune. He made a name, and he left it to his imitators to make the money. He was a lover of animals, and he loved painting them; therefore his portraits of them gave him pleasure. In his subject pictures, though, his interest vanished with the painting of the animal; yet how conscientious he was, and how he painted and repainted every detail! Everything required for the picture was bought or made. The wall-paper was selected for a design, and was actually pasted on a panel; the furniture was bought and added, and days and weeks were spent in transferring the design of the paper and Maple's polish on the most modern of chairs to his canvas.

Burton Barber was never guilty of humanising his animals, and in this he stands alone, for the greatest humorous animal-subject painter could not resist wandering from truth to give human expression to his subjects—not only facial contortion, but bodily contortion as well—a fact which greatly distressed Barber, for those he admired, from Landseer downwards, descended to clap-trap, which he rightly thought was bad art and totally unnecessary. Take, for instance, the picture I consider Burton Barber's most humorous work, "Once Bit, Twice Shy." Look at that puppy's expression and attitude. It is natural, and yet how comic! How perfectly the painter adapts the animal to the part, and yet it remains an animal!

Not a muscle of its face or body is contorted for effect. So it is with all Barber's pictures, and in this he stands pre-eminent amongst animal painters.

These subject pictures have been so reproduced and scattered broadcast that they are as familiar in



DEER.

of sentiment that will maintain his reputation for many a long year to come."

Indeed, as his nearest neighbour and one of his nearest friends, I can vouch for the truth of this. How often he has said the same to me!



DEER.

the nursery of the mansion as they are on the wall of the cottage dining-room, for in spite of He had sunk away as peacefully and quietly as he had lived.

Mr. Andrew Tuer's protest against these "sticky, evil-smelling chromos" given away with Christmas numbers, I venture to think that, bad as the majority are, those copies of Burton Barber's pictures were welcome, and although Mr. Tuer may be right in saying that servants sniff at chromos and refuse them wall-space in the bedrooms, it cannot be true of such good, refined, artistic work as Barber's. His pictures speak for themselves. Everyone knows them, but few are aware of the quantity of work Barber executed for the Queen. He painted nearly all her pets and favourite dogs, combining many with a group of her grandchildren. Indeed, it was for her Majesty that he painted his last picture, most of the work in which he did

at Osborne last summer. The Queen is seated in her pony carriage, several children of the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are grouped in the foreground, together with the usual bodyguard of dogs, while Clark—the man-servant who occupies the position formerly held by John Brown—appears a little in the rear of the carriage, with one of the Indian servants. The portrait of the Queen, according to those most competent to judge, is an absolutely faithful one; while the cream colour of the pony, the red and blue of the harness, the green lawns of Osborne, and the azure of the distant Solent combine in making a very unusual but not displeasing scheme of colour.

It was during the progress of this picture in his pleasant studio in Regent's Park that his friends saw that, if not the very last picture he would paint, it would be the last he could carry out for the Queen. The insidious disease that was killing him by degrees was gradually wearing him out, and he could not have borne the strain of travelling.

A few weeks later the Queen did send for him, but the message came too late.



AN ARAB HORSE.

The Queen graciously sent a representative to the funeral, with a wreath bearing the inscription, "A mark of admiration and regard from Victoria R.I."

It would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Barber's gifts were confined solely to painting. He was a skilful and delicate carver, an ingenious worker in metal and wood, a dexterous mechanic,

reputation of Burton Barber should be placed. The greatest skill is often wasted on work not worthy of it, and the best painters have not had the best chances. In the few lines I have written, and in a longer account of the artist on which I am now occupied, I wish to point out that Barber never really had justice done to his delightful work, and that his unpublished studies are perhaps more



DEER.

even a photographer whose portraits and landscapes displayed the highest technical excellence. His inventive genius was manifested in connection with the fittings used in manipulating his camera, and in a variety of quaint contrivances which conduced to the comfort of his studio. To a cultivated and refined literary and musical taste he united a strong attachment for scientific pursuits and a passion for studying Nature in all her varying moods.

It would be out of place for a brother artist to say exactly upon what pinnacle of fame the

interesting than his published pictures. But it requires neither an article such as this, nor a book such as I intend to issue, to set forth that no artist that ever lived should, as a man, be placed higher than he who passed away on the 27th of November last. He was a delightful companion, the gentlest and truest of friends, and the sweetest-natured man that ever held a brush.

NOTE.—The illustrations from Burton Barber's sketch-book are here reproduced by the gracious permission of the Owner, Her Majesty the Queen.



A COLLECTION OF PLATE BELONGING TO SIR SAMUEL MONTAGU, BART.

By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.



VISITORS to the South Kensington Museum who are interested in the study of plate may have noticed a caseful of objects on loan placed midway between the Spanish jewellery and ring collections. This case, which could not fail to attract the eye on account of the beautiful lion-handled ewer which held the pro-

minent position, contained a small part of the fine collection of Sir Samuel Montagu, Bart.—a collection of which I propose to give some account in this paper.

It would have been, perhaps, more satisfactory to treat of the whole collection in its proper environment. The charming room in Kensington Palace Gardens, with its beautiful Chippendale furniture and fine pictures, forms a perfect *entourage* for a collection of plate, the brilliant glitter of which is enhanced by the darker tones of Hobbema and Crome.

The connoisseur of plate has an advantage over collectors of more fragile objects in being able to make use of his treasures, which need not be kept in obscurity, as water-colour drawings are shrouded in portfolios, or guarded like such small and easily lost objects as gems and jewellery in the close-locked safe. If a reasonable amount of care be taken, and cleaning powder be avoided, plate may be in actual daily use, as is the case with many of Sir Samuel Montagu's fine specimens of later ware.

As not everyone has had the opportunity of seeing this important collection, in which nothing is doubtful or second-rate, in its owner's house, I shall deal chiefly with those objects which have been on loan at the South Kensington Museum, making some remark upon the steeple cups and mentioning the Paul Lamerie plate, of which Sir Samuel Montagu possesses fine examples. It would have been particularly interesting to see this last at South Kensington, as, with the exception of one standing cup and cover, which is attributed to Paul Lamerie, the museum, as far as I am aware, has no specimen of his work. As is frequently the case, when the opportunity came for obtaining a collection of Paul Lamerie's plate, the necessary funds were not forthcoming, and the coveted specimens

escaped into private hands. It is a subject, too, for perennial regret that this should have happened in the case of the collection of jewels from the treasury of the Virgen del Pilar at Saragossa, when, for want of a thousand or two, the best examples were lost. Instead, however, of quarrelling with the museum for not being more perfect than it is, we should rather express our appreciation of its wonderful treasures, and of the kindness of private collectors who, like Sir Samuel Montagu, suffer themselves to be deprived for long months of their most cherished purchases that the public may share their enjoyment.

Perhaps the earliest and one of the rarest pieces of plate exhibited from Sir Samuel Montagu's collection was a curious mazer bowl. These cups are usually of maple wood. The name is said to be derived from the Flemish word *maeser*, which means a knot of the maple-tree. The use of highly-valued wooden drinking-bowls is very ancient. In Virgil's third "Eclogue," it will be remembered, Menalcas values a beechen cup, *caelatum divini opus Alcimedontis*, at a higher price than that of a milch cow. At the end of the thirteenth century they begin to be commonly mentioned; and about 1450 they seem to have been very popular, their general appreciation lasting down to 1529 at least.

The wooden part is usually of a shallow saucer shape. There is a metal boss, often finely enamelled, in the bottom, made to hide the place where the meeting fibres cause a roughness of the wood. The height of the sides is increased by a metal rim about one and a half inches high. Frequently they have no metal foot, and sometimes they have both a tall neck and a foot; but then they are rather losing their characteristic shape.

The peculiarity of the cup before us (see p. 23) is that the wooden bowl is replaced by one of Scotch granite, which has a most handsome appearance. There is no metal boss, but the bottom of the interior of the bowl is slightly convex, which seems to indicate that it was fashioned in imitation of the wooden mazers. The weight of the granite would probably cause this cup to be kept rather for show than use. "*Nedum illis labra admovi sed condita servo*," in the words of Menalcas aforesaid.

The mounting is characteristic as to the rim. Beneath the upper edge runs a narrow double groove succeeded by a flat about half an inch wide. Beneath this is a narrow double moulding, the

converse of the groove, and between the mouldings is a bead. Immediately below this comes a flat, serrated where it joins the stone, and decorated with engraved lines and some rough "matt" work. There is a very short neck, about half an inch high, which is embraced by a flat upright palm-leaf pattern. The foot is formed of bold *repoussé*

above the other, which has a similar shaped handle cut out of solid wood, while a smaller double-globed mazer of 1492, bought from the Soltikoff Collection, has a metal handle which is almost exactly like it, except that it tapers into an open scroll. This cup, therefore, seems to be a sort of English imitation in metal of a German wooden mazer.



FRENCH ROSE-WATER DISH OF 1559 OR 1582.

gadroons or oblique pear-shaped bosses, beneath which is repeated the moulding and beading of the lower part of the rim.

Quite dissimilar in appearance, but nevertheless indirectly allied to this mazer, is a silver-gilt cup and cover with a curious handle jutting out from the side (see p. 22). The ornamentation of both cover and body consists of the same style of *repoussé* gadroon as that which we find on the foot of the mazer. The handle is curious; but if we inspect the museum collection we shall find a German mazer formed of two wooden flattened globes, one

It is not hall-marked, but was probably, says Mr. Octavius Morgan, made for Sir John Rodney, Knight, of Rodney Stoke, about 1512. On the knob of the cover the arms of the Rodneys, three eagles, are curiously engraved. This Rodney cup is fully described and illustrated in Mr. J. W. Cripps' work on English plate.

The double-globe design is so common in Oriental porcelain that it seems possible that the Germans may have borrowed the idea for their mazers from this source. It is the commonest thing to see at a later date these fine porcelain

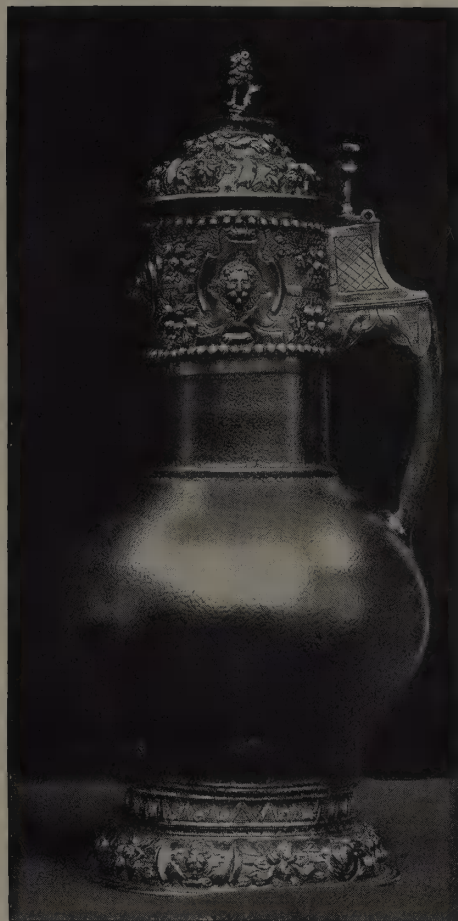


Original etching by Francis S. Walker, A.R.P.E.

Magazine of Art.

*"Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way"* GRAY.

vessels decorated with silver mounts in exactly the same way. The fact that four hundred and five guineas were paid for a cup of this nature at the



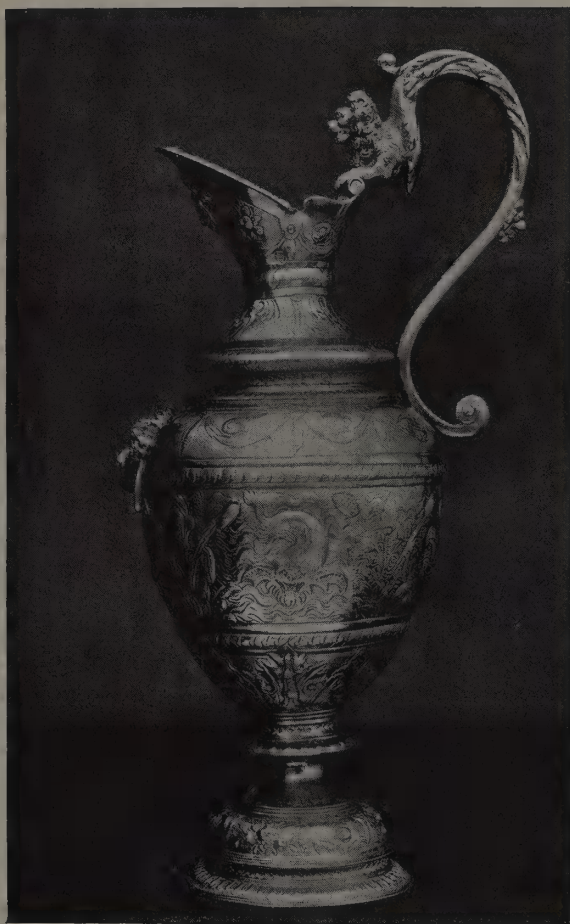
JUG OF BROWN STONEWARE, MOUNTED IN SILVER GILT.

Hamilton sale in 1882 shows that there are not many of these unobtrusive treasures to be snapped up.

Of considerably later date, a pretty little tankard, with the hall mark of 1556, round-bellied and dome-lidded, depends almost entirely on engraving for its ornamentation. The lid has a W engraved in the centre under the trefoil, and a band of woodbine foliage, similar to the stock ornament on the chalices made to replace Popish shapes *circa* 1566; the leaves are shaded by parallel lines. The purchase to open the lid has a lion's head cast on back and front. Another band of foliage runs round the top of the neck and down the handle. This tankard is additionally interesting as having belonged to Dr. Wright, Archdeacon of Oxford in 1556. A straight-sided tankard and cover of 1591 has much similar engraving, but combines with it the *repoussé* print and strap work of the stoneware jugs and salts of that period.

In sharp contrast with this unassuming style of

decoration is that of the splendid French rose-water dish with Paris hall marks of 1559 or 1582 (see p. 20). This is entirely covered with *repoussé* work in high relief of the finest execution. There is an engraved coat of arms of a later date—probably the seventeenth century—in the central boss, which has upon it a design of scrolls and fruit. Figures, male and female, ride upon dolphins round the bottom of the dish: the edge is ornamented with river gods, dogs, and amorini. This magnificent piece is in the finest style of *repoussé*—a method which is pushed to its legitimate limits, but not beyond. The “tracer” work is not in excess, being chiefly confined to expressing the waves in which the figures swim, and there is a general sharpness of treatment which is most satisfying to the eye. It is, indeed, a “lordly dish.” It is similar in subject and equal to, if not finer than, the salver, dated



ENGLISH EWER OF 1588.

1597, belonging to the Corporation of Norwich, which matches their well-known ewer.

Worthy of this French salver is the beautifully shaped English ewer with the hall mark of 1588 (see above). This graceful piece may be closely compared

with the Norwich ewer, dated 1597, of which the South Kensington Museum possesses an electrotype copy. Their general outline is practically the same, the difference being that the handle of the present ewer is a lion, cast and highly wrought, whereas the main feature of the handle of the Norwich ewer is a female figure. With the exception of the marks under the spout and on the front of the body, and the small bunches of fruit, which are in high relief, Sir Samuel Montagu's ewer relies for its effect upon a large use of tracer work, the water and bulrushes which form the chief ornament of the body being almost entirely worked on the front. The effect, which can be produced by the tracer alone, is remarkable. It will suggest *repoussé* work to a certain degree when there has been actually no hammering up from the back. The bold use of the craftsman's blunt chisel makes a series of indented lines, and the metal between them rises into slightly convex forms from the downward pressure exerted on either side. Relief, indeed, is most deceptive. A skilful workman will perform wonders of modelling with no greater height of relief than one-sixteenth of an inch. It is a question which is the more delightful—the vigour and light and shade of alto-relievo with plentiful

under-cuttings, or the subtle rendering of form and the clever outlining of salient points which is characteristic of low relief.

The three last mentioned pieces—the little engraved tankard of 1556, the French salver, and this ewer—give a splendid object-lesson in the varied craftsmanship of the period 1550–1590.

But, before leaving this period, we must take notice of the salts and the delightful



RODNEY CUP.

stoneware jugs or sack bottles mounted in silver-gilt of Exeter workmanship. That city may well be proud of its silversmiths, though it was the fashion even in those days to run down the work of the provinces. A Venetian nobleman, residing in England, makes special mention in his letters of the English custom of taking jugs of the commonest stoneware and fitting them with silver mounts of the finest workmanship. From about 1540 to 1600 is the period in which they are found. The jugs themselves came from Cologne. Their peculiar dark- and light-brown colour is in admirable harmony with the metal mounts, and it is no wonder that they are occasionally sold for £200 or more.

This glorification of things of small price is characteristic of the artists of this period. The jewellers did the same. It was not then the practice to conceal a silver setting as much as possible beneath a stone of enormous value. A man would spend weeks on the patient and skilful carving of a thing so intrinsically valueless as a peach stone, and then, with less than a sovereign's worth of gold and some glass fused into enamel, would produce a priceless jewel.

The exaltation of mere materials over design, and natural glitter over artistic effect, is a modern fault which our jewellers cherish along with their technique of the machine.

The light-brown jug is the earlier of the two before us, being dated 1578; the other, of a beautiful dark-brown colour, was mounted in 1586 (see p. 21). The decoration of these mounts is very similar, consisting chiefly of a strap-work design enclosing masks and bunches of fruit. The main difference is that the earlier one has a single



SALT-CELLAR AND COVER OF
SILVER GILT.

pomegranate, while the latter has a lion's head frequently repeated. The museum possesses one similar to the 1578 jug, with the same single



GRANITE MAZER.

pomegranate; there is a lion at the top, as in Sir Samuel Montagu's of 1586. A very late one in the museum—nearly the seventeenth century—has less *repoussé* and more tracer and graver work. Occasionally the mounts at the top and bottom are joined by two or three perpendicular straps, decorated sometimes with a figure in relief.

The "standing salts" of the same date are ornamented in much the same way, allowing for their difference of shape. The salt was a very important piece of plate. Precedence was marked by the position of guests in regard to it, those sitting below it having a prospect of a meal inferior to that of the host and his friends above. That this was the chief use of the standing salt is indicated by the fact that smaller salt-cellars were placed, as nowadays, by the side of each person.

The larger of the two in this collection is a very fine typical example (see p. 22). It stands on horse-shaped feet, and is decorated on body and cover with strap work, fruit, and masks. The cover is terminated by a three-handled vase, upon which stands a figure armed with a spear or club. It is of the same character as the one, dated 1566-67, belonging to the museum, but is finer and larger.

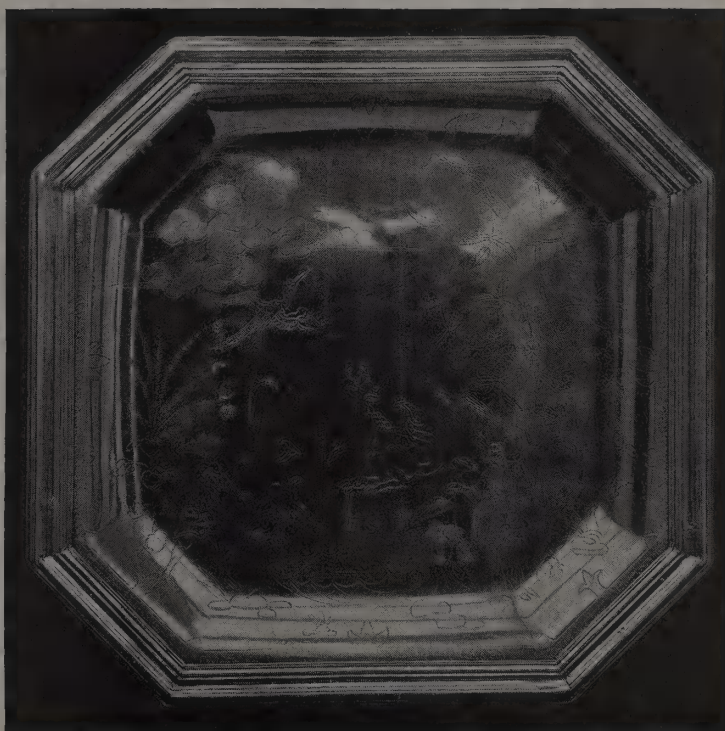
The smaller one, height about four inches, is hall marked 1578. It has the single pomegranate

ornamentation, while a finial on the cover of a conventional shape replaces the armed figure.

Of this same period are a cup, hall marked 1587, which is chiefly ornamented with engraved work, and a Chinese porcelain bowl with silver lid and foot. The handle of the cover is formed of a snake curled round into rings. Hard by this was a wider tazza, or modern champagne-glass shaped cup, of graceful proportions, with the date 1587, with which possibly the toast of destruction to the Invincible Armada was honoured more than once.

We are now coming to the end of this most prolific century and approaching an era of quaint shapes, of tall ostrich-egg, bird, and steeple cups. Sir Samuel Montagu is the fortunate possessor of a fine set of three steeple cups of similar design and decoration, nearly twenty inches high, the centre one being slightly taller than the other two. They are of the date of 1611, which seems to have been the year when they were at the height of the fashion. They have the usual three brackets under the body, and again under the open steeples, which terminate in spear points.

Of the same character is a tall cup without cover, dated 1615, which is apparently the fore-



CHINESE TOILET PLATE, 1680.

runner of the plain baluster stem cups dating from 1630 to the end of the century.

But, before leaving this period, I have to call

attention to an entirely different style in the caudle cup and cover of 1674. It is in a bold and rather crumpled-looking relief of lions and large flowers. The curved handles are surmounted by heads cast and chased. There is a great use of curved lines made by a small ring punch with excellent effect. This method of ornamentation is noticeable on the museum specimen of 1660, but not on the earlier

the mirror is extremely elegant, and the bird decoration of the large casket, where herons flutter amongst flowers and ferns, is very graceful.

The limits of this article will only allow me to mention the name of Paul Lamerie, that wonderful silversmith, who never, it is said, had more than two assistants. His career was fairly long, extending from 1712 to 1751. The cake-basket, made



THREE CUPS AND COVERS OF SILVER GILT.

one of 1638. There is a good deal of frosting on the *repoussé* work, the ground being left polished. It is a kind of surface which has a pleasing effect, and is not found upon the earlier specimens.

This notice of the much interrupted seventeenth century closes with one feature of the "Chinese Craze," which lasted from about 1680 to 1690 or later (see p. 23). The example before us is a complete toilet set in silver-gilt, including table mirror, candlesticks, caskets, pin-cushion, puff-boxes, tray and snuffers, inkstand and water-bottles, all engraved with Chinese subjects of various kinds, one tray having depicted on it a spirited representation of a house on fire. The outline of the top of

for the fourth Earl of Carlisle, which bears that nobleman's arms, is perhaps the most important of many fine examples of his art.

This enumeration has by no means exhausted the treasures of the collection. I might descant upon the fine set of Apostle spoons of 1553, the double salt of 1559, upon the curious pair of three-legged candlesticks of a Puritanical pattern, austere devoid of ornament, or upon the very different desert plates of the Georgian period, with splendidly engraved borders, and many other objects, but enough has been said and sufficient illustrations are given to prove that this is a very well-chosen and very notable collection.



"THE PALACE OF PLEASURE."

(From the Sketch for the Scene.)

ART IN THE THEATRE.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPECTACLE, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE BALLET OF *FAUST*.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN. ILLUSTRATED BY C. WILHELM.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

IN no department of stage spectacle has greater improvement been shown in the last quarter of the present century than that of the section somewhat summarily termed "the ballet." The theatrical ballet no longer depends for its success merely on the graceful and agile evolu-

tion in a setting which, though it aims at being picturesque, more often stops short at what is showy and grotesque. Such a setting, up to quite recent years, except in the few cases which will at once occur to anyone interested in the subject, was usually monotonous in its oft-repeated design, and strictly limited as to its claim to artistic effect, or, at least, to artistic detail. Garish colour, tricks of stage mechanism, carefully marshalled squads of dancing-girls in tights, and bright and tuneful music, have formed the basis of the spectacular display. Nowadays, the ambition of the great ballet-designer is to produce an ensemble of effect, spectacular and dramatic, which will do more than charm by mere *éclat*, by subject and costume, even when aided by the best ballet-music that ever was written. He seeks something more logical, pictorially speaking, as an artistic whole—a creation in which all the resources of the arts of the theatre may be focussed upon one production, so as to satisfy at once the artist, the public, and the man of taste. In such a

tions of bands of dancers, nominally engaged in working out the illustration of a fanciful story

work, breadth of effect must not be sacrificed to beauty of detail, nor, if the designer can help it, archaeological accuracy to the ordinary demands of scenic expediency. Every law of colour, arrangement, and "keeping" in his ever-changing, ever-moving scene must be



AN ANIMATED DAISY.

as thoroughly respected by the designer as by the painter of the most carefully thought-out picture that may be submitted to the popular verdict. Every fact must be tempered and idealised by the fancy animating the whole. Moreover, he must, generally speaking, com-



STANDARD BEARER.

mand the loyalty of his scene-painters, who realise for him the backgrounds to his tableaux, and with the ballet-master, who is for ever shuffling up the armies he has costumed, and so puts his talent for colour-harmony to a never-ending test.

It is because I believe that Mr. Wilhelm has approached nearer to perfection in his ballet of

Faust (now being enacted at the Empire Theatre) than has hitherto been achieved that I here draw attention to this remarkable production. I do not contend that it is perfect: certain defects leave room for a greater triumph still. For example, the scene of "The Palace of Pleasure," painted by Herr Lautenschläger, the well-known fantastic Court scene-painter of Bavaria, lacks much of the force of Mr. Wilhelm's original design, reproduced at the head of this article; and a less mechanical and more atmospheric effect of lighting might easily have been attained in the final apotheosis



CORAL BALLET.

—a crystal electric-lighted expanse leading by a glorified Jacob's ladder to valentine-like realms of bliss above. Moreover, the illumination of the brief Brocken scene by a continuity of flickering lighting has the effect of destroying illusion instead of impressing it on the



CHILD DRUMMER.



VILLAGE GIRL.

audience, the diabolical majesty of the scene being wholly lost in the display of a multitude of creases and bulging cloth. These faults, however, may be overlooked in the



VILLAGE BOY.



NUREMBERG: A STREET.

(From the Scene painted by J. Harker.)

flood of colour, rich and discreet, that at all other times fills the stage.

There are many costumes that seem to claim special attention by reason of their novelty or peculiar charm of colouring. First, there is Mephistopheles' silken suit of fiery orange, suffused with rosy purple, like the lambent flame that flickers over glowing embers. Then there is Faust's old-world dress of bronze and gold velvet and Renaissance brocade, the mantle, lined with deep dull peacock, which contrasts with Margaret's quaint robe of ivory cloth and its bodice and borderings of steel-grey velvet, and daisy embroideries touched with faint spring green. In the second scene Faust is more simply attired in *réséda* silk with beaver fur, and a relief of black and turquoise, while Margaret's gown is of delicate lime-leaf colour, strewn with white daisies, and is completed with coif and stomacher of maize velvet, with old silver adornments. The tender blues and greys and olives, the chrysophrase, hyacinth, and ruddy purple tones predominating among the peasantry and fair-folk



CITIZENS.

of the opening scene, are a curiously effective foil to the mingled amber and steel, black and white, russet and fawn and chocolate of the troops, whose parade is a principal feature of the spectacle; and all tell out picturesquely against the sculptured stone, old woodwork, and weather-worn brick and tile of the Nuremberg background.

Through the Brocken interlude of avalanche snows and moonlight desolation there steals the glow of the "Satanic Revels," and the mountain-side fades into the vision of a mighty palace with clustered columns

of what appears to be ruddy marble sheathed with copper, with gleaming bases of gold erotic groups in high relief. There is nothing tawdry or conventional to deface this scene,



MARGARET'S GARDEN.

(From the Scene painted by A. Glendenning.)

apart from its relative weakness of realisation, already mentioned. Yet the giant pillars tower aloft to unseen heights amid canopies of silver and purple,



FAUST.

weighted with blossoms and wrought with the Judgment of Paris. Against lurid sunset-tinted cloudssyrens and scarlet-winged *amorini* are seen, and Phryne, Aspasia, Laïs, and other classic courtesans tempt Faust to drown the haunting memory of Margaret in a draught of oblivion. A suspended velarium of flame-silk gauze, embroidered with the great winged orb of Egypt, sheds a warmer glow on the golden lion-guarded throne of Cleopatra, with its double halo of glittering lotus-blossoms. Nubian fan-bearers, harpists, and sistrum players surround the "Serpent of Old Nile," while another group of severer beauty does homage to Helen of Troy, whose daïs of ivory and pearl, with its peach and silver draperies, is flanked by masses of apricot azaleas. Among the rose and coral, scarlet and wine-red of the dancers, brazen lamps and tripods are reared, and a rain of petals is doubtless intended to typify the luxury and licence of the rose-crowned revels of pagan Rome.

It is to be remarked that in this notable scene, before its sudden and final overthrow and ruin, the triumph of outraged powers celestial—as effective, in its way, as the great earthquake scene in *Claudian*)—the *prima ballerina*, according to convention, jeopardises the dignity of the whole scene, and throws the action out of proportion, by a wholly irrelevant performance that seems intended to prove that the entire spectacle is meant as a background

for the time-honoured agility peculiar to her craft. I must admit, too, that the contact of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra

with Faust and Margaret is likely to come as a surprise to the spectator who is familiar only with Gounod's opera as usually presented in this country. But it is to be noted that Mr. Wilhelm has gone to Goethe, and in a lesser degree to Gounod, and not at all to the Lyceum, for the version so skillfully compressed into the arbitrary limits of three or four scenes.

It is, however, with the pictorial rather than with the dramatic aspect of the ballet with which we are concerned; and, above all, am I desirous to point to the moral to be derived from this object lesson on the Empire stage. It is not that the costumes, the scenery, the delicate and intricate "properties," the evolutions, and the rest, are of themselves a source of pleasure to the person of taste; it is that one-man control over all the departments of the spectacle assures—so far as lies within the capacity of the artist—the completeness and success of the achievement, that harmony governing all sections of it that is essential to give breadth and homogeneity to every work of art.

The drawings which illustrate these remarks have been obtained from Mr. Wilhelm—a designer of natural talent, wholly self-trained,

and of singular charm and daintiness of touch, and of inexhaustible resource. He seems, moreover, to be gifted with an intuitive grasp of the innumerable possibilities of stage spectacle, and to be animated with an earnestness and enthusiasm so unusual that they appear to call for special recognition.



MARGARET.



CLEOPATRA.

A NOTE ON THE CARTOONS OF FORD MADOX BROWN.



THE death of Ford Madox Brown a sale was held of his "studio effects." Amongst these were many of his cartoons for various works, especially a series of designs he made between 1866 and 1873 for the firm of William Morris and Co.—of which he was at its foundation a member—for execution in stained glass. A collection of the latter was acquired by his pupil, Mr. Harold S. Rathbone, and their number was made up to twenty by the committee of the fund which had been raised for purchasing "Christ Washing Peter's Feet" for the National Gallery; and these cartoons have now been reproduced in autotype, and issued by Mr. Rathbone—not so much for the glory of the painter as for the service and inspiration of art-students.

The life-work of Madox Brown has so recently formed the subject, in this Magazine, of an extended essay by his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Rossetti—now, alas, also passed away—that no considerable examination of his artistic labours need here be attempted; but it may not be out of place to recall the main features of his career in one brief paragraph.

He was born in 1821, and passed his earlier studentship in the *atelier* of Baron Wappers. From him he imbibed the traditions of Classicism of David, for the latter had been Wappers' teacher. Then he passed successively under the influence of Rembrandt and the masters of Spain, and, finally, from 1840 to 1844, under that of Delacroix. After a journey to Rome he established a method of his own—a style closely analogous to that of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which he may be said to have inspired, chiefly through the agency of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Rossetti, indeed, had earlier sought the elder artist out and placed himself under his tutelage after seeing and admiring the work which Madox Brown had executed—particularly that for the Westminster Hall Competition in 1844. Then followed the masterpieces of "Work," "The Last of England," "Cordelia's Portion," "Romeo and Juliet," "Christ Washing Peter's Feet," and after a considerable interval, the noble series of wall

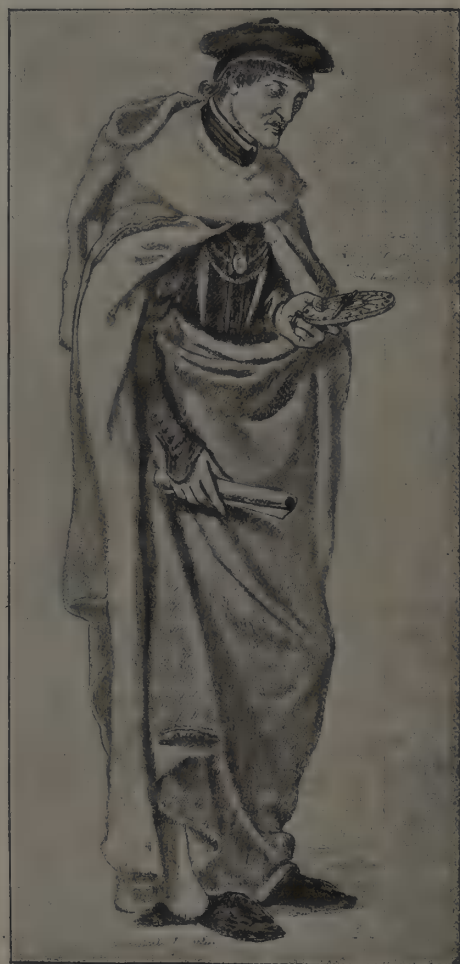
pictures which decorate so superbly the Manchester Town Hall.

The designs in the portfolio which lies before us are exactly what they pretend to be: the first cartoons, intended only for the artist's eye, of Old and New Testament subjects and figures, and of half-a-dozen English worthies, all of them for treatment in stained glass. In those cases where the glass has been worked out, we see how admirably Madox Brown appreciated the true capability and virtue of glass, and how he obtained from the rich use of "pot metal," set in bold lead bands, a vigour and beauty wholly wanting in that more effeminate and effete enamelled and painted glass which marks the degeneration of latter-day taste and present-day execution. For the rest, with all their faults of draughtsmanship and sometimes lack of dignity of form (though never of sentiment) the all-prevailing merit of these designs is the elevated sense of style with which they are saturated. The limitations of Madox Brown's art often included a curious lack of beauty, notwithstanding the exquisite passages that might be contained in the selfsame work—an irritating sacrifice, or omission, of dignity in some detail, or in a single figure of a composition otherwise overwhelming in its lofty inspiration. At times, Madox Brown revealed himself as the Bunyan of the brush—homely, sincere, and convincing; yet to those who cannot appreciate his tremendous qualities, the greatness of his design is lost in the looseness of his drawing, the wilful inattention to *les convenances artistiques*, and the excess of individuality which often substitutes grotesqueness or caricature for expression and character.

The "Old Testament Subjects" consist of five plates: "Abraham and Isaac," "The Blessing of Isaac" (giving an *apostolic* benediction!), "Eli and the Infant Samuel," "David and Goliath," and a noble figure of "Zachariah the High Priest." Curiously enough, nearly all these personages, contrary to the Jewish idea, have aureoles about their heads. The New Testament subjects include "An Evangelist;" "The Mother of St. John the Baptist" (a complicated study of drapery), very fine in facial expression; "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me" (with women in mediæval costume); "The Scourging at the Pillar"—a very fine design; "The Crucifixion;" "St. Martin in Heaven;" "The Archangels St. Michael and Uriel," the latter of which is brilliantly worked out in a composition of the highest beauty; and (A) "An English Bishop," and (B) "Simeon."

The "English Worthies" series is not less characteristic. It includes "Paeda, King of Kent;" "Hugo de Balsham, Bishop of Eli;" "Queen Eleanor conferring the Charter of Peterhouse"—a beautiful work, finely designed, and full of invention and grace; "Chancellor Holbrook of Peterhouse,

In this series, then, we have an iconography, so to say, of Madox Brown's merits and failings as a designer. But it must be borne in mind that the beauties infinitely outweigh the faults; and that, moreover, these shortcomings are not such, by their very obviousness, as can hurt the student, while the



CHANCELLOR HOLBROOK OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.



THE MOTHER OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(From the Cartoons by Ford Madox Brown.)

Cambridge;" "Crawshaw, the Poet;" "Whitgift, the Reformer;" and "The Poets Milton and Spencer"—Milton, that is to say, as a youth; not the poet in his age. In his later portrait of him, it will be remembered, Madox Brown took advantage of his own well-recognised resemblance to reproduce his own form and features in the picture of Milton, just as he accepted Rossetti as his model for Shakespeare.

excellences are of the kind to exert the best and highest influence on his imagination and his art. There is a display, not only of originality and breadth, but of a sense of decoration, at once dramatic and discreet, that renders the possession of this portfolio, which the Autotype Society has issued, a desideratum in all our schools of drawing and design.



STUDY.

(By P. J. A. Banden.)



A SUMMER DROUGHT.

(From the Painting by Lucy M. Kemp-Welch.)

PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A., AND HIS PUPILS.

By M. PHIPPS JACKSON.

NOT more than half a century ago, schools in the Metropolis where the student intending to make art his profession could learn drawing and painting, might be counted on the fingers; whilst now not only are they scarcely to be numbered in our great City, but they are spread like a network throughout the kingdom. One of the better-esteemed schools of the olden time was Sass's in Bloomsbury, where it was considered that some of the more important rudiments of art, outline drawing, anatomy, and light and shade, were thoroughly taught. But here, as in other like institutions at that time and since, the course of instruction was academic; or, in other words, the young aspirant to future fame, as soon as he entered the doors, became the victim of a system. Into that system he had to be welded, and any originality of thought or idea could only be expressed through the recognised methods of the school. Some of those methods were peculiar, and involved unfortunately a most serious waste of time. Drawings were executed with chalk and a laborious process of cross-hatching and stippling—the use of the stump or other means of expediting work being rigorously forbidden. The result of all this was to retard and not hasten the progress of the student, days and even weeks being expended on working up the mere flat background of a drawing; and nothing was less tolerated than the axiom that the end justifies the means employed.

It is quite true that some of our best artists—

many of whom are still living—were thus instructed; but it may, I think, be safely asserted that they attained to eminence despite, and not in consequence of, their training. As soon as ever they could throw off the trammels of their studentship, these painters launched out into styles of their own; travelled, and otherwise enlarged their opportunities for observation by examining the theories of study in Continental cities; and some of them, who have since become public or private instructors in art, have adopted lines more in accordance with the progress of the times than those on which their earlier artistic instincts were fostered. Without wishing to speak in any controversial spirit, I must venture the assertion that the academic system of art-teaching in this country is practically dead as far as any beneficial results are attained. It is now the almost universal practice of our younger students and artists to leave their own country and work in the Parisian and other foreign schools, and when asked the reason of this the reply invariably is, "There are so many more opportunities for study there." But it is needless to pursue this portion of the subject further, and now it may be well to consider at least one very noteworthy phase of instruction in the arts of design in the present day.

To do this it is necessary to commence at the beginning; and one has the less hesitation in so doing as the Herkomer School at Bushey, of which mention is to be made, is not half well enough known for the essential service which that institution

is performing in developing the practice of art. It was in 1883 that Professor Herkomer's School was founded for the purpose of educating those of both sexes in drawing, painting, and similar pursuits. A site was selected in the healthy and pretty village of Bushey, near Watford—one readily accessible from the Metropolis. The difficulties of organising a scheme that is in itself unique in its inception

foundation of the school followed its incorporation.

The result of all this soon became apparent, for the Professor, having invested the scheme with his personality and made it evident to his pupils that their interest was his, their success his delight, such a bond was established between them as it may be safely asserted was never before known in

this country under similar circumstances. Having begun to build himself a beautiful mansion from his own designs—not the least important portion of which is a spacious picture gallery—he speedily found himself surrounded by a colony of those pupils who, having learnt to appreciate the enduring benefit of such an association, followed his example by constructing for themselves studios and permanent residences around him. And thus we have the very unusual prospect of a master in art settled in a pretty rural village in the midst of those who, recognising his genius and his unsparing labour in their behalf, are well content to continue under an influence that has proved to be so beneficial to them in the dawn of their professional lives.

As regards Professor Herkomer's particular system of art instruction, it can only be spoken of in general terms, as visitors are not admitted to the schools while the pupils are at work. But thus much may be gleaned. Provided the student in the first instance furnishes sufficient evidence of being endowed with genuine artistic powers—and with-



THISTLEDOWN.

(From the Painting by C. L. Burns.)

and evolution, together with the incessant labour of many years it involved, may presently be better understood.

The essence of the Professor's plan in seeking to instruct a certain number of those anxious to become professional artists was to induce between master and pupil a feeling of warm and sympathetic interest amounting to respectful regard. And so, without entering into needless details, the master gathered around him a number of young persons who gratefully accepted his view of the undertaking, and strove to carry out his theories by personal effort; so that four years after, the

out this there is no admission to Bushey—the subsequent course of training is wholly opposed to the idea of forcing the neophyte into a groove in the way of a particular line of thought or action; on the contrary, every latitude is allowed and encouragement given to induce the pupil to develop in the highest degree his or her artistic individuality. This, it will be observed, is in direct opposition to the academic system which has been referred to, in which so much time is frittered away in useless detail.

The foundation of all art-knowledge is, of course, the study of nature; and one curiously interesting



THE SEASONS.

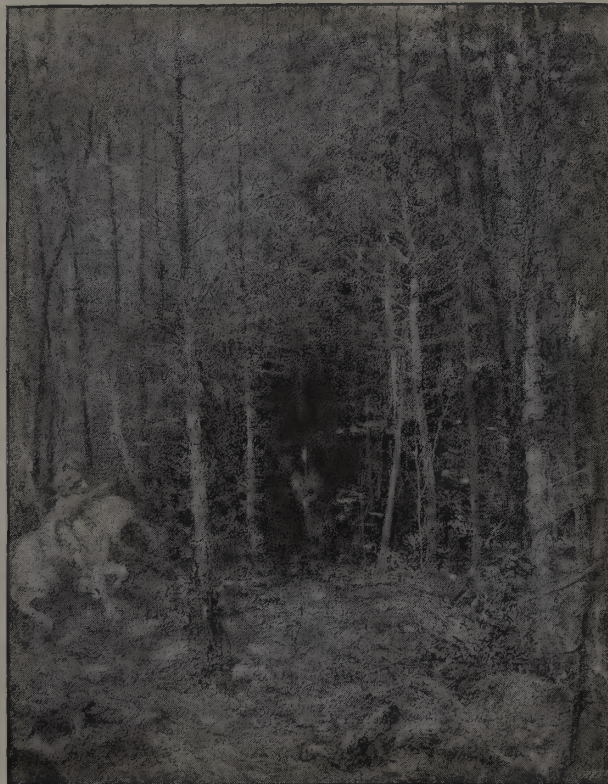
(From the Painting by Amy Sawyer.)

and novel theory of Professor Herkomer is that the pupil should draw from the living figure, with all its mobility, transient expression, and errors of form—and afterwards, when some facility of hand has been attained, correct faults by study of the higher ideal to be met with in the antique. This idea is surely defensible and interesting enough, but it is not the plan which has been, and is even now, adopted in some of our other leading schools of art. Hitherto it has been considered as almost the last step in the student's career—the reward of years of labour that he should at length be permitted to draw from the life. And yet there would appear to be only one answer to the problem as to whether the crude, ignorant, and uninformed beginner should first struggle with the almost insurmountable difficulties of perfect form to be met with in the ancient statuary of Greece, and then fall back to

the imitation of ordinary life, with its many imperfections; or whether he should not reverse that order of things by copying first that which is most familiar, and afterwards, when a measure of know-

ledge is secured, turn to that tending to enlarge his sense of beauty.

The fact has already been alluded to that Professor Herkomer has in his mansion a picture gallery—large and well lighted. This he has, with the exception of one wall reserved for his own works, given up for the use of his pupils. The concession, which is an important one and should prove a boon to those more immediately interested, will give the students the opportunity of exhibiting them together in a gallery where it is intended they should have a permanent resting-place, until they are sold and replaced. Other advantages accruing from



ST. HUBERT.

(From the Painting by E. B. Walker.)

having the pictures collected will be the opportunity afforded for the young artists to compare the works

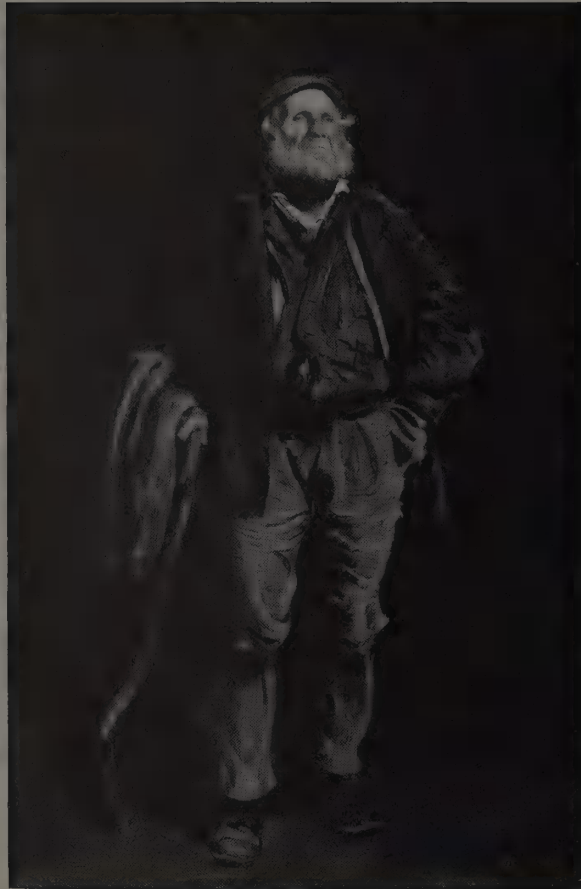
with each other, and thus enable them to gauge their strength and estimate the progress they are making, whilst the arrangement will also enable the instructor himself to judge better the result of his efforts, than when he only sees at intervals isolated specimens of his pupils' work in the various exhibitions. On Sundays, which are the Professor's usual "At Home" days to his own circle, he has also arranged that his pupils shall have the privilege of introducing their friends, so that the pictures will be seen by hundreds of visitors with, of course, the likelihood of the works finding "patrons."

At the first exhibition of what is known as the Lululaund Gallery nearly forty young artists show over a hundred pictures in oils, water-colours, pencil, and other materials, together with two bas-reliefs, "Morning" and "Evening," by Miss M. Godsall. To the eye jaded with the endless metropolitan galleries, there is refreshing novelty in a collection in which it is evident the various artists have been encouraged to carry out their own theories of design, while amenable to general supervision. The subjects selected for illustration are sufficiently diverse, comprising as they do idealistic studies, portraits, landscapes, animals, flowers, and sea-pieces, whilst some of the contributors, like Miss E. Gulland, Mr. E. B. Johnson, Mr. H. G. Massey, Miss E. Milner, Mr. H. Wallis, Miss M. Godsall, Mr. D. A. Wehrschmidt, and Mr. E. B. Walker, are seen to advantage in numerous works. Many of the pictures are full of merit, stamped with originality of conception, and the working out demonstrates the well-trained hand. But comment must be curtailed to a very few examples. Mr. Daniel A. Wehrschmidt has, among other pictures, a fine little cabinet painting in oils, "Portrait of

a Navyy," the high finish and treatment of which generally reminds one of the work of the old Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. The "Three Kings' Fair Daughters," by Miss Pollie Clarke, is a design illustrating grace of form; and Miss Amy Sawyer, in her group of female figures, in four panels emblematic of "The Seasons," gives yet another clever rendering of an oft-told tale. "Thistle-down," is a pleasant study of childish character,

low in tone of colour, but exceedingly well painted, by Mr. C. L. Burns. Miss A. Cobham Brewer is seen to advantage in "Fairy Watch-dogs;" and "A Summer Drought," a most vigorous painting in oils of horses and foals in the New Forest, seeking water, is by Miss Lucy M. Kemp-Welch. With mention of "The Rev. John Lascelles," an able portrait of the reverend gentleman in a cloak by Miss M. Lascelles Leësmith, and "St. Hubert," a beautiful illustration of the quaint old legend, by Mr. E. B. Walker, I conclude mention of the pictures.

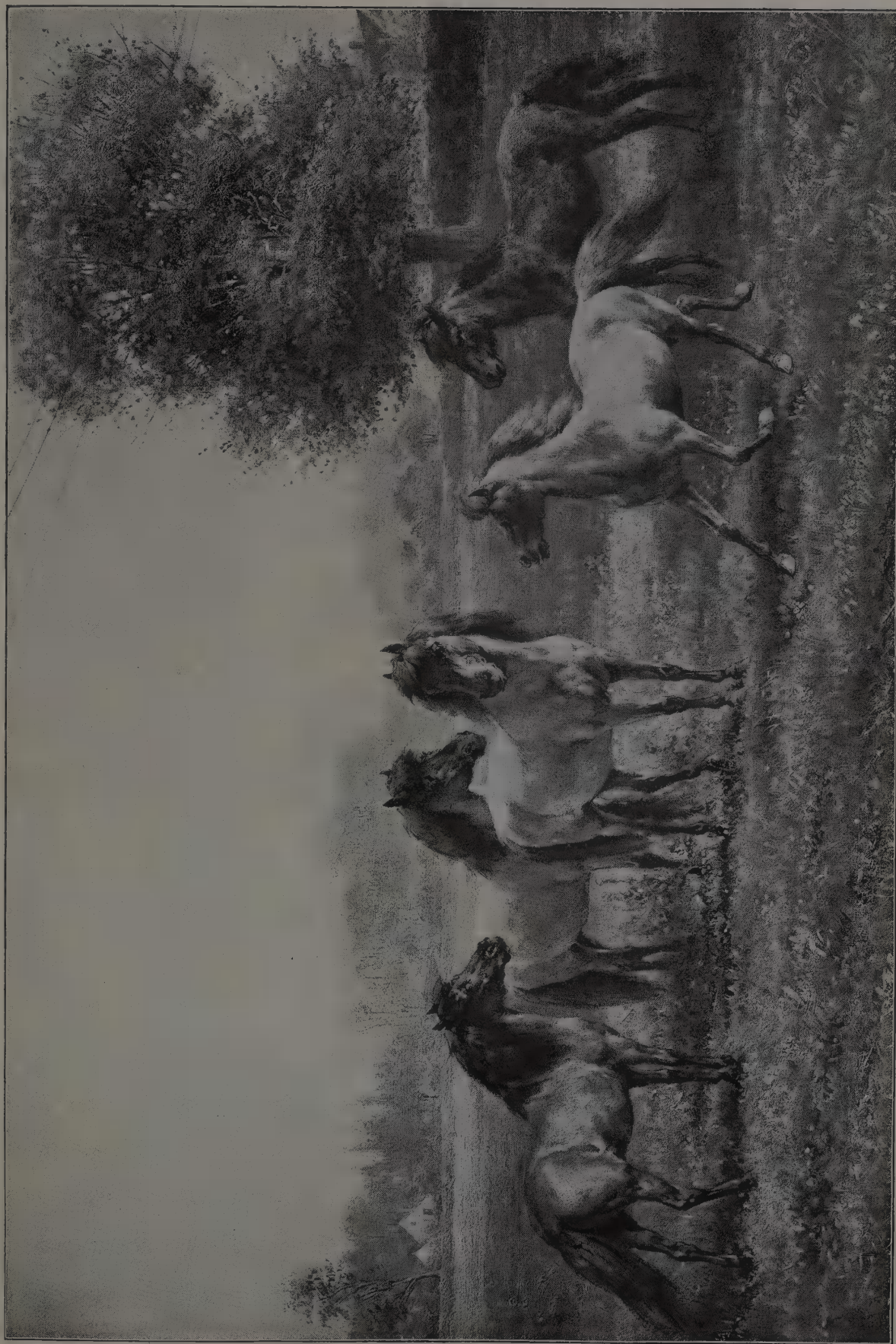
To summarise briefly what has been shown in these notes, I would say that Professor Herkomer, ignoring the ordinarily accepted methods of



PORTRAIT OF A NAVVY.

(From the Painting by Daniel A. Wehrschmidt.)

art-education, has worked out a plan of his own, by which he instructs the minds of his pupils in teaching them to think for themselves, and at the same time to acquire the manual dexterity necessary in order that the hand may obey the eye. But he does far more than this in establishing that sympathy between the master and his follower that is the surest guarantee of success. Words of praise of such an enlightened scheme are as needless as they would be futile, but it is pretty safe to predict that master and pupils will in the future reap success in a plan begot of wise forethought, and carried out with resolute purpose.



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND'S PONIES.

(From "Horses and Dogs." After the Painting by O. Eerichman. See p. 36.)

RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

CRITICAL reference in these pages to "The History of *Punch*,"* the work of the Editor of this Magazine, would obviously be unbecoming and



A PENCIL STUDY.

(By G. du Maurier. From "The History of 'Punch.'")

improper. But the share which *Punch* has taken in the advance of art, in the education of artist, the engraver, and the public, calls for some recognition here, at least for the Journal, if not for the book. *Punch* has been a school of wood-drawing and wood-cutting for more than half-a-century, and has produced draughtsmen whose art, wit, and satire, social and political, too, have been a considerable factor in English life during that period. To the technique of the production of *Punch*, as well as to the evolution and execution of its cartoons, special attention is given; and essays are devoted to all its leading artists. It is believed that not one of the scores of artists who have contributed to *Punch* from its commencement down to the present time has been forgotten. The large number of illustrations includes portraits, facsimiles, notable drawings, studies, and sketches of special interest, from well-known hands.

* "The History of *Punch*." By M. H. Spielmann. With 170 Illustrations. (Cassell and Company, 1895.)

AFTER Madame Ronner's *Cats*, Heer O. Eerelman's "Horses and Dogs"†—a volume nearly as sumptuous and as tempting to the lover of books and animals. The main difficulty of this branch of art in its highest form lies, of course, in the severe demand made upon the true animal-painter's memory; and with this capacity of carrying in the mind contour, movement, and character—so characteristic of the Japanese method—Heer Eerelman is well equipped. It is the constant malpractice of artists, who aim at popularity instead of truth to nature, to portray the particular, over-humanised expression of animals rather than the general. In this respect Landseer, doubtless, was the greatest sinner. The public encourages the exaggeration, caring little that the result is to rob the subject of its naturalness and the picture of all real claim to nobility as a sincere work of art. Those examples of animal-painting are, therefore, preferable in which, as in Heer Eerelman's work, the horse and the dog are shown uncontaminated by human intercourse (when the expression is natural) or by the pandering to the general public and the demands of the market (when it is insincere). His talent, perhaps, is most evident in the portrayal of horses; and of these the cleverest and most typical is the picture of the five favourite ponies of the youthful Queen of Holland (see p. 35). Heer Eerelman is essentially successful with his horses and dogs; but it was many years after he had established his



"FRAU."

(Charles Keene's Last Drawing. From "The History of 'Punch.'")

reputation as a *genre* painter that he found his true vocation as a delineator of animal life.

† "Horses and Dogs." By O. Eerelman. Translated from the Dutch by Clara Bell. (Cassell and Company.)



NOVEMBER.

The Centenary of Lithography.

A YEAR before its proper time the centenary of lithography is being celebrated in Paris with all the honours due to the beautiful art of Senefelder. The exhibition, promoted by the Beaux-Arts, is properly rendered international by the adhesion of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland, and Denmark. The English section is under the supervision of the Royal Academy—more particularly of Mr. ALFRED GILBERT—by which the expenses are defrayed. A thoroughly representative gathering of the old school and of the new seems to have been brought together, although the collection in aid specially looked out by the South Kensington Museum authorities was by them suddenly withdrawn. In its own line the English school of lithography will probably hold its own, though for sheer *abandon* it will have to yield to the French; for exquisite finish in reproductive work it will probably have nothing to show quite the equal of Aubrey Lecomte, or for spirit and fire nothing to excel Mouilleron's prints after Delacroix. In modern work, however, it will hardly be behind in interest, for the revival of the art in England is as remarkable as the corresponding renaissance in France. Of our English awakening to the beauties and qualities of the

lithographic art it is our intention to devote one or two illustrated articles in the course of the present volume.

Indian Art.

IT is pleasant to know that there exists a Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art, for there is a great fear that the native industrial arts of our great Eastern Empire may, like those of Japan, sink to the dead level of commercialism through over-

production. The chief object of the society is to foster native talent, and to encourage the artisans to adhere to the methods in which they have been trained, and so retaining the characteristics of their several handicrafts. The records of the society are published monthly in the *Indian Magazine and Review*.

National Gallery Notes. We reproduce two recent acquisitions to the National Collection. "Christ driving the Traders out of the Temple" is a striking work by the Spanish artist DOMENICO THEO-



CHRIST DRIVING THE TRADERS OUT OF THE TEMPLE.

(From the Painting by Domenico Theotocopuli. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

TOCOPULI (Il Greco), presented by Sir J. C. ROBINSON. It hangs in Room XV. (No. 1,457). "Smugglers on the Irish Coast," by JULIUS CÆSAR IBBETSON, is a purchase from the Lewis Fund (Room XIX., No. 1,460). Lady WESTON, of Clifton Down, Bristol, has presented to the National Gallery a fine example of MÜLLER's work, entitled "A Street in Cairo," being one of a collection of that artist's paintings

formed by the late Sir Joseph Weston, M.P. It has been hung in Room XX. (No. 1,463), and a reproduction will shortly appear in these pages. Other acquisitions are "The Virgin and Child with Angels," by an artist of the school of



DESIGN FOR BOOK ILLUSTRATION.
(By Winifred Smith. Awarded Gold Medal
in National Competition.)

No. 1,461). The following three works have been lent by GEORGE SALTING, Esq., and hung on a screen under the dome:—"Portrait said to be the Duchesse d'Angoulême," attributed to FRANCIS CLOUET; "Portrait of Costonga de Medici," by DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO; and "Portrait of a Lady as Mary Magdalene," by an artist of the French or Flemish school.

Art at the Polytechnics. ANOTHER large Polytechnic has been opened for South-West London in Manresa Road, Chelsea. The Art Department has been fully equipped in large, well-lighted studios, and placed under the charge of Mr. C. L. BURNS, one of Professor Herkomer's leading pupils. The system of teaching adopted will, as closely as possible, be that in operation at Bushey, which is designed to develop the individual talent of the student. A more important step, however, is the decision to have nothing to do with South Kensington and its methods. This, of course, means the sacrifice of grants on successes, but it is hoped that these may be obtained from the Technical Education Board and other sources. Besides the usual studies, attention will be devoted to photography and electro-plating, thus bringing the young artists intimately in contact with the technical adjuncts of their artistic work. We learn that the art classes at the neighbouring Polytechnic at Battersea, under the able direction of Mr. W. G. THOMAS, have had a very successful year. The prizes gained in the examinations connected with South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute, and the Technical Education Board have been numerous—a performance which places them among the first four schools of the Metropolis—while in the latter competitions they head the list with the extraordinary result of twenty-one scholarships and exhibitions. In addition to these they have been awarded two of the Owen Jones prizes by the Society of Arts, and two of the Society's bronze medals—a very creditable record.

English Art Abroad.

THE success of the English—and particularly the Scotch—school goes on increasing at Munich. That at the Secessionist's exhibition has been strikingly followed up at the "Crystal Palace," where Mr. TUKE's "Half Holiday" has been bought by the Prince Regent, where gold medals of the second class were

awarded to Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON for his "Rizpah," to Mr. WALTER CRANE for his "Running Hours," and to Mr. S. J. SOLOMON for his portrait of Mr. Zangwill. Mr. ROBERT FOWLER was specially popular, no fewer than six of his works being bought by collectors, including his "Enchanted Glade" and "After Music." The "Glasgow School," we may add, has received a remarkable tribute at the hands of the managers of this year's exposition at St. Louis—the first time that these artists, with only a few exceptions, have been seen in the United States *en masse*. The exhibition comprises the work of more than a score of the leading Glasgow painters.

Exhibitions. THE Sheffield Society of Artists has a strong collection of paintings in its twenty-first annual exhibition at the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield. The works number 280, and among the principal of them are Mr. G. F. WATTS' famous portrait of Mr. Walter Crane and the same artist's sketch for "Orpheus and Eurydice." Sir J. E. MILLAIS has sent his "Girlhood of St. Theresa;" Mr. VAL PRINSEP, R.A., the "Portrait of Maharajah



MODELLED DESIGN FOR A PANEL.
(By Charles A. Sheehan. Awarded Gold Medal in National
Competition.)

Holkar;" and Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A., "The Cottage Girl." Other artists of note represented are Mr. ALFRED EAST, Mr. T. HOPE MACLACHLAN, Mr. J. AUMONIER, and Mr. C. BOROUGH JOHNSON. Among the local artists who contribute are Mr. J. W. MCINTYRE, Mr. ERNEST MOORE, a portraitist of ability, and Miss JEAN MITCHELL.

The third exhibition of the Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery serves to emphasise the fact that photography cannot reach the heights of pictorial art that its exponents aspire to in the "Fore-word" of their catalogue. The majority of the exhibits are perfect as photographs, but fail—in some instances ludicrously so—as



THE HOUSE IN WHICH TURNER DIED AT CHELSEA.

(Drawn by Henry Austin.)

pictures. The highest point is certainly attained by Mr. J. CRAIG ANNAN in his series of portraits and landscapes, and by Mr. F. HOLLYER in a magnificent portrait of Mr. Ruskin seated in his study.

Reviews. WRITERS on Japanese Art have taken breathing-space of late. Silence has been broken by Mr. JAMES L. BOWES, who issues for "private circulation" a study entitled "*Notes on Shippo: a Sequel to Japanese Enamels.*" Mr. Bowes goes with considerable thoroughness into the subject of glass and enamels in Japan, its history and manufacture, and, aided by Mr. Kawakami and Mr. Kowaki, has produced a really valuable little treatise. It is too much to hope that Mr. Bowes will not be immediately challenged by his fellow-experts on certain of his views and statements; but he may fairly claim the gratitude of collectors of Japanese Art by the earnestness and success with which he has gathered and put forth more information than has hitherto been available. His notes on the Hirata family are apparently exhaustive; the illustrations are excellent, and the style of production far more than adequate.

We have received a copy of "*Exterior and Interior Photography*," by Mr. F. W. MILLS (Dawbarn and Ward), which is in reality a second edition of "*The Art and Practice of Interior Photography*." Though applying itself mainly to information respecting architectural photography, this book hardly devotes enough attention to the operations before the plate is exposed, but gives rather too much prominence to the processes after the negative has been made. The chapter on "Light and Colour" has a simply-worded explanation of the exact advantages of isochromatic plates and the reasons for using them. Though it does not go deep into the subject, this book will be useful to amateurs who make architecture their favourite study.

Two new numbers of the "Amateur Photographer's

Library" series—"Art Photography," by Mr. H. P. ROBINSON, and "*Wet Collodion Photography*," by Mr. C. W. GAMBLE (Hazell and Co.)—seem to serve their purpose well. Mr. Robinson's hints as to how photographs may, from the point of view of artistic composition, become in-offensive to the eye, will be very useful to young photographers. Mr. Gamble's book is a more serious little work; it is, however, greatly technical, and claims no notice here.

Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN has issued No. 1 of his Illustrated Catalogue to the Manchester Art Gallery Autumn Exhibition, uniform with his "Academy Notes."

Messrs. F. W. MILLS and A. C. PONTON have issued a pamphlet on "*Stenoptic, or Pin-hole Photography*" (Dawbarn and Ward), which will prove of considerable service to the scientific photographer, if their claim that "obtrusiveness of detail may be avoided," with other attendant advantages over the ordinary photographic lens, can be substantiated in practice.

Miscellaneous. Mr. J. S. SARGENT, A.R.A., was awarded the small gold-medal for painting at this year's Berlin Art Exhibition.

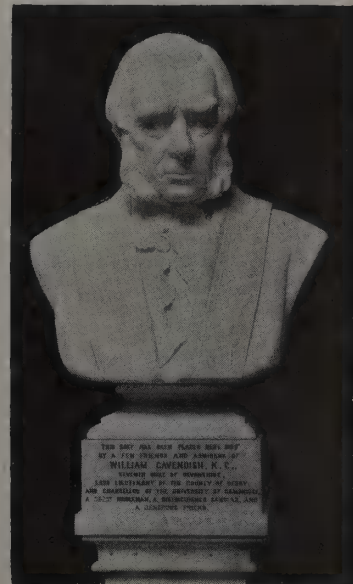
The painting by Mr. PHIL MORRIS, A.R.A., of "Edward I. Presenting his Son (the first Prince of Wales) to the Welsh" has been purchased by public subscription for the public library of Carnarvon.

The famous painting by WILKIE of "The Abbotsford Family," referred to in Mr. Kitton's article on "Some Portraits of Sir Walter Scott" (see p. 2), has recently been sold to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery for 800 guineas by the representatives of the late Sir Adam Ferguson.

We reproduce, as a matter of interest, a drawing of the house at Chelsea in which TURNER lived that curious part of his life under the name of "Puggy Booth," and in which he died. The proposal has been made in the *Times* that the house should be preserved from demolition and constituted a memorial of the great artist.

The bust of the late Duke of Devonshire reproduced herewith is the work of Mr. WILLIAM DAY KEYWORTH, the successful competitor in an open competition inaugurated by a memorial committee. The bust is to be placed in the Grand Pump Room at Buxton, and is executed in marble. It is admitted to be a very striking portrait of the deceased nobleman.

Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON has offered to present to Manchester a replica of the magnificent tapestry, "The Adoration of the Magi," designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and executed by Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS. A reproduction



THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

(From the Bust by W. D. Keyworth.)

of this work appeared in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for 1894, p. 285. The original design is at Birmingham; a replica hangs in Exeter College, Oxford; and yet a third copy is in the possession of Mr. Wilfred Blunt.



SMUGGLERS ON THE IRISH COAST.

(By Julius Caesar Ibbetson. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

We regret that pressure on our space prevented our noticing the work sent in for the National Competition in connection with South Kensington when the prize designs were on exhibition. Most of the prize work is not now available for reproduction, but we have been enabled to publish illustrations of three of the Gold Medal works which will serve as examples of the high character of the work sent in by the students. The perspective drawing of Mr. Quennell's design for an art gallery is reproduced, as the pencil drawings which actually gained the medal were too finely drawn to allow of a successful photograph being taken. The same reason prevents our publishing Mr. A. H. Hodge's architectural drawings, which also gained a gold medal.

It is noteworthy that the jury of the International Fine Art Exhibition at Venice contained not a single member who was a practising artist. The chairman was Mr. W. M. ROSSETTI, and the others MM. JULIUS LANGE

(of Copenhagen), ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE (Paris), RICHARD MÜTHER (Munich), and VENTURI (Rome). Their awards were as follows:—First prize of 10,000 francs to M. PAOLO MICHETTI; second prize, 5,000 francs, to M. PAOLO SEGANTINI; third prize, 5,000 francs, to Herr MAX LIEBERMANN, for a portrait; fourth prize, 5,000 francs, to M. PAUL JANSSEN; fifth prize, to Signor DOMENICO

TRENTACOSTE, for a marble statue; sixth prize, 5,000 francs, to Signor SILVIO ROTTÀ; seventh prize, 2,500 francs, to Mr. J. McNEIL WHISTLER; and the eighth prize, 2,500 francs, to Signor GIOVANNI COLDINI.

Obituary. HERR DAVID VANDERKELLEN, the well-known Dutch painter and author, has died at the age of sixty-eight. He was Director of the State Museum at Antwerp at the time of his death.

The death is announced of M. JEAN GARNIER, a French medallist and sculptor of repute. During the Commune he was appointed Keeper of the Dies at the Mint. One of his works, "L'Enfer des Luxurieux," is in the Luxembourg.

Mr. C. P. SLOCOMBE, the etcher, has died at the age of sixty-three. He was for many years on the staff of the National Art Training Schools, South Kensington. He obtained a wide recognition for his etchings, more particularly for his reproductions of the works of John Pettie, R.A., and Frank Holl, R.A.

M. LOUIS ADOLPHE SALMON, the veteran French painter and engraver, has died from paralysis at the age of eighty-nine.

He was a pupil of Ingres and Henriquel, and in 1834 secured the *Grand Prix de Rome*. He engraved a large number of plates after works by the old masters.

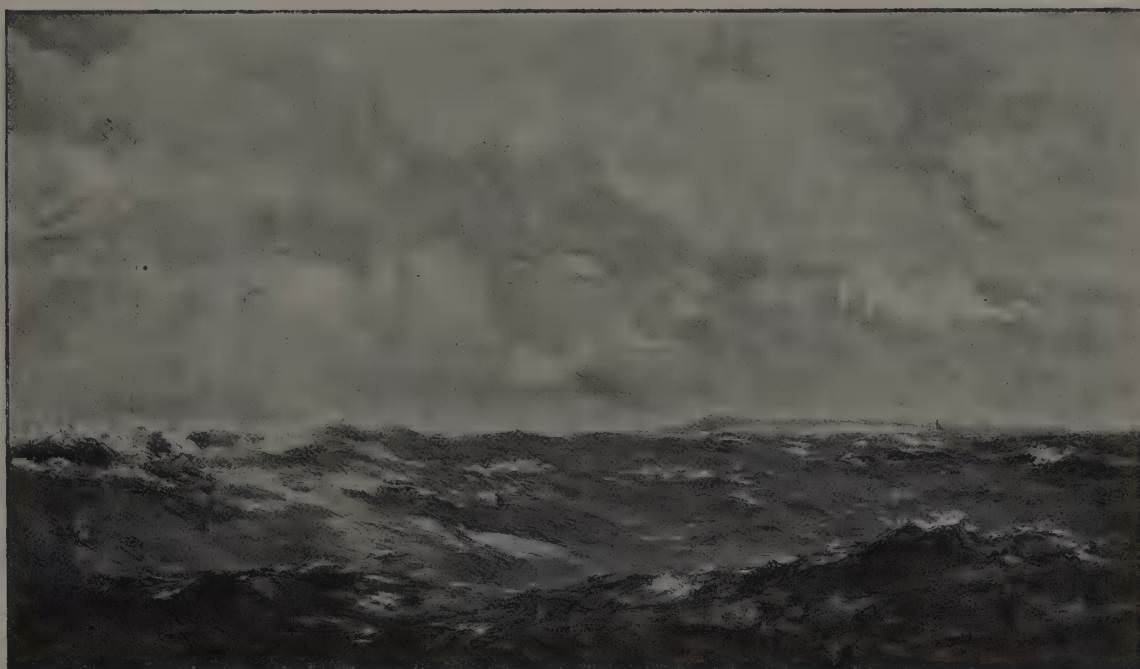
Mr. H. H. EMMERSON, a well-known artist in the North of England, has recently died at Cullercoats, New-



DESIGN FOR AN ART GALLERY.

(By C. H. B. Quennell. Awarded Gold Medal in National Competition.)

castle, at the age of sixty-four. He came to London at an early age, and copied at the National Gallery, afterwards entering at the Royal Academy Schools. His first picture in the Academy, entitled "The Village Tailor," was hung on the line, but his reputation rested upon his paintings of children. These were numerous, several being popularised by means of engravings.



ROUGH WATERS OFF POOLE.
(From the Painting by Henry Moore, R.A.)

MR. HUMPHREY ROBERTS'S COLLECTION.

MODERN ENGLISH OIL PICTURES.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

HE experiences an embarrassment of riches who writes upon that treasure house at Kensington which is lined with pictures, the constant and intimate companions of the owner, whose rare taste has brought them together and who lends them so freely that, in a sense, it may be said the public enjoys them almost as much as the collector allows himself to do. Not an entire number of this Magazine would suffice for justice to be done to the whole of the English oil paintings with which Mr. Roberts has adorned his walls, while no account was taken of his water-colour drawings, his pictures by deceased British artists, and his examples of foreign masters: categories which, though not numerous, are very well chosen indeed to form a fairly representative collection of this century's art.

Leaving the others for future occasions, I may now introduce the reader to the first of these categories, and begin by saying that, although by no means the largest of his masterpieces, Sir John Millais' single figure, somewhat dishevelled, of "The Gambler's Wife" standing by a card-table in cold morning light, is a wonder of design, not less fine in its art than in its poetic and pathetic inspiration. She is matching some of the cards which, when dawn broke without, the gamesters

threw down, and she calculates the potentialities of a "trick" which might have won or lost a fortune. The intense speculation of her eyes, cat-like and full of cunning as they are, her half-lifted brows, her puckered forehead, and the very way in which (as if to judge of its power with the remainder of the suit) she places one card at the side of the others, are subtleties of the keenest edge, while her somewhat adust and faded carnations, telling of late-watching and anxiety, are worthy of the highest powers of a master of whom, but the other day, it was my astounding fortune to read in a "criticism" that he possessed "no imagination." What shall be said of such a critic's want of insight, sympathy, and intelligence, who was capable of such foolery as this? What of *his* imagination who saw none of that quality in "The Gambler's Wife"? That such a writer should fail to see imagination in Millais' "Stella," which hangs near the last-named picture, need surprise no one who studies that life-size three-quarter-length figure of a brilliant brunette of the most ardent English charm, who, with opened letter in her hand, stands heart-wrung before an escritoire, and has such a wistful, thought-struck, mournful look in her brooding eyes—such agony in her lips that seem to quiver—and in her

whole form such an intensity of expression as no painter of our time has imagined more sympathetically than Millais, nor anyone surpassed him in depicting. The somewhat harsh brilliance of this picture's lighting, and its vivid coloration that jars upon our sense a little, are elements not out of keeping with the pain that underlies its subject, which is the woefulness of a broken heart.

I need not linger over the same painter's comparatively unimportant picture of "The Sick Child," which is in Mr. Roberts's gallery, nor need I do more than call attention to Sir John's "Greenwich Pensioners at the Tomb of Nelson," which is etched as a frontispiece to this essay. Passing those instances, let us turn to one of the choicest and most beautiful sea-coast pictures which Titian's great disciple, Mr. Hook, has produced. It is called "The Broken Oar," and, with his utmost brilliancy, as well as with delightful veracities of colour and light, depicts, in serene and splendid harmonies, as to the life, a well-known rocky headland and open bay in West Cornwall, where the surging and resurging seas cast themselves upon the pale yellow and olive-tinted sands, and break in jets upon the darker rocks, so that the whiter crests flash momentarily in the sun-saturated air. The last billow that beat the shore cast there the larger fragment of a broken oar; a hundred emerald billows crowned with white, and a hundred azure, green, grey, and silvery hollows, follow the fallen one from the horizon to our feet, and each is a treasury of studied hues subtly mastered and most exquisitely, most harmoniously, drawn and painted. Apart from the sea, the delicious piece excels in the lofty and majestic clouds of many forms and many textures, such as its stately cumuli, filmy strata, and cirri that seem woven of the light they blush in, as well as in that illimitable atmosphere which between the ocean and the firmament is like one stupendous turquoise dashed with green.

A less ambitious and smaller picture than the last is Mr. Hook's "Oyster Beds," or "Oyster Severals," as it is sometimes called, of which a bright and spirited cut is before the reader. In it we have, as sketched by a master's hand, pools of sea-water amid weedy rocks the outgoing tide has left bare; with these are their shining channels, in one of which a stalwart Devonian, in a bright blue jacket and red cap, dispossesses the oysters of their homes in the nooks and crannies of the shore, and lands them with a rusty gridiron-like shovel. Nothing can be truer than the distance of this picture, or richer in its wealth of innumerable local tints. Here, as in the still finer "Broken Oar," West Country sunlight itself is immortalised, and some of the wonders of the air

and sea are, so far as art has power to do so, made wholly visible to us. Mr. Roberts has the well-known "Catching a Mermaid," a fourth Hook, the scene depicted being a weed-strewn point of rocks where a tempest-tortured sea flings its last most furious billows, and the wind-torn surges of pure glass-green have brought to land the white figure-head of a wrecked ship, the "Mermaid" herself. Rudely carved in wood, the neatly-ordered hair and vacuous smile are strikingly at variance with the tumultuous world of waves and that hardly less tumultuous world of clouds, which, careering before the gale, had not long before delivered itself of torrents of rain, of thunders that echoed from aerial cliff to cliff, and was rent by "lightnings terrible." Mr. Hook, who often delights in an anti-climax, has given us on the rocks here some Cornish children trying to capture the wooden mermaid with a rope. We notice not only the monstrous cumuli, so huge that even Boreas himself moves them but slowly, but, seen far off through veils of pallid sunlight, the sharp line of the horizon, distinct in brassy lustre, where a steamer's torrent of smoke tells us that she, however strong, is straining heavily in the open sea.

Another noble sea-piece is before us in the reproduction of Henry Moore's powerful "Rough Waters off Poole," a superb example of the most masculine kind, painted in colours the Venetians never surpassed, and with knowledge of the air and ocean such as not the best of them had a full notion of. It is among the finest of a grand category, and, like many of the same kind by the same hand, its poetry, like its physical vigour, is for the seeing eye, not for the purblind one, ignorant of Nature. Mr. Roberts has another sea-scape by this painter, a thoroughly virile and expressive illustration of "Rough Weather," a study full of learning that was admirably employed in depicting the force of a fresh gale against the tide, waves breaking upon the purple sands, which are laid bare, and show themselves as, rank behind rank, the billows rush on and fall in multitudes. The extreme distance is very fine, while the sky is a study instinct with majesty, and the enormous clouds are modelled in a manner which is as thoroughly scientific as it is searching, and in both respects such as one regrets no Dutchman of the seventeenth century ever attempted or, at least, excelled. Henry Moore was, let me remark, one of the very few landscape painters whose work is instinct with style, in which respect he might be called a classic of the truest sort, seeing that his seas are so grand, so simple, and so powerful, and that these three elements of design go to the making of a "classic" master such as Moore grew to be in later days.



Sir J.E. Millais Bart. RA. pinxt

H. Macbeth-Raeburn, sculp.

GREENWICH PENSIONERS AT THE TOMB OF NELSON.

(In the Collection of T. Humphrey Roberts Esq.)

Among several excellent pictures by Mr. A. Goodwin, Mr. Roberts's "Durham" from beyond the river is noteworthy, as well as his fine "Whitby," with the intensest flush of sunset upon a wilderness of cirri, the steel-like pallors of the level sea, and the huge gaunt skeleton of St. Hilda's Church. This instance commands our admiration, and, because of its too-evident struggle to be poetical, just misses being first-rate poetry. In quite another mood, not striving to be great, but so sweet and so simple an idyl that it steals upon our senses and cannot be forgot, is G. Mason's "Derbyshire Village," of which our small block serves as a memorandum. A thoroughly characteristic piece, it gives, as with a charm, serene English twilight, a glimpse of a gleaming river, and the pale, not wan, fires of a misty afterglow such as Mason so often affected and painted with a skill that was inspired by the solemn beauty of the time. Its massive harmonies of colour, tone, and chiaroscuro give perfectly the sentiment of profound repose, which neither the homely graces of the rustic figures nor the domesticity of the linen drying on the grass fail to be in keeping with. Contrasting with this original version of that sentiment in which Adam Elzheimer, Claude, Poussin, Palmer, and Calvert excelled, is Mr. E. J. Gregory's animated and photographic vista of "Piccadilly," which an engraving admirably reproduces. A small and broader version of F. Walker's "The Plough," comprising an original idea adequately worked out in lower keys of colour and tone than those of the better known example, and giving with equal energy the pathetic motive of the horses labouring in the growing twilight because "the time cometh when no man can work," adorns Mr. Roberts's gallery, and deserves to be better studied. Although its motives and treatment differ radically, it may now be well to turn from Walker's finely-painted poem to Mr. A. W. Hunt's large piece of

poetic prose, which is aptly named "Mists on Loch Maree," which gives an impressive vista of the pallid, steel-like lake, distinct with a world of reflections of the huge, gaunt mountain-tops that shut it in, as well as of the wan clouds and more wan firmament, and suggests the grand melancholy of a wild and lonely place where—

"No one comes, or has come,
Since the making of the world."



PRETTY LUCY BOND.

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

The desert shores of the loch, rocky and clad in the roughest herbage and verdure as they are, are nearly as fine in painting as the dim surface of mist-laden water itself.

A group of figure-pictures, in which this gallery excels, may next claim our attention. Eminent among these is Mr. Orchardson's piece of pathetic genre, undoubtedly his best work of the kind, and renowned as "The Tender Chord." At once sad,

sardonic, and regretful, it shows a lady in whose carnations the roses have begun to fade, her virginal fulness to decline, standing by a pianoforte, while having with her left hand drawn from the keys notes which have touched some tender memories, she hesitates to strike again, and looks down with drooping eyelids and almost trembling lips. Her attitude and air are full of grace and truth, very choicely and deftly as well as sympathetically expressed, and they convey the transitory emotion by the transitory, hesitating *pose* of the figure. The breadth and harmony of the picture are characteristically maintained by the spacing, or setting out, of its colours and its tones. In this respect I admire

instance of its kind, and, out of Paris, has seldom been surpassed. Its incidents are, practically, such as suggest themselves to the painter of such a theme. Its freshest charm is in the extreme ability of its treatment, which, however, is neither so simple nor so harmonious and so apt as that of the much superior "Tender Chord" of the same brilliant painter, whose "Music, when soft Voices die, vibrates in the Memory," and "The Fugitive," in which bloodhounds track a flying cavalier, are both in the possession of Mr. Roberts. With them is Mr. Pettie's witty and sparkling "Charles Surface selling his Ancestors," one of the leading specimens of that genre painting in which, out of Paris, as



A DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE.

(From the Painting by George H. Mason, A.R.A.)

the arrangement of the brown oak of the well-waxed floor, the dark red of the rosewood piano, the warm silvery gray of the wall (an element the painter seldom fails in), the pale rose dashed with paler gold, or amber, of the lady's muslin robe, the darkness of her high-piled brown hair, as well as the deftness with which the blue of the music-stool is introduced. This is, in its way, an admirable piece—not a masterpiece of art or motive, but, of its kind, a true *chef-d'œuvre* of the painter. Not quite so fine is the same clever and resourceful Academician's "Hard Hit," which, with noteworthy dramatic force (and much of that underlying *soupeçon* of the theatre which does not enhance the merit of his best pieces), depicts the departure of a ruined gambler from the vultures who have had him in hand during an orgie, the length of which not only the silveriness of the morning light in the room, but the floor strewn with cards, the low-burnt candles, and the feverish looks of the company, attest. "Hard Hit" is a capital

before, few have done better than the deceased and living artists here named. To this group let me add the masculine and energetic "Potato Harvest" of Mr. Macbeth, which shows a company of his often affected stalwart damsels at field-work. Mr. Van Haanen's sparkling and vigorous "Afternoon Coffee," a scene in a Venetian workroom, where a numerous group of buxom, ripe, and gaily-dressed but sluttish wenches chatter and refresh themselves after their fashion, is here, and, owing to recent retouches by the painter, greatly more vivid, sparkling, and finished than when it was at the Academy.

Contrasting in every respect with the last-named three pictures is Albert Moore's quasi-classic named "Turquoise," of which a reproduction is before the reader, which shows two comely damsels in pale citron, gracefully posed like painted statues of a delicious kind, beautiful in their Athenian serenity, and beautifully draped. A gem in its way, it exists



PICCADILLY.

(From the Painting by E. J. Gregory, A.R.A. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

under the limitations of antique art, and remains one of the finest specimens of a sort of pictorial music drawn as from a lyre of but few strings. Although it cannot be said to "overtake far thought with music that it makes," the exquisite, if circumscribed, melody of Albert Moore had more than a touch of the diviner harmonies of art in it. Indeed, it is very like antique music, which was soft, of narrow compass, apt to be monotonous, and best fitted for the lyre and flute. Of an immeasurably wider compass, profounder in its sympathies, graver, as well as more joyous, active, and intense is the art-music of Mr. Watts, whose charming "Pretty Lucy Bond" excels in its humanity, spontaneity, and simplicity, as well as in the subtle tenderness of life itself. The little girl in a blue pinafore and black frock, serenely innocent and demure, was painted from a child the master met by accident in a public place, and thus immortalised her pure "Englishness," painting her in small life-size, a three-quarter-length figure, with fair brown hair rolling to her shoulders and enclosing the sweet brightness of her healthy carnations. Saying that "Lucy Bond" is like a Millais of that master's best time is as much as could be said in its favour, original as it is.

The inevitable limits of space forbid more than a passing mention of other important oil pictures in this gallery, among the number being Mr. J. M. Swan's "Piping Fisher Boy," and his "Polar Bears;" Mr. Riviere's "A Stern Chase is a Long Chase," ducks on a pond; J. F. Lewis's famous, brilliant, and exquisitely finished "Pipe-bearer," and "Interior of a Bazaar, Cairo." Painted

in 1876, and, apart from that still more brilliant picture of open sunlight, the renowned "Frank Encampment in the Desert," which is Lewis's masterpiece in water-colours, the last work now before us is an example of the highest grade in

the English school, and, like the "Encampment," became a wonder in French eyes when it was exhibited in the Salon. It gives splendid sunlight breaking with the effulgence of noon through the holes in the lofty roof of the great bazaar, and flushing the white awnings and fronts of the booths lining the alley which is before us in a vista and otherwise filled with the shadow that is as limpid as water itself. The shops are crammed with fabrics of diverse colours and textures, the most delicate and the most strong; the gaily-clad owners sit smoking before their goods as if trade did not concern them, or they deliberately chaffer with would-be customers in an *insouciant* manner, which even Bond Street could not rival. Crowds of men, a few veiled women, children of all sorts, and various animals occupy the avenue between the booths; while the sparkling of the dresses, rich in colours and sumptuous as many of them are, is reduced by the pervading shadow, whose clearness attests



TURQUOISE.

(From the Painting by the late Albert Moore.)

the magic of the painter. By this means Lewis left his work as broad, powerful, and massive as it is luminous, energetic, and crowded with incidents and character, and withal, wonderfully finished. In addition let me mention a capital street scene, with a waterwheel and figures, by Mr. H. Woods, R.A. The best of thanks are due to the owner of these fine works, who gave me the freest access to them.

SPORT in ART

SHOOTING. (INTRODUCTION.)

BY JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS.

COULD the reader have taken a peep into my father's studio one morning, about twenty-five years ago, he might have seen a small boy, armed with pencil and paper, sitting on Sir Edwin Landseer's knee, and laboriously instructing that celebrated master in the art of drawing deer and other animals. I was that precocious imp, and the subsequent success of my pupil is a proof that my valuable advice and criticism were not thrown away. Sir Edwin, at any rate, valued my criticism highly, for he gave me lollypops, and sat me down to copy in water-colours one of his Trafalgar Square lion studies—since when I have always taken a keen interest in birds and animals whether on canvas or in real life. Years go by, however, and one becomes more diffident about giving one's opinion, having perhaps learnt a few of the many difficulties that artists and observers of nature have to overcome ere success, even in a small way, may crown their efforts.

so far, the sportsman generally has had little voice in the criticism of pictures, leaving that rather to the art-critic, whose business it is. He has been in the position of the bystander, not of the general public, but, as Bacon tells us, amongst "the onlookers who see most of the game."

The sportsman has as good a right to criticise a work of art as the art-critic.

For the artist is, in a great measure, the servant of the sportsman. It is for the latter mainly that the pictures have been executed: and he is expected to render on canvas something more than the actual production in draughtsmanship and colour, which fulfil all ordinary qualifications. The incidents depicted and detail of each must also be perfect in their truth to nature, for the sportsman, unless he is also a connoisseur of art, values a picture rather for the perfect accuracy of the scene, than for the more æsthetic considerations of colouring and composition. The artist has, therefore, not



ST. HUBERT.

(From the Painting by Albrecht Dürer.)

Every man who makes a life study of any particular sport has a fair right to criticise it when he sees his pet subject represented by an artist. But

only to be completely conversant with his own particular craft, but he has besides, in order to be successful, to enter two entirely new fields: namely,

that of the sport itself, and of the natural history of its birds and animals, which also embraces anatomical structure—a practically limitless field in itself.

It will be seen, therefore, how difficult is the task of the artist, and how small a matter of surprise it is that, out of the numbers who have attempted the treatment of such subjects, there have been so few painters that completely satisfy the tastes of the latter-day sportsman and art-critic. Of late years,

works by constantly drawing their birds from the distorted horrors obtained at the local bird-stuffers. Thus, whilst the figures, landscapes, and entourage of shooting detail were minutely and carefully rendered, we practically have to wait till our own century before the final item, namely, the birds and animals themselves, are treated with the same skill and interior knowledge that had already been displayed in the other points. Nowadays it is impossible for



THE LARDER.

(From the Painting by *Snyders and Rubens.*)

however, this branch of art, especially in the form of book illustration, has reached such an exceptionally high level, and the sportsman himself is so much alive to what is really first rate, that criticism from the point of view of the art-critic alone must necessarily be voted incomplete.

Seldom, indeed, has an artist, working for his living, either the means or the opportunity for becoming a hunter as well, so that he may search for and study the wild creatures in their own homes, even if his inclination runs that way. Now and again, great masters of the subject have arisen and defied the forms of conventionalism, using the results of their own observation of wild life, in preference to the stuffed abominations, which till recently even the best painters did not despise. Reinagle, Elmer, George Morland, and a host of others, including the great Fyt himself, upon occasion, ruined in certain points their otherwise splendid

a painter to attain perfection in this particular field, unless he is capable of rendering birds and animals under extreme movement, as well as in their calmer moods. Wild animals are difficult enough, but birds are infinitely more so; that is why so few attempt them, and why a still smaller number are only comparatively successful. If an artist paints a few good pictures of living creatures, he produces as a rule an equal number of pictures of those birds or animals in death as well, a comparatively easy task, though the general public do not know it. Pictures of dead game, though frequently the best subjects for an artist, are veritably the potboilers of the animal painter, for he himself knows that there is not one-hundredth part of the art required to make them beautiful which is essential to trace correctly a partridge flying or a stag galloping.

It really takes an artist, after he has learnt his craft, a lifetime of study to represent truthfully even

one or two species in the most peaceful and commonplace of attitudes. The genuine knowledge required even for these few is so vast that our best and most conscientious painters have been those who attempted the smallest scope, and constantly striven to bring the few creatures to perfection. Fyt never went far beyond his spaniels chasing wild ducks out of rushes.



BIRDS.

(From a Painting by Melchior de Hondekoeter, in the Possession of Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.)

Hondekoeter painted scores of raptorial birds disturbing heterogeneous masses of poultry and wild fowl out of farmyards. Sir Edwin Landseer made a life study of dogs, deer, and domestic animals. Whilst to-day we do not very often see Messrs. Friese, Nettleship, Harry Dixon, J. M. Swan, and Keuhnert straying far beyond their knowledge of the great cats.

Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., than whom there is no better exponent of his art, recently replied to the question, "How do you manage to get a sense

of movement in your pictures of animals?" "By trying to *learn* animals," was the answer; "to be an animal painter one should really have two lives. The first should be spent in learning animals by heart. The second in painting them."

"Is not that something like the Japanese theory?" "Yes; a Japanese artist will give up years to the study of one bird—a flying stork for instance—and then when he knows it perfectly, with all its plumage, and all its movements, he will spend the remainder of his life in reproducing it over and over again." That is practically the whole theory of animal painting in a nutshell. It may seem perhaps to the general public and the casual critic that an artist who is capable of rendering one genus of birds or animals extremely well should also be equally successful with others. But this is far from being the case; life is too short and the brains of most men too small.

Speaking from the hunter and naturalist's point of view, only one man has ever existed who has, with very few exceptions, represented ornithology and zoology in their most truthful and beautiful forms, and that is Joseph Wolf.

Wolf may not, perhaps, have reached such a pitch of sympathy and perfection in red deer as Sir Edwin Landseer, Mme. Rosa Bonheur, or Herr Kroner, nor has he always caught the sinuous stealth and graceful savagery of the lions delineated by Messrs. Briton Riviere, Richard Friese, and J. M. Swan; but with these exceptions, where are there to be found such perfect pictures as he gives us of cats, deer, antelopes, rodents, wild fowl, wild goats, birds of prey, game birds, and sheep? Almost any hunter, who has had a wide experience with the rifle and the shotgun, and has also the sense to appreciate what is absolutely first class, upholds Wolf as the best delineator of the wild life.

Nearly all the wild game, whether birds or animals, of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, have been treated by this great master. He has attempted all, and what is more, succeeded in all—*Nil tetigit quod non ornavit*.

Of Wolf's work, however, I shall speak in another article, and will give my reasons for giving him the first place in pictures of sport and natural history, and will endeavour to show how small, comparatively speaking, was the knowledge possessed by other painters who have attempted to tread the same paths.



THE "GARDEN SCENE" (PALACE OF ASSURBANIPAL).

ASSYRIAN ART THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

By H. SPENCER.



SENNACHERIB.

NO more remarkable monuments of old-world art have ever been given to the world as the result of the patient and intelligent researches of savants than the invaluable examples of the sculptor's art found among the ruins of ancient Nineveh, and preserved in the galleries of the British Museum. The recent exhibition at the Royal Institution of a series of reduced reproductions* from that magnificent collection will serve to bring forcibly to our minds how

buried in the sandy earth of a half-desert Turkish province, with no certain trace of its place of sepulchre. Tradition affirmed that it was hidden somewhere near the River Tigris; but for a long series of ages its existence in the world was little else than a name, yet one associated with the idea of an ancient capital of almost fabulous splendour and magnitude. To the enterprising spirit of the late Sir Henry Layard is due the recovery of some of the finest of the sculptures exhumed from the grave of the once mighty Nineveh. It was he who found it, threw off its shroud of accumulated dust, and revealed once more to the world its temples, palaces and idols, its representations of war, and triumphs of the arts of peace—the Nineveh of Scripture glorying in civilisation, pomp and power, and in which the captive tribes of Israel had laboured and wept, and against which the most solemn warnings and prophecies were uttered.

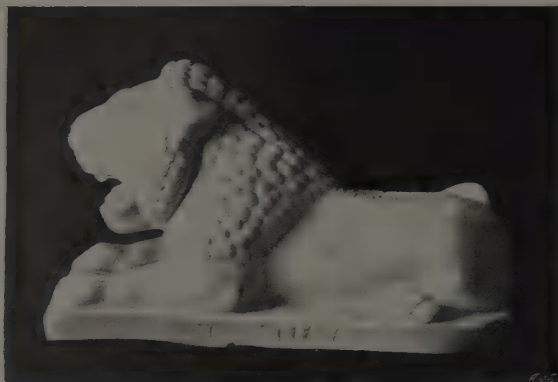
much we owe to Botta, Layard, Rassam, Loftus, and other explorers—men who have gone forth into wilds and deserts to search among the dust and darkness of ages long gone by for such mementos of the dead as will instruct the living. Every fragment of antiquity recovered from its sandy or rocky grave has become a page of history; and in our national museum are thousands of these pages lying open, so that all may read. The study of these objects is as interesting as it is profitable; they are no less the eloquent expositors of the annals of profane history than witnesses to the events and revealers of the mysteries narrated in the sacred records.

Far away from the high roads of modern commerce and the tracts of ordinary travel lay a city

The relationship between Assyrian, Phœnician, and Greek art is now so clearly established that all classical students are aware that a knowledge of the art of ancient Assyria must form a preface to their studies. Such a knowledge could, of course, be best acquired by visiting the Assyrian galleries of the British Museum; but to those who are unable to study the famous originals these reproductions will prove especially welcome. To students of the history of the buried past they offer some definite and tangible representation of the monarchs who figure so brilliantly in its pages, enabling them to picture, in some degree, the forms and features of the kings of whom they read. To those who have made the development and progress of art their study they give some idea of the high state to which the arts

* Published by Mr. Alfred Jarvis, of Willes Road, London, N.W.

were carried in what may be called the Augustan age of the Assyrian empire. The series includes some of the best examples, and is thoroughly



LION WEIGHT.

representative. Statuettes of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal represent history, while the beautiful "Garden-scene" gives us a glimpse of the home-life of the latter monarch. Commerce has a small representative in one of the quaint little lion weights, and the winged human-headed lion and bull exemplify symbolical art.

The statuette (13½ inches high) of Sennacherib, the opponent of Hezekiah, represents him as clad in the robes of the dual office of king and high-priest. The drapery is most richly embroidered and fringed, and the long under-robe extends nearly to his feet. Over the shoulders falls a richly-fringed and decorated cape. The king wears the tiara so commonly represented on the monuments, and carries in his hand the sacred bow of office. This bow, which was handed down from king to king, was believed to be the gift of the goddess Ishtar, or Ashtoreth, who had the names of "Mistress of the Bow," "Archeress of the Gods," and "Lady of War and Battle." The possession of it was supposed to ensure victory. The arms of the king, which are bare, are encircled by rich bracelets. The whole bearing of the figure serves fully to convey the character of a king who styled himself "the father of the people of Assyria."

In the statuette of the warlike and yet luxurious monarch Assurbanipal, whom Ctesias and Byron have rendered so familiar to us as Sardanapalus, we seem to see the true King of Assyria as he appeared on the fatal night when Nineveh fell, clad in his robes of battle, and wearing a richly-jewelled diadem, below which fall his long locks of hair. The king is clothed in a close-fitting robe, reaching to the knees in front and somewhat longer behind, the groundwork of which is richly spotted with a pleasing lozenge pattern,

the lower part being decorated with two rows of braiding and a handsomely tasselled fringe. Over the right shoulder and crossing the breast is a broad belt. The waist is bound by a wide band of cloth, over which is a narrow girdle of richly worked metal. The breast and short sleeves of this robe are most elaborately treated. On the arms are a pair of gold bracelets, and the knees are encircled by garters. The king wears boots of the Median style, and leather greaves reaching nearly to the knee, bound with thongs of the same material. In the left hand he carries negligently a sword of light make. The pose of the figure is particularly graceful. Assurbanipal, although a bold and determined warrior, was a lavish patron of arts and literature. In the new palace which he built at Nineveh—the north palace at Kouyunjik—he had the finest sculptures that Assyrian artists could produce, and the rich tributes of Tyre and Sidon, Egypt and Cyprus and of distant Greece, served to decorate its saloons; but the greatest and most lasting record of this royal patron was the library which he founded "for the instruction of his people," consisting of more than twenty thousand tablets, all carefully written in the most finished style. It contained copies of every great work that Assyrian and Babylonian learning had ever produced. From this library came the Deluge and Creation Legends, the beautiful hymns and poems,



WINGED HUMAN-HEADED LION.

such as the "Descent of Ishtar into Hades," and the "Legends of Isdubar or Nimrod." There were works on astronomy and astrology, and zoological

catalogues of animals, birds, and fishes. This is the work which will make the name of Assurbanipal ever a bright one on the roll of history.

The figure of the queen of Assurbanipal is an exact reproduction in the round, of the figure in a bas-relief obtained from Kouyunjik. The queen wears long garments of a less ornate character than those of the king. In her right hand she holds a wine cup of Cyprian workmanship, probably of precious metal.



SARDANAPALUS.

The reproduction of the "Garden-scene" is of special interest, as the original is one of the few sculptures which afford us a glimpse of the private life of the king; the subjects generally depicted being associated with war or the chase. The garden is a veritable Oriental paradise,

planted with the choicest flowers taken from lands under the rule of the Assyrian empire, which then extended from the Tigris to the Nile. Under the shade of the vine we see Assurbanipal reclining upon a richly carved couch, probably one of the ivory couches the tribute of Egypt. Opposite him the queen is seated in a chair of state, clad in a "rich embroidered robe," and around are various harem attendants. Two eunuchs, provided with large fans or fly-flappers, are in attendance upon the monarch, and the same number stand behind her majesty. The banquet is evidently one similar to that described in the book of Esther (v. 6), "a banquet of wine" in the palace garden (Esther vii. 7). In the branches of one of the trees hangs a head, probably that of Te-umman, the great Elamite king, whom Assurbanipal conquered and captured in his last campaign. The scene is particularly Eastern, and illustrates the luxurious, sensual life of the king. Attendants are bringing trays of fruits and sweets, and others advance performing on musical instruments. The whole sculpture illustrates Court life at the grandest period of the Assyrian empire.

In the winged human-headed lion and bull and "Nimrod's Head" we have examples of the conventional treatment of animal life by the artists of Assyria. The bull chosen for reproduction is one of the pair obtained from Khorsabad by Sir H. C. Rawlinson, and similar to the pair now in the Louvre at Paris. The lion is copied from one obtained from the north-west palace at Nimroud—a magnificent specimen about twelve feet high and twelve feet long. The body and limbs are admirably portrayed; expanded wings spring from the shoulders and spread over the back; a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircles the loins. In his interesting work on Nineveh, Layard, speaking of the discovery of these figures, says: "I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temples of the gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from Nature by men who sought unaided by the light of revealed religion to embody their conception of the wisdom and power of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type

of intellect and knowledge than the head of a man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of ubiquity, than the wings of the bird. These monsters were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with

symbols recognised of old by the Assyrian votaries. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the



THE QUEEN OF SARDANAPALUS.

scene around them! The luxury and civilisation of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood the plough had passed and the corn now waved."

The so-called "Nimrod's Head" is a fragment of a large man-headed bull, which, when discovered, had fallen from its place and lay broken in pieces. It is on a larger scale than the figures mentioned, and has been described as a bust of Nimrod, "the mighty hunter." Under the body of this huge monster were found sixteen lion-shaped copper weights of various sizes, upon which are bilingual inscriptions in Phœnician and Assyrian. The one reproduced, which is very accurately copied, bears Sennacherib's name and inscription, "3 Mana of the Country."

Much praise is due for the painstaking manner in which the modelling has been carried out, the copies being faithful reproductions, modified, in the case of the three statuettes, only so far as was unavoidably necessary in the transfer from the relief to the round. Produced in a delicate biscuit porcelain of a creamy white, they form desirable ornaments for the drawing-room and boudoir; and to the student they are invaluable models, being admirable examples of Assyrian art. Amongst those who have patronised these beautiful works are Her Majesty the Queen, the Astor Library, and Dublin Science and Art Museum; and several other public institutions in Europe and America have availed themselves of the opportunity of enriching their collections by the addition of these interesting facsimiles of some of the best examples from the studios of ancient Nineveh.

BUFF COATS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART ONE.

BY ALBERT HARTSHORNE.

"What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?"—1 *Henry IV.*, i. 2.

IN bringing together a few remarks upon buff coats, it must be confessed at the outset that it is not easy in a short article to keep the subject distinct from the large and complicated question of the long use of leather in armour, and to extract, or pick out, as it were, the buff coat from the multifarious military defences—with their still more numerous and puzzling names to the uninitiated—which, during a long period, were closely allied to it, and finally supplanted by it. For leather of different qualities, as a defensive agent, took its natural place in the hands of the ancient artificers. It was quilted, like the thick gambeson or the lighter pourpoint; it was reinforced with splints, like the jazerant: it was covered with velvet and riveted to hidden plates, like the sometimes plain and often gorgeous brigandine; it was doubled and stuffed with mail, horn, with many folds of canvas, linen, skin, blanket, or cloth, and sewn in patterns, following the forms of the iron plates within, like the fifteenth-century jacks for archers, or their legitimate descendants, the "stele cotes" of Elizabeth's time, backed or fronted with fustian or canvas, with plates of iron sewn in between.

I have alluded to an initial difficulty. This is not overcome by the time that we arrive at the early years of the sixteenth century, and in some respects it is emphasised, because we are then confronted by the numerous varieties of body

garments which had lingered, in changed names and altered shapes, from earlier times, and were still actually worn on the battle-fields of Europe. Out of this heterogeneous arming, as we shall see, the buff coat finally emerged.

In the "Mémoire" by Louis XI. (1483-93), for the arming of Francs Archers, they were to have jacks of stags' leather, with twenty-five to thirty folds of cloth underneath.

Jas ap Jenkyn, in his will, dated 1529, leaves "my doblet of lether w^t sleeves and plagard of russet velvet."

From the churchwardens' accounts of Culworth, Northamptonshire, under the year 1536, we find that for the "Towne Souldyer" a leather skin was dressed and made into a "jerke."

In 1543 the city of Norwich furnished towards the invasion of France forty foot-men in blue cloth coats, each man having an arming doublet of fustian or canvas, eight being archers, wearing brigandines of small iron plates riveted upon quilted leather or linen, such as were, at that time, the inexpensive defences of the ribalds, brigands, and other humble mercenary continental troops. Brigandines, with sleeves of cloth of gold, of crimson, and fustian brigandines appear in the inventories of stores of war in England in 1547, but no leather garments simple; and in the statute of 1557 all temporal persons of £1,000 a year and more are to provide,

beside other items, forty corslets *furnished*, that is, complete with tassets, vambraces, etc., or forty brigandines; again leather is not mentioned as a distinct material of defence; but in the same year, the Reitres, or German volunteers in France, are spoken of by M. Charbon as wearing no steel on the body, but only *pourpoint doublé de buffle pour amortir les balles*.

Francis Wandysforde leaves by will, in 1559, "a buf leder jerkin garded with black velvet;" this appears to be the earliest record of a buff leather garment. In the record of arms and armour in the Tower, in the same year, we find demilances complete, corslets complete, Almayne rivets, shirts of mail, jacks, brigandines, and sleeves of mail; and in the instructions for general muster, issued in 1574, the *corslet*—that is to say, the curet, or breast and back, the gorget, the head-piece, and the tassets—was the body armour ordered. It will be remembered that the scheme for the invasion of England had been in the mind of Philip II. for twenty years, and the rumours of his great preparations moved the queen to be in readiness, though they did not trouble her stout heart. Again there is no mention of buff jerkins; but in 1566–67 we find from the Lancashire Lieutenancy accounts, that the archers are to have "jerkines of a stagge or bull skynne." Brigandines, light jacks, and plate coats are spoken of in Garrard's "Art of Warre," composed about 1570, as the alternative defences with the corslet for halbardiers; and similarly, in the viewing of demilances and light horsemen at Daventry, in 1584, the optional furnishings ordered were, jacks or "coates" of plate, and almayne rivets or the curette of a "corslete," with sculls or burgenets as head-pieces. These alternatives show the tendency of the time towards the discarding of plate for the defences of a more flexible character, which lead in their turn to the introduction of the buff coat.

In Harrison's "Description of England" we are told that shirts of mail, or quilted jacks covered with leather, fustian, or canvas, with plates of iron sewn into the same, were so common at the end of the sixteenth century that no town or village had not her convenient furniture. These were some of the results of the Elizabethan musters.

I have said that leather was largely used in the making successively of gambesons, pourpoint, brigandine, jacks, and steel "cotes"; and it may be gathered from the foregoing extracts that such partial and constructive employment of leather in mixed armour was continued down to the last quarter of the sixteenth century. Similarly, the ancient *cuirie* of the Conqueror's time had become, by the end of the fourteenth century, the arming

doublet of leather—*la cucra de armar* of the Spaniards—which was used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and to which the "gussetes of mayle" were sewn, and certain portions of plate attached by points. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century this ancient military garment was absorbed into the doublet of civil dress.

Thus, the buff coat, or, more strictly speaking, at its first appearance, the buff leather jerkin, issued slowly out of a diversity of defences. It was early in use in England, and a natural result of the military conditions and circumstances of the sixteenth century. The Low Countries had come under the Spanish Crown in 1555. At that period leather was largely used on the continent for breeches plain and bombasted, and for quilted skirts of curats and steel cotes; and, as in England, out of these, the descendants of earlier protections, the buff coat of the Spaniard and of the Fleming arose and grew up side by side until the union of the Seven Provinces and the foundation of the Dutch Republic in 1581.

In 1585 the soldiers sent with Leicester into the Low Countries—some of them to fall with "that famous spirit," Sir Philip Sidney, on the field of Zutphen—had buff jerkins, so called, supplied to them. We know exactly what they were like from the illustrations in the "Sidney Roll" alluded to presently. But there was then no special need for the buff coat here; and the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War in 1618 carried its use and tested its qualities successively in Bohemia, the Palatinate, Denmark, Sweden, and France, from the "Défenestration de Prague" to the Peace of Westphalia. Into these campaigns adventuring Englishmen and Scotchmen were drawn, and when the Commons shut the door of reconciliation against the king, and for a space, as it were, "the gates of mercy on mankind," our own Civil War arose, with the same deep salutary lessons of suffering and patriotism. Then, in addition to leaders like Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, teachers like Sir William Waller and "Honest Will Legge," heroes of "a blood sacrifice," such as Lord Lucas and Sir George Lisle, and many a foreign captain besides, were not wanting, who had worn buff and tasted blood on those wide continental fields. So the buff coat came back to us neither as a novel nor as an untried defence, but as a familiar and well-tested garment ready to the hand of the actors in the great strife in England, where arms had been so long laid aside.

It will be proper to mention here, that Sir Richard Hawkins, in his "Voiage into the South Sea," 1593, commends the Spanish nation, then hardly at the beginning of its decline, for their

care in providing fair and good arms: "he which cannot come to the price of a corslet will have a coat of mayle, a jackett, at least a buff jerkin, or a privie coate." No nation understood better than the Spanish the value, capabilities, and manipulation of leather, and it thus appears that in 1593 the buff coat—*la cuera* of the *Romances*—was a garment established in general use by Spanish soldiers,



BUFF COAT IN THE POSSESSION OF SEYMOUR LUCAS, ESQ., A.R.A.

even in the distant possessions or colonies of Spain. Before considering the actual coats, a few words are desirable concerning the substance itself. It is a generally received opinion that buff leather is made from the skin of the buffalo, and is so called in consequence. This is a philological solution more convenient than conformable with facts. Any skin, thin or thick, can be made into buff leather. It is the process, not the beast, the buffing, not the buffalo, which supplies the name.

The process is as follows: After the skins are unhaired, fleshed, and washed, the grain—the outer part of the skin—is removed by a knife; they are

then coated all over with oil—cod-liver oil is used at the present day—placed in a wooden trough, and beaten or buffed for many hours with a wooden ram; they are now taken into a warm room and laid flat one on the other, and after the lapse of a few days, slight fermentation commences; this opens the tissues of the pelt, and permits the oil to penetrate; the gelatine is thus driven out and the

soft spongy nature of the leather brought about. The skins are now hung up singly in a temperature of about 90 degrees Fahr., they are scraped on both sides with a half-round blade, coated with whiting powder, which removes the excess of oil, and afterwards dressed for military use with pipe-clay. Such is the modern process, which cannot differ much from that of old times. The buffalo is certainly a stumbling-block, and perhaps difficult entirely to remove. No doubt, in earlier times, the skin of this humble though fierce-looking and rugged drudge was occasionally buffed and made use of among other hides, and when people, and especially soldiers, were not so particular to a skin as they are now; but a principal currier from the modern headquarters of leather work insists that the skin is most unsuitable, and "never was or will be used." One of the reasons for this is that buffalo skins are usually spoilt in their best parts by the gadfly. The South American ox and cow now supply the bulk of the leather which is buffed in England, and the requirements of the army absorb ninety per cent. of it. The verb "to buff" is interpreted by Richardson as "to strike,

to beat, to thump," expressions which exactly bear out the treatment of the leather by the currier, and he gives the following illustrations from Wyclif's translation of the New Testament (John xxviii.): "Whanne he had seid these thingis oon of the ministris stondynge nygh gaf a buffe to Jhesus and seide, answerist thou so to the Bisschop?" and (Matt. xxvi.): "Than thei spittin in his face and smeten him with buffetis." From Ben Jonson we have: "There was a shock to have buff't out the blood." These examples appear to decide the question of the origin of the word buff as applied to this particular manipulation of leather.



By W. BISCOMBE GARDNER.

WOOD engraving, we are told, is dying out, and "process" or mechanical work by means of photography is taking its place as a medium for illustrating books, magazines, and papers.

This is what one hears on all sides; and if one looks at the illustrations at present printed in most of these publications, it undoubtedly does appear at the first glance as if there was something in this popular opinion.

But by dipping a little deeper into the question we find, as regards present quality, a very different state of things. We see that wood engraving never was more alive or in a higher state of perfection as a *fine art* than it is at the present period. It is still capable, in the hands of right good earnest workers, of being lifted to much higher flights as fine art. We may grant that wood engraving has been superseded for a time, for purposes of illustration, by process work, on account of the latter being so much more rapid and also much, very much cheaper; I will not say very much inferior, for it is unquestionably better than *bad* wood engraving.

Yet so long as the public are blind enough (which makes one wonder considering the art culture that is going on all over the world) to take bad, or rather, as they put it, "soft and delicate" kinds of illustration, instead of good art, both delicate and beautiful, so long will some publishers give them bad rather than good work, charge the same for the publication, and pocket the difference. And why not, if the public will be so foolish? Every opportunity is afforded them to distinguish the good from the bad; but they, or the majority of them, judging from the publications that pay best, prefer the bad to the good. Then, what happens? So long as this blindness or apathy lasts, so long will wood engraving suffer in this particular department of publication.

But we have a much brighter side to look at. Let us leave behind the lovers of cheapness, and speak to those who are lovers of art for art's sake.

To them I say that wood engraving, as a reproductive fine art, never can be superseded or ever will be by any process yet invented. I am now speaking of all the mechanical processes at present being used for illustration. With regard to the higher or fine-art processes, I hope to show further on that wood engraving is far and away above any of them in its marvellous versatility of technique, which enables the engraver to translate not only the values, but the very individual touch of each artist, from whose picture he may be engraving.

All processes dependent upon photography are bound to go wrong in the rendering of values, since photography has not yet been brought to such a state of perfection as to master the difficulties of exact colour translation. In fact, photography is utterly inadequate in translating the most simple wash drawings in black and white. In the case of a drawing executed in black, no matter what black, when Chinese white is used mixed with that black, it will come out as a whole entirely untrue as to values in the process block, because of the brown in the black and the blue in the white. The slightest difference in the admixture of the two colours will be entirely mistranslated, although the original drawing may look perfectly right as to values to the eye.

Even in a pure wash drawing without the use of Chinese white, the paper drawn upon being more or less yellow, the high lights that are left are lower by a tone in consequence.

Take any process proof of which you know the original painting or drawing, and you will see at once how very far short it falls of the original; all the spirit has departed from it—it is weak and insipid. Indeed, although photography has made great strides in late years, it has not yet been able to get over its main difficulty of values, and I must say that I do not see how it ever can. No process block that I have ever seen, either from a painting or a black-and-white wash drawing, has had a pure black, or a properly graduated white;

which is as much as to say, it cannot carry out the most simple rules of translation of values.

But I admit with pleasure that a pen-and-ink drawing in pure black ink could hardly be reproduced in a better manner than by the best process. I say the best, as I only now and then see a very fine line reproduced thoroughly well by process. As a rule it is either broken or thicker than the original, and thus loses its value. But beyond this, I most emphatically assert that nothing does or ever can compare with the work done through the sensitive medium of the eye and hand of man. In fact, I consider wood engraving far and away better than any or all the reproductive arts, as it stands quite alone in its wonderful malleability, or adaptability; for any variety of texture one likes can be produced upon the boxwood block. This cannot be said for either etching, mezzotint, steel or copper, each having its own method, great as the masters have been who have worked upon one or the other of these materials; and as far as I have seen, they never have departed from the mode of treatment peculiar to the material they worked upon. Thus they have necessarily missed the individuality of the painter they translated. The reason, of course, being that the material will not lend itself to variety of treatment.

Now with regard to wood engraving on boxwood, any texture you like can be engraved upon this material; it is so malleable. But it requires an artist-engraver, not a mechanic, to arrive at anything like good results. Happily, at the present time, we have plenty of right good artistic engravers all over the world.

The crowning advantage enjoyed by wood engraving, through which it obtains its immense superiority over all other methods, is that the engraver is enabled to work in both black and white line. This in the hands of an artistic engraver, one who knows his work and loves it, is a most valuable power.

Nothing is out of the range of imitation possible to wood engraving. The differences of textures of flesh, silk, satin, cloth, wool, steel, glass, the grain of wood, marble, weather-worn stone, furs and skins of animals, atmospheric effects, foliage of all kinds—all these it can represent; and beyond everything, it can render the differences between oil and water colour, and can accurately transcribe the Old Master with all its cracks and blemishes from damp or shrinkage.

It has been said by some that the Old Masters cannot be rendered in this way except by photography. As an example of this peculiarity of wood, I would call attention to an engraving after Fra Angelico, lately used to illustrate a paper on

"Angelico at San Marco" by Mr. Grant Allen, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It represents the reception of Our Lord as a pilgrim by two Dominican monks in the garb of their order. The original is a somewhat damaged fresco, still occupying a lunette on the wall of the convent where it was first painted. I venture to think it will be seen on inspection that this engraving manages to reproduce the peculiar medium of fresco, the characteristics of the artist, the present state of his work, and the irregularities of the surface in a way that would be impossible with steel or copper. It completely answers the objection that wood engraving is incapable of giving the tone and manner of the Old Masters.

All things, I have said, are possible on wood. This is secured by variation of line, admixture of dots, or round or lozenge-shaped spots, cut in different directions across one another. In fact, one can hardly lay down hard-and-fast rules with regard to the exact methods to be used. All depends upon the subject to be engraved and the feeling which it engenders. This, again, depends upon the thoroughly artistic sensibility and training of the engraver. He must first be an artist, well grounded in his anatomy, daily using his pencil or brush in drawing or painting; in fact, an art-student. This is most essential—that is to say, if he wishes to do good work. Then he must be well up in all the branches of art. He must take a pleasure in his work and turn out his best. Such an engraver does not manufacture, but feels a fresh delight in every subject that comes before him. No matter who the master may be from whose work he may be engraving, each one is a new study or problem. He has to reflect how he can best render that particular painter's feeling and individuality.

In order to illustrate what is here mentioned as to textures, I would draw attention to the engravings produced in these pages.

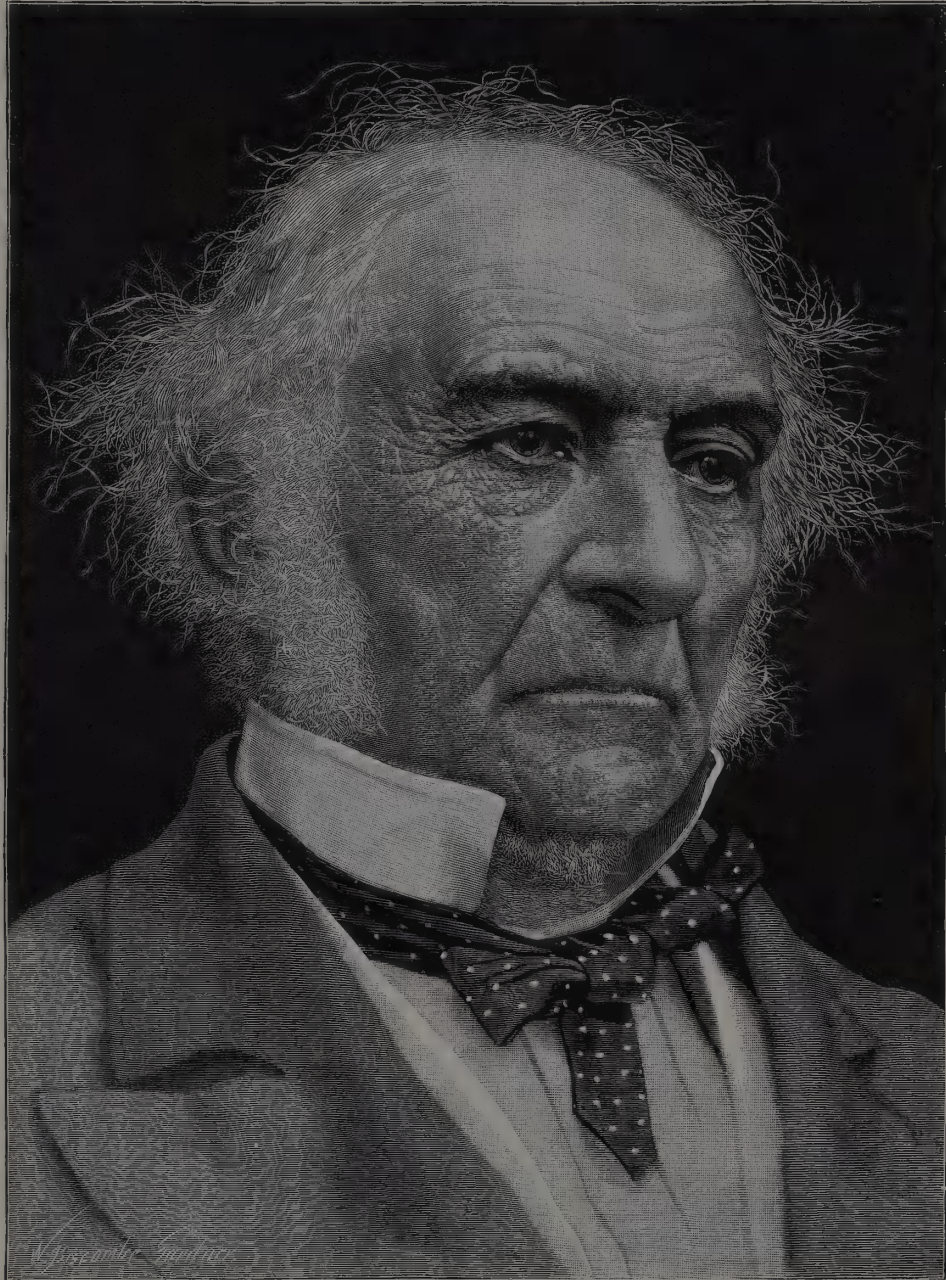
Take, for example, "A Study of a Head," after Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A. (p. 62). Compare that with the portrait of the late Lord Tennyson, after the picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. (see THE MAGAZINE OF ART, p. 41, December, 1893). Here you have two painters with entirely different methods of handling; and in each case the engraving has to give the individual touch and characteristics of the painter's work. These two examples are, one would think, quite enough to convince anyone; but I will follow on with others, showing of what a variety of textures wood engraving is capable.

As a specimen of wood engraving from water-colour, I will refer to the portrait of Mr. J. W.

North, A.R.A., after a small drawing by Professor Herkomer, R.A., originally engraved for this Magazine (see p. 297, 1893). In this work you will see a slightly different kind of line is made use of to render the feeling of that particular medium. Again, while on the question of line, look at the difference of touch used by the engraver on the portrait of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. In it a cross-hatched white line is used, so as not to detract from the value of the principal black line which gives form; but it is so used that it enhances the value of the markings of age in the flesh. In this example observe how valuable is the use of both pure black and pure white line in rendering the hair. This portrait is from a photograph, so that the engraver was here left to his own judgment as to texture and direction of line.

As an example of what I mean by the importance of the direction of line, I would instance especially the upper figure in the engraving after Sir E. Burne-Jones's "Wheel of Fortune," which was published in this Magazine some years back (see p. 593, 1885). Notice here the way in which the line is made to curve upwards or downward on the surface of the limbs, so as to give not only the sense of relief

and rotundity, the modelling of arm or thigh or knee or finger, but also the degree in which each part approaches or recedes from the eye of the



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

(Engraved by W. Discombe Gardner, from the Photograph by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street.)

spectator. Bad engraving often runs its lines longitudinally to the limb, and relies upon varying thickness or closeness of line for the effects of light and shade or modelling. Good engraving makes the line follow and suggest the natural contour, bringing it delicately round at knee, elbow, or

knuckle, so as to point and accentuate the roundness of the figure. It tries to accommodate itself both to the actual shape of the limb and to the nature of the perspective or foreshortening.

Then, further, as to what wood can do. Take either chalk or pencil drawing—an example of each is given in this article. First we will look at "The Recording Angel," engraved after a drawing by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., for *Black and White*. No need to say this is engraved from a very highly-finished chalk drawing. The fact of the original medium simply declares itself. The other example is from one of those beautifully-finished pencil drawings by Sir E. Burne-Jones, and the peculiar character of pencil work is similarly retained in the engraving.

That these specimens demonstrate the wonderful versatility of wood engraving is to me absolutely conclusive; while as regards the means employed in producing any of the specimens here introduced, engravers, or lovers of wood engraving, ought to see at a glance what advantages wood possesses over other methods.

But will all wood engravers take the trouble to arrive at these results? I doubt it. So many of them think too much of the money to be got out of their work, and will not sacrifice the time to arrive at what they know to be their best. "That is good enough," is often the quiet cry with some. They have no feeling for their art, grand as it is. "Publishers," they say, "will not pay more than a certain price" (though they will when they want good work), "so why should I sacrifice myself and my family for their sake?" Hence the stereotyped cry, "That's good enough; it will pass the art editor."

Something has latterly been said about the public not appreciating good art. We are told that the publishers are not to blame in the matter of the bad art produced in a number of the current publications. Perhaps. But as the artist or engraver is powerless if the publisher will not take of his best, to the public we must look for the encouragement so much required to support the publisher. For what the public insist upon having, the publisher would be glad to give if he wished to prosper. In fact, you see the very best plates in some publications are either etchings, wood engravings, or photogravure. This is done simply to keep well with the public.

A large section of the public want teaching, and are longing for a better knowledge of illustrative art. Many publishers see that want, and take undue advantage of it. They give anything that "will pass" for the week or month, and, I have no doubt, judge from the rise or fall in circulation whether to give better art or leave bad alone.

Now let us take each of the reproductive fine arts in turn, look into their different methods of work, see the results, and compare these with what I have previously shown that wood can produce. How very far short they are in reproducing the technique of the painter! To begin with, I will take etching, as it is the first and highest of those methods, though not one of the true reproductive arts.

Mr. Robert Macbeth, A.R.A., has done some most wonderful plates from paintings by the late Mr. Fred Walker, A.R.A., and others. Yet, with all his great talent as an etcher, he only gives the subject and the values. You don't find the technique of the painter; you see instead Mr. Macbeth's marvellous manipulation of the needle. We look upon etching as a painter's art, to delineate the feeling of the artist himself; in fact, an original art. Decidedly, in my way of thinking, it never was, and never could have been, thought of as simply an imitative art. The more you look into it, the more you recognise that every line conveys the feeling of the painter-etcher, not of the copyist. And yet, at the present period, etching is being used regularly as a reproductive art, and the public think they cannot have anything much better than a proof-etching of any well-known picture. They do not see that the etcher can only convey to the eye a very general idea of the original. That is to say, this art gives you the subject, the true values of the picture, but what is wanting is the individuality or technique of the painter.

In a good etching we have the etcher, not the painter. We have a beautiful art, and yet, if I may be allowed to say so, one which misses the actual art. As to the question of responsibility for this misapplication of so beautiful an art, I leave it to others to answer.

Next, I take mezzotint. It is a delicately beautiful art, but I think what I have said about etching will apply in some ways to this process also. It misses the one essential of a reproductive art—the power of preserving the individuality of the painter. We feel that want intensely in looking at the result. His touch is not there. It is the mezzotinter's and his alone that we find in the engraving.

Then, again, take steel and copper. I cite them together, as they are pure and simple line and dot work. Everything depends upon the beauty of the line, the true translation of subject in outline and values. Beyond that aim, they fail utterly. As I said before, the material on which the metal engraver works does not lend itself to the handling or technique of the painter. To understand what I mean by this, take a picture



THE RECORDING ANGEL.

(From the Red Chalk Drawing by G. F. Watts, R.A. Engraved by W. Biscombe Gardner.)

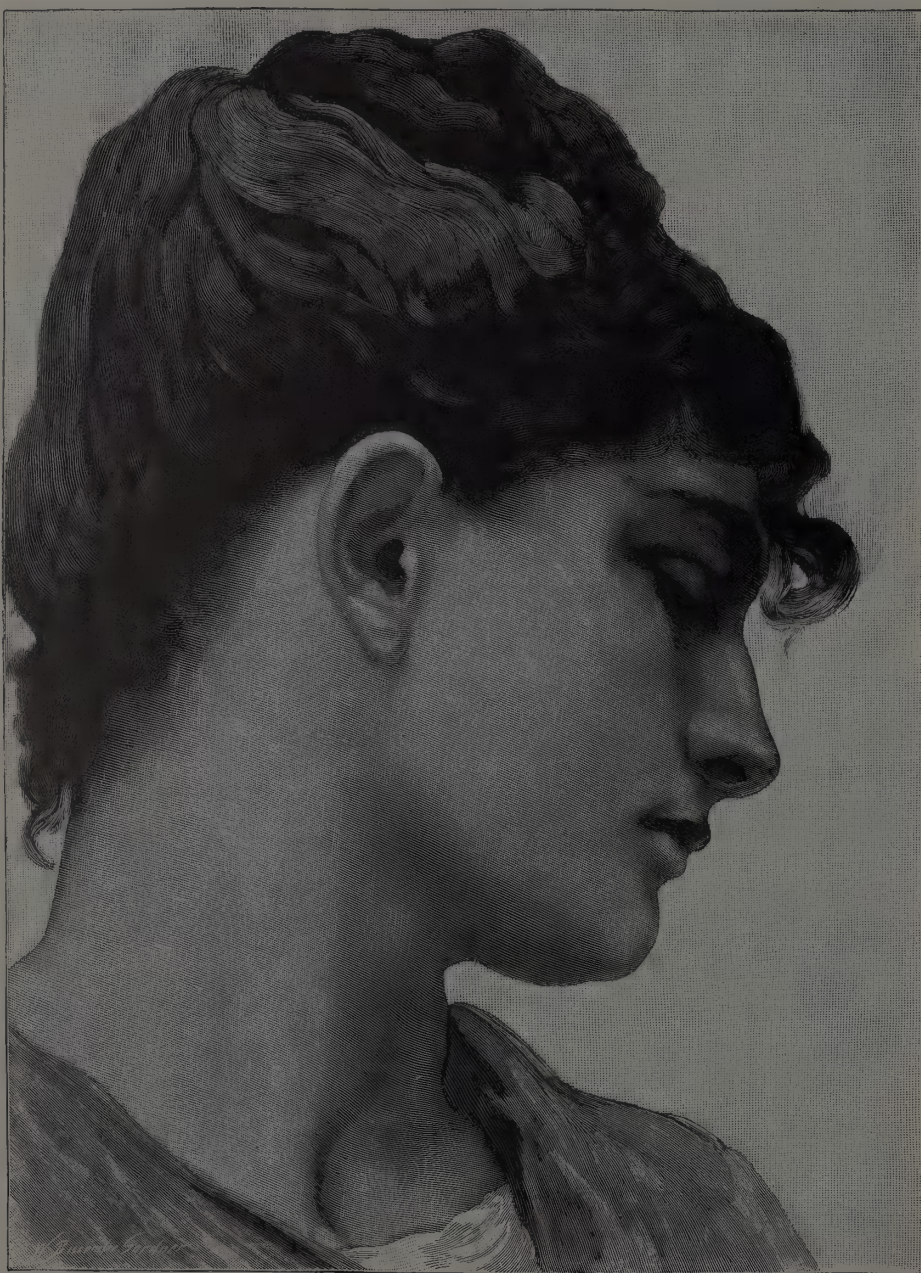
full of impasto and another very highly finished. Both will, when engraved on steel or copper, come out equal in value. The impasto has gone, but the finish remains. With regard to photogravure, this process does give you somewhat the handling and touch of the artist; but for the very reason that its foundation is due to photography, it does not come out quite true in its values.

I now approach the subject of the future of wood engraving and the likelihood of its permanence.

It has been said with truth that the individual workers must die out, so that fresh blood is wanted to take their places. I believe the only way this can be accomplished is through the action of the members of the Royal Academy, who are our pioneers in all the fine arts. They must recognise wood engraving as a fine art, as well as steel and copper. They must elect members of this art as Associates, and must open their schools to students under the same rules as those which apply to

students of painting and sculpture, whose ultimate career might be that of a wood engraver. The students would then be able to have the good training of an artist both in drawing and painting, which latter knowledge is most essential to anyone wishing to be thoroughly able to reproduce engravings from the paintings of others. For the eye must be trained in feeling and colour, as well as in drawing, if the engraver is to render with any approach to truth the relative values of any painting he may have to reproduce.

One sometimes wonders what becomes of all the Royal Academy students, of whom a very small proportion in the end come to the front. What happens to the remainder who intended at least to try and make a great name? Perhaps it was that they were wanting in creative power. Then if not painters or sculptors, they



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(From the Painting by Sir Frederic Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. Engraved by W. Biscombe Gardner.)

would perhaps make first-rate engravers. And why? Simply because of the splendid training they have gone through in the antique, life, and painting schools. Just think, if the many students of the Academy who drop into oblivion had only had the chance of studying one or other of the reproductive arts at the same time that they were studying to be painters or sculptors, what a splendid band of workers in these arts we should have to go on with in the future! The cry of decay in this or that artistic direction would not be heard; it would fade away to be repeated no more. These arts would revive in every way, and then there would be a splendid future for them all. I feel most strongly on this point—that it is to the members of the Royal Academy we must look for

the prolongation of the life of this beautiful art. It should not be left to the dogged determination of this or that individual, to force his art to the front without aid or encouragement. These reforms would give the impetus to wood engraving that it now so much requires. Where at present only a few purchase the fine art plates that are published—these are lovers of art for art's sake, who know



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(From the Pencil Drawing by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Engraved by W. Discombe Gardner.)

a good thing when they see it—engraving would be more widely recognised as a fine art; a more general market would be opened up for the collectors of fine-art wood-engraving plates; and the public would be enabled to get good art at a price that they could readily afford.

It is to this that I look forward as the future field for wood engraving.



TOMB OF DON PEDRO HERNANDEZ DE VELASCO AND HIS WIFE DOÑA MENCIA DE MENDOZA,
CHAPEL OF THE CONSTABLE, BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

AN OLD CASTILIAN PALACE.

BY ROWLAND THIRLMERE. ILLUSTRATED BY MARIE SEYMOUR-LUCAS.

IN front of the altar of the Chapel of the Constable in Burgos Cathedral, beyond the magnificent metal screen—the masterpiece of that cunning smith Andino—there is a glistening tomb, in full blaze of light, whereon sleep in immortal marble the recumbent figures of Don Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, second Count of Haro, and his spouse Doña Mencía de Mendoza de la Vega.

In this treasure-house of beauty, wherein is annually celebrated on All Souls' Day the quaint and curious ceremony of the Misa de los Carneros, Don Pedro finds a place of well-deserved repose. Being lofty-minded and devoted to the service of the Church, Doña Mencía founded this fine Gothic chapel when her husband was away at the Moorish wars. They made a noble pair, these two; and Maese Felipe Vigarní (el Borgoñón) has caught and perpetuated in stone the fine expression of their faces. This sculptor has surpassed himself in the exquisite beauty of their tomb. The tiny dog that curls itself in slumber at the feet of the pious daughter of the poet Manzanares is a marvel of perfect carving. The same careful workmanship may be seen in the innumerable details of the elaborate Renaissance costume of the Countess, the embroidery of the cushions, and the armour of Don Pedro.

Here in this chapel sleep all the famous Constables of Castile. Their old feudal palace in the Plaza de la Libertad, known to the citizens of Burgos as La Casa del Cordon, is the best civil example of the very latest Perpendicular or Third-Pointed style which exists in the city. There is a

phylactery on the walls of this bald and unprepossessing erection bearing a syncopated inscription in German Gothic to the effect that the house was constructed to the orders of Don Pedro and Doña Mencía, second Count and Countess of Haro. It is a great gaunt stone building, flanked by two characteristic towers, with a disfigured façade, quaint gargoyles, and a fantastic parapet of crocketed pinnacles and heraldic lions. The statue of Andrew the Apostle—the tutelary saint of the house—on the cornice, the great monk's girdle carved in stone which circumscribes the doorway, and the flaming sun, with the monogram of Jesus in the centre, surmounting the two family escutcheons, testify to the fervent religious spirit of the founders; showing also that they were special devotees of the great thirteenth-century Apostle, St. Francis of Assisi. For it was the custom among the Castilian nobles to enrol themselves as members of the *Archicofradía del Cordon de San Francisco*, and to regard the privilege of surrounding their portals with the cord of the Franciscan order as the most honourable of distinctions. The ancestors of Don Pedro had become allied by marriage with the royal house of Castile, and this Casa was destined from the first to be the palace of the sovereign, wherein the Velascos, as Viceroy, might worthily receive their lieges when they visited Burgos. Hence we find on the highest part of the frontispiece the blazon of the royal house with its quarterings of castles and lions, and its crest, the titular symbol of the monarchy.



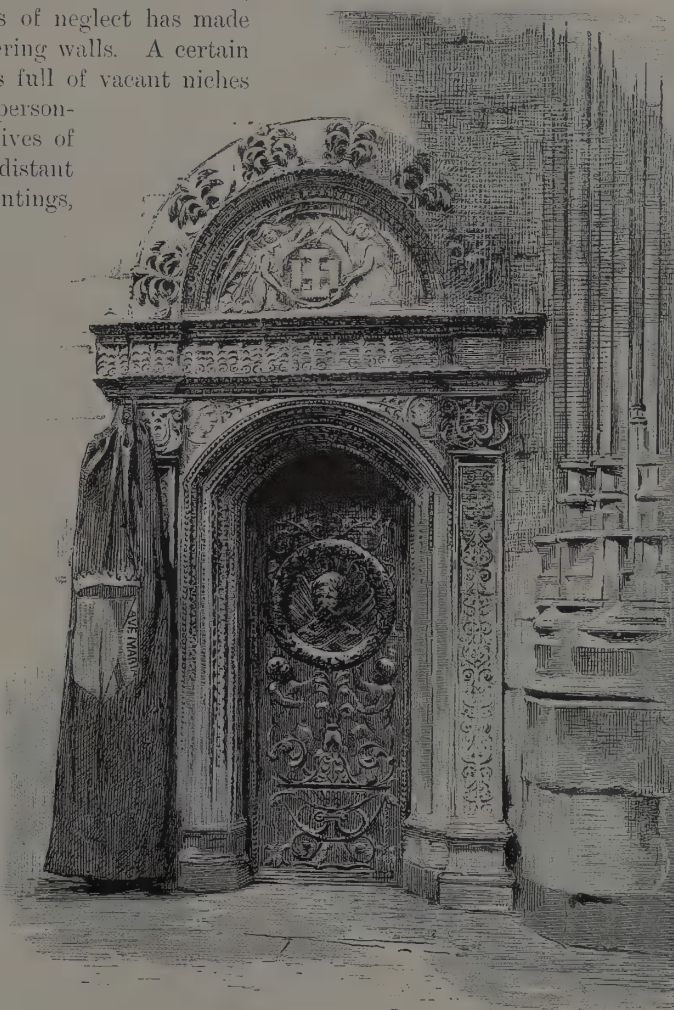
THE CASA DEL CORDON, BURGOS.

Most of the principal attractions of the Casa del Cordon have disappeared. It is no longer the abode of the Dukes of Frias, and the green herb that marks the footsteps of neglect has made an appearance here and there in the mouldering walls. A certain saloon, noted for its fine dado of *azulejos*, is full of vacant niches that once held marble statues of eminent personages. The inventories preserved in the archives of the house serve to show that at no very distant date this palace was full of sculpture, paintings, tapestries, and fine heirlooms possessing great historical value. These valuable iconographic collections have been unfortunately dispersed; nevertheless, the present Duke of Frias, who is a grandson of Balfe the composer, still retains a number of these family treasures at his residence in Madrid.

There are several old Casas of importance in Burgos, notably an episcopal palace, an illustration of which is given on p. 68. This mansion, once the residence of the most famous Cardinals of Spain, is now degraded to the base uses of a dwelling-place for paupers. But there is no house in the city that possesses such an interest as the Casa del Cordon. Ximenes de Cisneros has often swept through its portal and up the spacious staircase. The Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, has clanked across the now silent courtyard in the time of Bayard, of Paredes, and of Sandri-court—that glorious era of Spain's pride and power. Here, too, came Columbus on his return from the second voyage to the new empire of Castile.

The Archduchess Margaret had been chosen as bride by the Prince of the

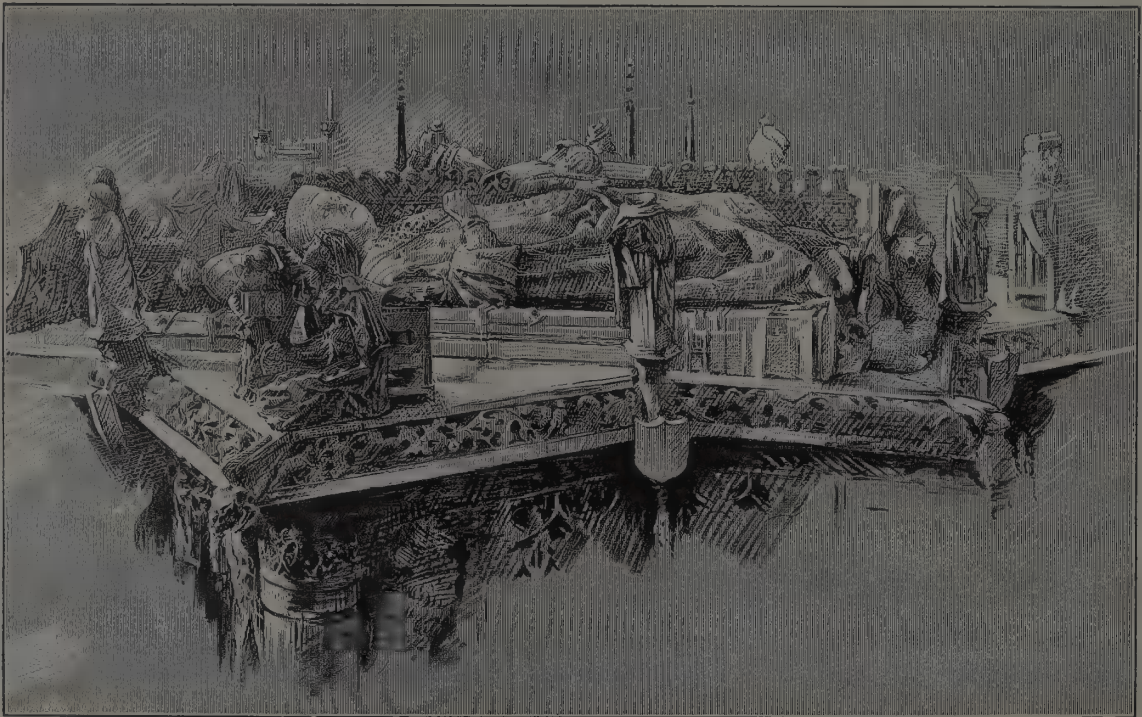
Asturias, and the fleet that took out the unfortunate Infanta Joanna to her bridal in Flanders brought back the Austrian Princess early in the following year. In the midst of the fêtes and preparations for the marriage of the heir to the realms of Castile and Aragon, Columbus dramatically presented himself at Court, accompanied by his two sons Diego and Hernando, all three dressed in the habit of the Franciscans de la Observantia. The principal gate-keeper of the city, glorious in new vesture of London velvet, a red bonnet and brand-new wand with a silver head bearing the arms of Burgos, must have felt his heart swell with pride when he admitted the famous voyager.



DOORWAY IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CONSTABLE, BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

The sombre hue of the sackcloth of the mendicant friars would heighten the effect of the attire of the half-naked Indians who came in the train of the Admiral. Among these were the brothers and nephew of the Cacique Caonaboa with many of their followers, all resplendent in barbaric bravery of golden collars, anklets, armlets, and coronets, and wearing painted masks. The visitors were received in the patio of the Casa del Cordon by Don Bernardino de Velasco, first Duke of Frias,

New World. He brings macaws, parrots, cotorras, and other beautiful birds; idols, cotton fabrics, strange animals, necklaces, shells, and a thousand and one curiosities. Chiefest thing of all is the great jewelled crown of Caonaboa, which is brought in token of that Cacique's submission. Finally he produces a quantity of virgin gold in dust and nuggets, a foretaste of that immense natural wealth which awaited future explorers. Then, in a marvellous exhortation, he gives his imagination free



TOMB OF KING JOHN II. AND HIS WIFE ISABELLA, CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES.

who had succeeded his father as Constable. In the traceried balconies surrounding this internal courtyard there would be a great craning of necks when the explorer made his appearance. The buildings are three stages in height, and every window and every open arcade would frame excited faces; Burgos being then full of a crowd of ambassadors, princes, and grandees, representing the Christian kingdoms. Columbus was doubtless received by Ferdinand and Isabella in this patio. We may picture him as he then was—his handsome aquiline features bronzed by Atlantic breezes, full-bearded, his gray eyes flashing and his cheeks flushed with hope and pleasure. Inclining his massive tawny head in graceful reverence, he tells his thrilling story. His majestic presence, his insinuating manners, his ardour and enthusiasm, create a profound impression. The excitement deepens as he lays at the feet of Isabella the first offerings of the

rein, telling the entranced Court that the mines of Hispaniola are likely to be the veritable quarries of Ophir whence King Solomon obtained his gold, and assuring his lieges that there is a new, real, palpable empire away out there in the wonderful west. Isabella's lips move; her heart is profoundly touched. She accepts the golden offering, and makes it over to Gil de Siloé and Diego de la Cruz, two eminent sculptors high in her favour, telling them to use it in their work. They are engaged on the Retablo of the high altar in the Cartuja de Miraflores, and have stolen a few hours in order to witness the reception of the navigator. Thus the pious queen offered to God the first-fruits of her new dominions.

Columbus remained in Burgos for some little time. He witnessed the royal wedding on the 3rd of April, 1497, his son Don Hernando being appointed page to Prince John. The Admiral was the guest of one Bernaldez, a good cleric, a fine wit,

and an accomplished scholar. In the company of his host and another excellent Burgalés, Don Jaime Ferrer de Blanes, he saw the bull-fights, the



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE, CASA DEL CORDON.

games of *cañas*, the tourneys and the tilts of reeds. Blanes, the famous lapidary of Burgos, was also a scholar and commentator on Dante. His was one of the few intelligences of the age to which it was given to comprehend the genius of Christopher Columbus.

Passing on to later periods, we are reminded that many melancholy scenes have likewise occurred in this old palace. There is no more tragic figure in history than that of the mad Queen Joanna of Castile (now commonly known as Juana La Loca), upon whom the crown devolved after the death of her mother, Isabella the Catholic. Early in the sixteenth century Joanna came hither with her husband the Archduke Philip. The royal couple lodged themselves, as was usual, in the Casa del Cordon. Although at that time grave and quiet, she was suffering from the recollection of Philip's shameful intrigues in Flanders, and there was no longer any doubt as to the madness of the Queen; for the scene which took place in the Castillo de la Mota at Medina del Campo in 1504, before her departure to rejoin the archduke in the Low Countries, had caused her to become the talk of Spain. It was then that Joanna made her appearance at the castle gates, demanding to be let out, so that she might make her way to the unworthy

husband whose prolonged absence had caused the depression of spirits to which her malady was traceable. Her custodian or majordomo, the prudent Bishop of Burgos, forbade the soldiers to open the portal; the queen being *en déshabille*, the night far advanced, and the season inclement. Threatening death to those who had dared to oppose her wishes, Joanna rushed hither and thither in the courtyard in an access of ungovernable fury, finally taking up her station at the gates, her face turned towards Flanders.

There she remained throughout the bitter night and far into the following day, even refusing to cover her shoulders with a cloak, or to partake of food. This was the first unmistakable symptom of insanity.

In Burgos the wantonness of her consort entered upon another phase. Philip had already devastated her heart by his capricious amours in the Netherlands, and whilst the poor, plain-featured, and devoted wife testified her blind worship by a



COURTYARD OF THE CASA DEL CORDON.

thousand kindnesses, he entered into a series of scandalous intrigues amongst the Court ladies and courtesans, with both of which classes he enjoyed a

fine popularity, owing to his blondness and *bonhomie*. He also fomented, by his secret support, several treasonable plots whose object was the absolute supersession of the queen, forgetting that he was already King of Spain, thanks to this alliance, and sovereign of the Low Countries in his mother's right. This ungenerous deceit and open intrigue

one day in September Philip over-ate himself at a banquet given by a favourite. In order to dissipate the effects of his intemperance he took a long ride and afterwards played *pelota*. The excessive thirst induced by this violent exercise caused him to drink a quantity of questionable water. In the evening he was stricken down by an attack of epidemic fever, complicated with acute pneumonia, of which he died. During the seven days of the indisposition Joanna had never left her husband's side; and now when his embalmed body lay in state, buskined and clad in a robe of gold brocade lined with ermine, guarded by the kings-of-arms with their maces and the royal sword and shield, she sat in silent stupefaction; and neither the vigilia sung in the death-chamber by the Chapter of the Cathedral, nor the sad, sweet airs played by the Flemish musicians, could provoke a tear to rise in her hollow eyes.

On the 28th of September the body was placed in a coffin perfumed with myrrh. This was covered with a rich grey pall, and carried through the heat and dust of the vile roads to the Cartuja de Miraflores. In the sacristy of this, her mother's favourite sanctuary, Joanna allowed the relics to remain until she arranged for their removal to the south.

The Carthusian convent of Miraflores is now in the care of a few poor monks with faces as deathly as those which Ribera loved to portray. Formerly one



COURTYARD OF A RUINED EPISCOPAL PALACE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, BURGOS.

made the Court a hotbed of dissensions and antagonisms. Joanna, learning that the public had been apprised of her inability to wield the sceptre by reason of her weakness of intellect, began to assert her authority, when furious quarrels took place. Philip then ordered the incarceration of the Queen in the Casa del Cordon. The Constable's wife, a natural daughter of King Ferdinand, who interfered on behalf of her sister, was treated with much contumely, the Archduke forgetting the respect due to Doña Juana de Aragon as the hostess of himself and consort.

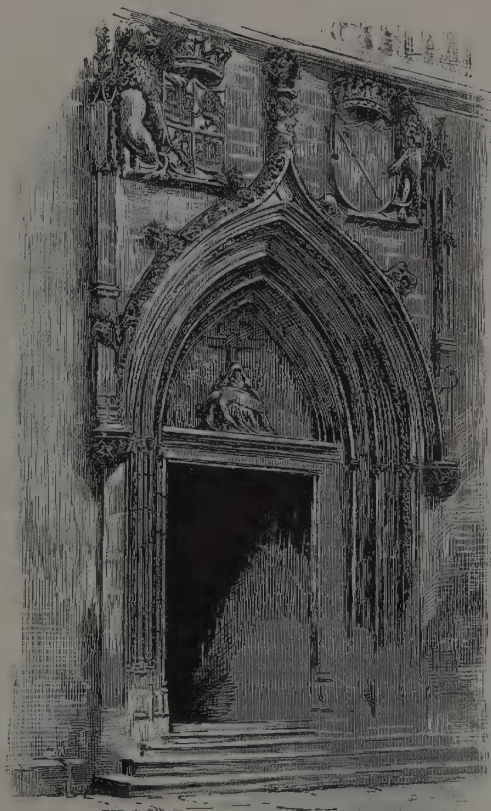
Thus Joanna's miserable life dragged on until

of the richest endowments in Spain, it is now in a state of wretched penury. Isabella the Catholic spent millions of maravedis in the adornment of this building, chiefly in memory of her parents. By their virtues and amiability John II. and his wife Isabella of Portugal inspired their daughter with a fervent affection, which deepened until her death. The magnificent octagonal alabaster tomb in front of the high altar covers the remains of these two descendants of John of Gaunt.

Europe can show few such specimens of fine Third-Pointed work as is displayed in the rich and varied sculpture of this monument. Artistically,

it is incomparably finer than the tomb of the second Count and Countess of Haro in Burgos Cathedral, the sculpture being much superior to that of Vigarní. Affluent and powerful as was Philip II., his coffers overflowing with the treasures of the New World, he was nevertheless unable to command the services of another Gil de Siloé, whose cunning chisel fashioned this immortal masterpiece; and the ascetic king had to confess that none of his boasted achievements in the Escorial could compare with the tomb of John II. and his queen.

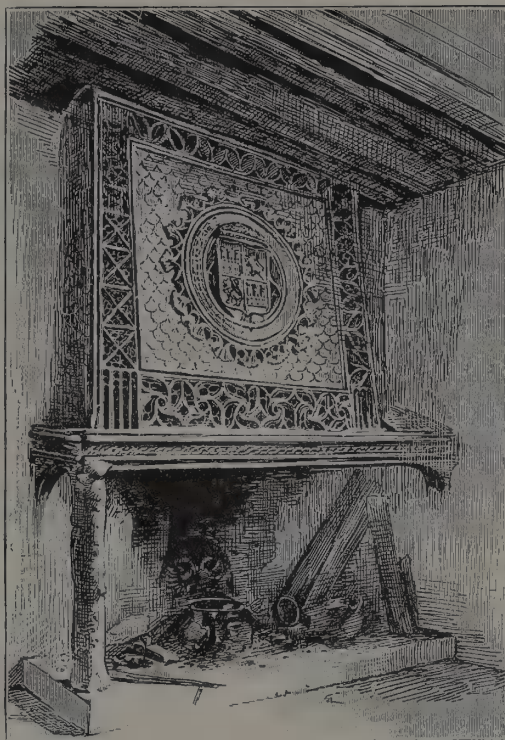
While the church shone with the wonderful whiteness of newly-finished sculpture, Joanna must have come hither many an afternoon to pray by the coffin of her dead consort, when the faint purple of the autumn crocus touched the arid waysides with pensive beauty; to remain, perhaps, until the parched plains lay weird and silent and lonely under the throbbing stars. In fancy we see the afflicted Queen flitting through the dusk, her drooping figure dark against the moon-illuminated marble.



DOORWAY OF CHURCH, CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES.

We see her pause at the star-shaped tomb of her grandparents, her vacant eyes fixed upon the stately recumbent figures of the sceptred king and the pious

queen holding her missal in eternal sleep. Then Joanna turns away from the splendour of the Gothic tracery enclosing the marvellous life and



FIREPLACE IN THE CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES.

movement of the lions, panthers, and hounds, and casts her glance upwards to the recessed arch within which, kneeling at a prie-dieu, the effigy of the young Infante Alfonso looks solemn and strange and life-like, with the shadows of the marble foliage upon the fair white face.

Towards the end of December Joanna determined to remove the Archduke's remains to Granada. When her preparations were complete, she insisted upon the coffin being opened, despite the remonstrances of her counsellors and the holy men of Miraflores. It was found that the work of the embalmers had been but poorly performed. Nevertheless the queen approached, trembling with rage and tearless grief, and stood by the remains for a long time, touching the livid face again and again.

On the night of the 20th of December the funeral procession left the Cartuja. The party consisted of the Queen and her dames; the Bishops of Jaen, Mondoñedo, and Malaga; the Constable of Castile, and a great crowd of ecclesiastics, grandees, and ambassadors—all following the four-horse hearse. Joanna chose to travel by night, saying that a widow should never expose herself to the light of day. Each time the procession halted, the body

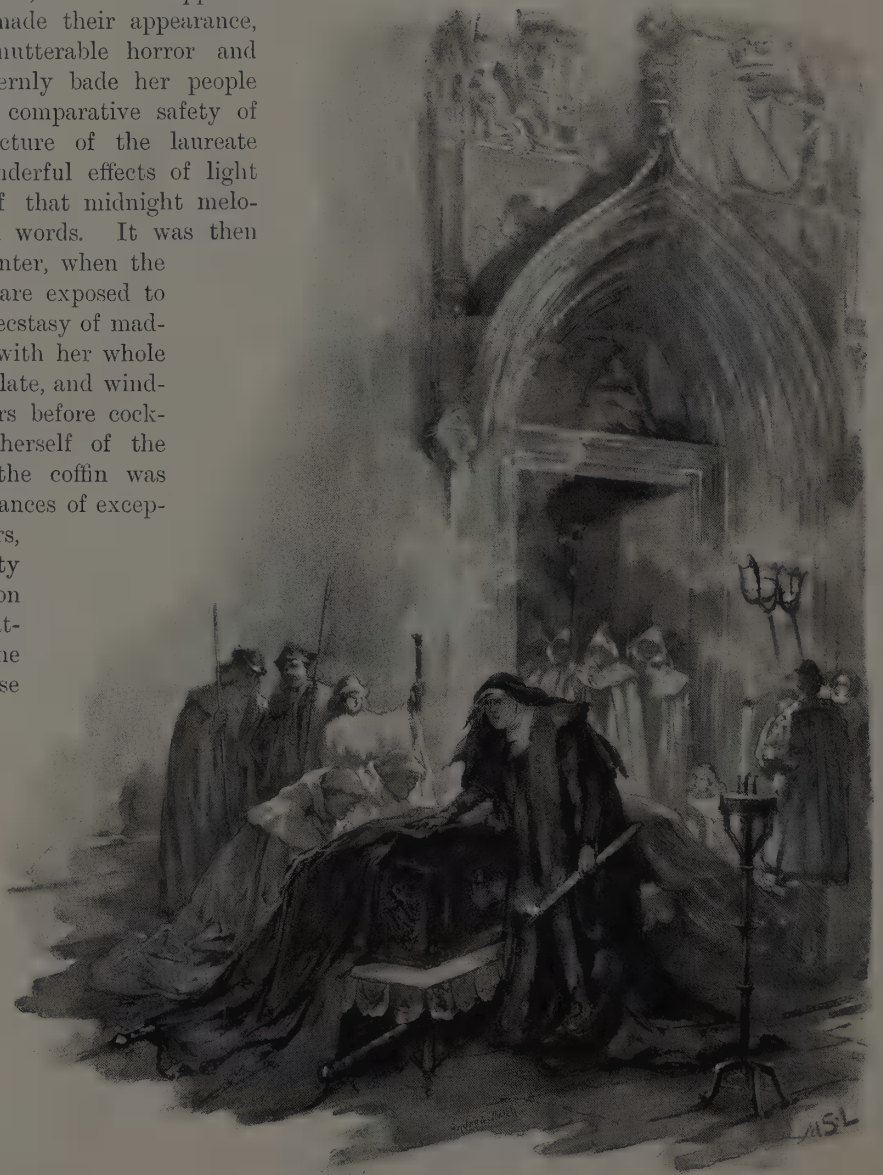
was deposited in some ecclesiastical building, where the funeral services were again performed. During the intervals of rest armed men kept watch and ward over the coffin—chiefly, it would seem, with a view of preventing females from approaching the dead. For the terrible passion of jealousy still consumed the Queen, and she retained that hatred of her sex which was so strong during the lifetime of her husband.

Even this solemn and stately progress was not devoid of a gleam of humour. We are told that when Joanna and her cortège had proceeded some little distance beyond Torquemada—a village some 64 kilomètres beyond Burgos, in the valley of the Arlanzon—she ordered the corpse to be carried into the courtyard of a convent, which she supposed to be a monastery. Nuns made their appearance, however, to the Queen's unutterable horror and chagrin; whereupon she sternly bade her people remove the body into the comparative safety of the fields. The famous picture of the laureate artist Pradilla, with its wonderful effects of light and wind, tells the story of that midnight melodrama more eloquently than words. It was then the most rigorous part of winter, when the central tablelands of Spain are exposed to the cruellest blasts. In an ecstasy of madness Joanna betook herself, with her whole *entourage*, to the dreary, desolate, and wind-swept waste in the icy hours before cock-crow. In order to assure herself of the safety of Philip's remains, the coffin was again opened under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. Large tapers, provided by the municipality of Burgos, were burned on this journey. Whilst the attendants were exposing the body to the Queen's gaze, these *velas* flared and sputtered in the fierce wind, and often enough became extinguished altogether, leaving the company in total darkness. And there, in the open fields, at dead of night, the holy fathers had to sing a funeral office, their teeth chattering, and their fat round faces blue with cold.

Joanna and that cortège did not reach Granada, and it was not for nearly half a century

that Philip's remains were deposited in the cathedral church of that city, by the side of the faithful wife who so long survived him.

In the angle formed by the jambs with the lintel of the square-headed doorway of the Casa del Cordon are two stone hounds, symbolising the fidelity that guards the person and house of their lord. As we ramble round this old palace, gazing at the lion naissant of the Velascos and the hippogriff of the Mendozas de la Vega, we succumb to the melancholy charm of the past. Recalling the by-gone glories of Castile, we repeat to ourselves and ponder over the meaning of the paradoxical motto of her Constables—"Un buen morir dura toda la vida."



QUEEN JOANNA STARTING FROM THE CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES, DECEMBER 20TH, 1506.

ANTON MAUVE AND THE MODERN DUTCH SCHOOL, 1838-88.

BY ETHA FLES.

A WITTY writer has somewhere said that the art-critic's watch should always be set a few minutes too fast. And, indeed, it is well if the critic's watch is not too slow; those who merely keep up with the times deserve credit, for those who are in advance of them are the rarest exceptions. Such an exception, in his day, was the French writer Thoré, who, forty years since, when the power of expression through painting was feeble and bloodless, especially in the Dutch school, could already foresee the revolutionary change which was to take place in the course of the next quarter of a century. He could then declare with prophetic assurance that painting in Holland was destined to a development which even now is far from final. Speaking of an exhibition at Manchester, he wrote: "We may, perhaps, soon be obliged to draw a line between the art of the future and that of the Renaissance; just as an entirely new era began after the art of antiquity had passed away. As yet it would seem as though the Dutch school had flourished, once for all, in the seventeenth century; but perhaps that was only the beginning instead of being the end."

These words were penned in 1857. Josef Israëls had but just begun his career; Anton Mauve and the brothers Maris had not yet reached the age of manhood.

The great Dutch painters of the seventeenth century passed away. Not till now, after two hundred years of decadence, have the Netherlands developed a rich and highly characteristic school of art, of which Israëls, the two Maris, and Anton Mauve—whose premature death we must all deplore—are the chief representatives.

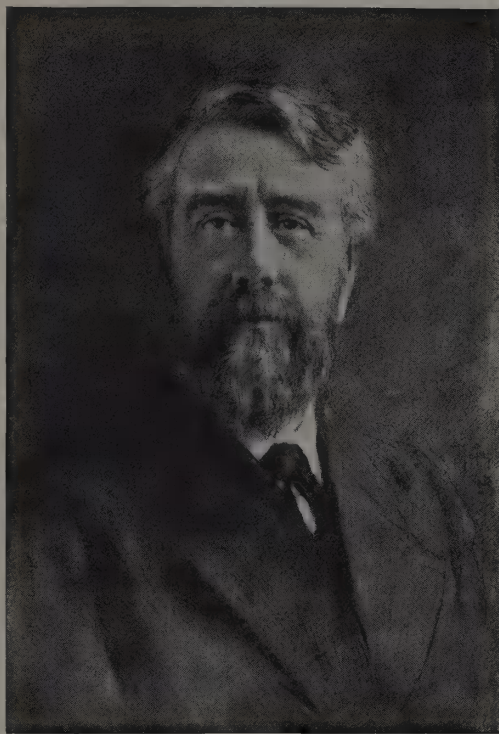
The distinguishing tendency of the nineteenth century is towards individualism. Look where we will, we see the striving for individual expression.

While science endeavours to give a philosophical account of creation and of man himself, art, on the other hand, whose function it is to reveal the emotional side of man's nature, has acquired individuality in the effort to reflect those feelings which most deeply and strongly move the artist to express them in his own language.

The old Dutch painters seem, indeed, to have laid the foundations on which the modern school has arisen. The simple realism of those older masters was the first utterance of the artistic language of to-day. The love of freedom has at all times been an essential element of the Dutch character, and the painters of our time have inherited this and the other sound qualities of their predecessors: they are sincere and modest, and their artistic work faithfully reflects their character. The men of the seventeenth century were physically strong, their portraits show us models of robust health and muscular power. In

our age of research, when war is waged with thought rather than with the sword, the hand is less firm but more subtle. The pulse beats higher, the blood is fevered; and we find this swifter vitality reflected in the art of the time. *Bourgeois* repose has in great measure given place to the emotional expression of a more sensitive generation. The purely objective treatment of the old Dutch school, and its solid realism, are now blended with a personal interpretation of life and nature. Though, as we look at the large circle of modern Dutch painters, we see a family likeness which proclaims them all the sons of the same soil, we still discern in each a strongly-marked individuality.

They may be conveniently divided into three groups. The first includes those painters who are to some extent analytical and philosophical, who are impressed with the typical qualities of the person or scene before them. Of this group Josef Israëls,



ANTON MAUVE.

(From a Photograph by W. F. Vinkenloss, The Hague.)

the oldest and most honoured master, is the representative. His art is purely emotional. He has the keenest insight into essential character; colour is merely a means, expression is everything. The clever portrait-painter Jan Veth, who aims, above all else, at interpreting the character of his

—are in the first rank in this group, and, above all, are masters of the brush. Etchings by them, or work in black and white, are rarely seen. They are moved by colour, and colour is their chief object. Their command of material is perfect, their handling free and thorough. There is something joyous in their strong harmonies; we are bewildered by the radiance which beams on us from their glowing skies.

Between these widely severed classes we may place a third: those painters, namely, whose works indicate a certain mental attitude; but of this group almost the sole representative is one great artist: Anton Mauve. His artistic soul was not struck by the splendour of colour, nor was he so impressed by the essential qualities of objects as to try to penetrate and interpret them; Mauve had neither the philosophical nor the brilliantly imaginative temperament. His distinctive characteristic was a tender, childlike gladness. His talent was lyric; he was most deeply moved by the pure and peaceful moods of nature, and they found an answer in his inmost soul.

As there are poets who pour forth their ardent souls in "song heroically bold," and others who dive into the human mind and describe in poetic language the psychological processes they observe in themselves or in others, so there are tranquil singers who set forth their love in a cycle of songs in which they reveal every shade of feeling inspired by the object of their devotion. They make us feel how each

chord of their nature is touched in turn; as they betray their inmost being we feel to them as to an intimate friend. Such a poet was Anton Mauve. As a result of his very subjective talent he stands almost alone; but to me he appears great by his very isolation. With the exception of Israëls, not one of the Dutch painters is so popular as Mauve. The unphilosophical observer, less alive to subtle shades of meaning, cannot enter into the purpose of the painter of character, nor feel the impassioned glow of the strongly emotional artist, but Mauve's pure and peaceful sentiment finds an echo in every feeling heart.

In Mauve I detect the link which connects the other two groups. A close observer of Nature, he



THE MUSICIAN.

(From the Painting by Anton Mauve.)

sitter, belongs also to this group, with Wallydloes and Edward Karsen.

Another class of mind is chiefly struck by powerful harmonies of colour, which so stimulate their perceptions that they seem to depict their impressions under the influence of a sort of ecstasy. Such natures appear to be inflammable. They do not seek to analyse the beauty which affects them; it sets their souls on fire; their senses are strung to the highest pitch; they abandon themselves to the power which sways them and seek an outlet for their mystical feelings. Colour interprets this passion more vividly than grace of line.

The brothers Maris—Jacob and Willem (for the brilliant Matthijs is entirely outside the Dutch school)

nevertheless took from her only that which was in sympathy with himself. It was not the picturesque form of a house or a group of trees which struck him, but the silent poetry of Nature—Nature at home. This was the poetry which reigned in his own heart, and this he threw into his artistic work. It is not merely a landscape and its details that he sets before us, but an idyll in which the life of man and beast is inseparably interwoven with Nature. He rarely expressed his tender mood in few lines, but he was always satisfied with few colours. No Dutch painter has better rendered, or with so simple a palette, the silvery tones which cast a veil, as it were, over the Low Countries. Every traveller must have been struck by the tender grey haze which hangs over the fields on still days; this was especially Mauve's weather. This mood of Nature was most congenial to his subtle purity of feeling, and his paintings are typically Dutch because in his colouring he never lost sight of the *blonde* character of his native land.

Hundreds of drawings left by Mauve in his sketch-books show us how he could render strong

studying in the open air he would frequently throw down a white handkerchief, or something black, to compare the value of the tones in the landscape with these extremes of light and dark.

Anton Mauve was the son of middle-class parents, his father being a Baptist minister at Haarlem. At a very early age he was moved by the ambition to become a painter. He used to tell how, at the age of fifteen, he celebrated his birthday by going into the meadows with his sketch-book to draw cows. In spite of the opposition of his family, who thought it discreditable that young Anton should wish to be an artist, he set to work with great earnestness. Nature was his only teacher; he gave his ingenuous spirit up to her guidance, and tried to copy her line for line. The studies of the first fifteen years of his artistic life are not known out of his own country; most of them are still in the hands of his widow. They remind us forcibly of the art of the older Dutchmen; they are quite as cleverly and minutely painted, as rich in colour, and as skilfully drawn. Nor was



FLOCK OF SHEEP.

(From the Painting by Anton Mauve.)

colour with nothing but black chalk; and this was because he understood the value of relative tone. Corot's principle was also his—"D'abord le ton, puis la couleur" ("First tone, then colour"). When

it by chance that this young artist painted as his countrymen before him had done. It was not the imagination but the honest and simple nature of the Dutchman which here asserted itself.

Corot in his youth went to Italy, and returned with a great number of romantic studies; Millet, as a young man, painted Madonnas and mythological subjects. Mauve began where Paul Potter and Cuyt left off; in his early youth he could observe and draw the world about him with tranquil delight. He had not yet attained his full growth; he was not yet the developed artist who seeks and selects the subject which has impressed him through its affinity with his own nature.

For no modern master had Mauve so great an admiration as for Millet. And this is easily understood when we note their many points of agreement. In both we find a sympathetic feeling for rustic life and labour. But Millet saw human toil in a dramatic aspect; Mauve's touch was lyric; Millet's was, no doubt, the deeper soul; Mauve, on the other hand, had the finer sense of colour. Both alike scorned the idea of going abroad to see beautiful things; they found all they sought in the little world around them. Millet knew Shakespeare and Homer by heart; Mauve had read but little. However, he was familiar with Andersen's fairy tales, finding in them a reflection of his own love of Nature. This love is glowingly expressed in his letters, which never contain such dissertations on art as are common in Millet's correspondence; only the same intense feeling which is conspicuous in his works. To read these passages is almost like looking at one of his sketches, with their homely and intimate certainty of touch.

When Mauve gave himself up to his delight in Nature his work went fast and he was supremely happy, but he was liable to severe attacks of neuralgia and overwhelming depression. Then he

would sit in his studio in utter dejection, declaring that his talent was dead. And we can trace in his work, more than in that of any other artist, these varying moods of suffering.

The refined sensitiveness of his taste and temperament made him intolerant of all violence in art. He hated, too, the bustle of town life and society. It was, perhaps, an instinctive fear lest the outer world should break in on his meditation and destroy that "lyric" quality in which he felt that his strength lay. He cherished it with care; he avoided, as far as possible, ever seeing or hearing anything that jarred on his sympathies. He was very fond of music, and particularly enjoyed that of Bach and Handel; their pastoral vein of melody had a happy influence on his spirit. He loved to walk out in the evening when the broad moonlight shone softly on the wide plain, and he



EVENING.

(From the Painting by Anton Mauve.)

would sometimes stand still and exclaim, as he listened to the solemn silence, "I hear a fugue of Bach's sounding through creation!"

About three years before his death Mauve and his family removed from the Hague to the quiet village of Laren, in the Gooi, where he had always passed some months every year. He was never quite happy but in the society of his wife and children, for, while he craved for the solitude of Nature, he was also very dependent on the cheerful influences of the domestic hearth.

Here, in the midst of favourable conditions, his attacks of melancholy grew rarer, the cloud that so often overshadowed him seemed to lift, and he could express himself more fully and freely. The pictures and drawings of his later years are bathed

in a golden light; they are the utterance of a happy soul, of an artist who is master of himself and of the power to express his own contentment with a brilliant and sunny touch. During these later years Mauve worked with almost incredible rapidity; his technical facility was amazing. If one visited his studio when snow was on the ground, the easels were covered with studies of its effects; if the sun was bright, his work, too, was full of sunshine. If his collected works of this period could be exhibited, his inner life, almost from day to day, would be revealed to those who could read their secret. "When Mauve saw this," we might say, "he was in a melancholy mood; but here his 'palette laughed.'"

It is to the credit of England that she has taught Holland the worth of her greatest painters. The Dutch public only trust their own connoisseurs when foreigners have set the example. England first sounded the fame of Israëls, and in England the brothers Maris were held in high esteem when as yet their name was scarcely known within their native country.

Mauve's pictures were known and valued by the English and Americans before his fellow-countrymen had learned to appreciate them; his drawings and paintings found purchasers in London even before they were finished, and the dealers were constantly demanding more, so that Mauve would sometimes

jestingly speak of his studio as "the Great Factory."

At the same time, he was fully conscious that he was working too fast, and envied the old Dutch Masters, whose wants were few, and who need never cover a canvas for the money it would bring. (But Rembrandt died in poverty, Frans Hals was buried by the poor, Ruysdael ended his days in a hospital.) In our own day it is certain that more sincere and patient work would be produced but for the pressure brought to bear on artists by the picture-dealers, who urge them to supply more and more of any style of painting they find saleable. Such an artist as Mauve would have done more work of the higher class if he had not yielded to the demands which poured in upon him. But he has left behind him pictures—and, more especially, admirable studies—which place him on a level with the old Dutch painters, while, at the same time, in everything he did we see and love the inmost nature of the artist. Mauve has secured immortality in the hearts of his fellow-men; the works through which such a soul speaks to us can never lose their charm.

In 1873 Mauve obtained a gold medal at Vienna; in 1874, a third-class at Paris; in 1876, a second-class at Philadelphia; in 1882, a gold medal at Antwerp. In 1887 he was honoured by the King of the Belgians with the Order of Leopold, and in the year of his death he was awarded a gold medal at Paris.



ON THE HEATH.

(From the Painting by Anton Mauve.)



DECEMBER.

Wood Engraving. A FEW words in criticism of Mr. BISCOMBE GARDNER's interesting paper on p. 57 of this number will, perhaps, not be out of place. Although we entirely agree with this distinguished artist that wood engraving should be represented by at least one member—or, if that be grudged, by an Associate-member—in such an institution as the Royal Academy of Arts, we are wholly sceptical as to the efficacy of such a course in stemming the tide of public ignorance that has been set running against wood engraving by the introduction of the new mechanical processes. All that the Academy could hope to do would be to influence a few collectors to acquire fine impressions of wood-blocks; but that it could influence the general public to demand wood engravings instead of process-blocks in their illustrated newspapers and magazines, we cannot for a moment believe. In saying this, we do not underrate the capacity of the Academy to guide and direct the public taste. But we would point to its department of line engraving to prove our point. Here is a section of art which the Academy for half its life has had under its beneficent care; yet, although it has numbered in its ranks most of the chief line-engravers of their time, although such engravers are still eligible for election, although gold medals and valuable studentships are offered by the Academy, its engraving school is empty and no student presents himself nowadays at the nominal competition. The Academy may educate the wood engraver; but how

is it to provide him with work when he is educated? Again, Mr. Gardner is, we think, a little too sweeping in his denunciation as "bad engraving" that in which the lines run longitudinally to the limb, relying "upon varying thickness or closeness of line for the effects of light and shade or modelling," for this denunciation involves much of the finest French wood engraving of the day. The method

championed by Mr. Biscombe Gardner is undoubtedly the more classic and academic, and, roughly speaking, is distinctive of the German school; but to condemn the longitudinal or diagonal cutting is to sweep away much of the finest work of Monsieur Florian and others, and many of the younger masters of the new French school. The technique advocated by Mr. Gardner is also the more logical; but if means are to be measured by effect, it is impossible to dismiss the French method simply as "bad."



SKETCH FOR "THE GARDEN OF LOVE."

(By Rubens. By Permission of Sir Charles Robinson. See p. 78.)

Winchester and Art. MR. EDMUND GOSSE writes to us:—
"The ex-mayor of Winchester, Mr. Thomas Stropher, has obliged me with an interesting letter on the subject of the treatment by that city of Mr. GILBERT's statue of the Queen. He points out that the work was presented in 1887 to the county authorities, who 'put it in a corner hidden by boards and covered with a tarpaulin, and there it remained until last year.' But in 1894 the Corporation took the matter in hand, and, as Mayor, it became Mr. Stropher's pleasant duty to remove the statue and re-erect it. This noble effigy is now 'looked upon by the citizens of Winchester as one of their chief treasures.' It is pleasant to learn that this is the case, but it has taken them eight

years to discover their privilege, and they might very probably be still in the dark about it had not a gentleman of unusual taste happened to be Mayor of Winchester last year."

The New "Romeo and Juliet." PLAYGOERS should be grateful to Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON for the revival with which he signalises his interregnum of management at the Lyceum, if only for the opportunity

seem more than a little cramped in various figures, with sword and cloak irresistibly suggestive of the bull-ring. "A Street in Mantua" in the last act is fairly representative of Mr. RYAN'S ability, whilst in the closing unimpressive and ordinary "Tomb" scene he is by no means at his best. The dressing of the tragedy is throughout discreetly orthodox, revealing no special beauty of associated colour; and the costumes of the newest Juliet are curiously mature in style and in material. Her gown—worn in the dance—of golden tissue lined with cherry satin, wrought with appliqué of seraphim and flaming hearts, and peppered with gems, is typical of the ultra-Bernhardt craze for eccentric extravagance in personal adornment which, quite regardless of its suitability to character or period, has infected the modern stage.

Exhibitions. THE new Art Gallery at Newlyn—the gift of Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS—has been opened with an exhibition consisting for the most part of works by artists living in and around Newlyn. Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., is the principal "outsider," and contributes four sketches, three of which depict Kynance Cove, and the other a head of a girl entitled "Vittoria." Mr. G. CLAUSEN, A.R.A., sends three characteristic works; Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., is represented by a portrait of R. F. Bolitho, Esq., M.P.; and Mr. FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A., by "After Fifty Years," "Autumn," and two important sketches. The other principal contributors are Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, Messrs. WALTER LANGLEY, ALFRED EAST, H. TUKE, NAPIER HEMY, and T. C. GOTCH. The



A STREET IN CAIRO.

(By W. Müller. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

thus afforded them of recalling how unsurpassable was Sir Henry Irving's *édition de luxe* of the Veronese tragedy; to say nothing of the later, and scarcely less distinguished, version that graced the same stage under the auspices of Miss Mary Anderson. It is, however, with the pictorial aspect of the *Romeo and Juliet* of to-day that we are here concerned. The opening scene, "Verona—a Public Place," as represented by Mr. HARFORD, is disappointingly tame in effect and composition; and "Juliet's Chamber," for which the same artist is responsible, is open to objection on the score of the crude primitive colours of its draperies, and the fact that the tapestries depicted on the walls are apparently of a period fully a century later than that of the play. It is, perhaps, hypercritical to observe that the window here does not correspond in architecture or construction with the "Balcony" as viewed from the Garden—a scene by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN on somewhat conventional lines, with a whimsical regularity of growth in a group of pine trees silhouetted against the distant dawn. Mr. Craven's front-cloth, "By the Wall of Capulet's Garden," which, like other scenes in the production, is shown two or three times, is the most noteworthy picture of the series. Much care has obviously been bestowed by Mr. HARKER on the "Hall in Capulet's House," with its gold mosaic work, and its formal columns decked with branches of blossoming oleander, yet it is scarcely a happily conceived setting for the Pavane; and the dancers

gallery is dedicated to the memory of Opie, and is to be devoted to the furtherance of art in Cornwall generally. Exhibitions will be held several times a year, and the



SEA-PIECE, WITH SHIPPING.

(By Hendrik Dubbels. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Room XI., No. 1,462.)

artists resident in the neighbourhood will send their works destined for the great London exhibitions there, instead of holding private views in their own studios.

The exhibition of works by members of the South Kensington Art School Sketching Club, recently held in the Museum buildings, showed much work of real merit, and altogether was of interest. Among those who contributed good work was Mr. WATSON, whose landscape in oils and portrait showed evidence of great skill, and gave promise of success for the future. Mr. CLAUDE GRAY's set of sketches in oils were brilliant little studies of sea and sunlight; and Mr. BURNAND's set of landscapes, which obtained the prize in this section, deserved much praise. Mr. A. H. FISHER had a delightful oil-study of scenery on the Downs, beside works of merit in other sections. Messrs. CLIFFORD, HANKEY and ROOKE exhibited effective water-colour sketches; and Mr. SHACKLETON some good black-and-white work. Miss LEVICK showed ability in modelling, a decorative panel in low relief of fruit and flowers being specially noticeable; while Miss SIMPSON's little group entitled "Fate" exhibited skill of the highest order. Messrs. G. CLAUSEN, A.R.A., LESLIE THOMSON, and J. C. SPARKES acted as judges.

The annual exhibition of work by students attending the Royal Female School of Art maintained the degree of excellence which has become associated with that institution. The list of successes is a long one, the principal prize gained being the Queen's Gold Medal Scholarship for a drawing from the antique, awarded to Miss F. M. BILL; this same lady also secured a national bronze medal for another drawing of the same subject, the Venus de Milo. Miss ROSIE C. WHITESIDE, whose work has before been noticed in these columns, secured the national silver medal for a water-colour drawing of hands from the life. Miss RUTH CANTON's model in wax of a Sea Nymph, and her "Dancing Figures," are also worthy of separate mention.

At the Corporation Art Galleries there is an interesting exhibition of drawings by Old Masters, which have been lent by Sir J. C. ROBINSON. We reproduce one of a pair of sketches by RUBENS for his celebrated picture at Madrid, "The Garden of Love."

Reviews. MR. STORY has done himself great credit, and conferred a benefit on the public, by bringing into focus and saving from oblivion an artist whose life was associated with some of the wits and men of genius at the end of the last century and the beginning of this in "*James Holmes and John Varley*" (Bentley and Son,

London). JAMES HOLMES possessed the rare faculty of ingratiating himself with almost all classes of people. He was the friend of Byron and Beau Brummell, the favourite of the king himself, and he had the rare opportunity of conversing with the shy and taciturn Turner. His musical talents added greatly to his success in society, and by painting miniatures he obtained introductions to the courtiers of his time. Mr. Story has used his materials to advantage, for he gives us a series of deeply interesting essays which include Lord Byron and the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, with glimpses of Kean, the Marquis of Conyngham, Duc d'Orleans, Lord Dundonald, and other celebrities. It seems wonderful that Byron should have singled out Holmes the artist for his friend and companion, for he asked him to go and stay with him in Italy, and said, when the painter declined the honour, on the score of leaving his wife and family, "But I don't want you to go for nothing; what would you want to accompany me?" The poet thought most highly of the artist's talent as a portrait-painter, for he said, "A painter of the name of Holmes made, I think, the best likeness of me in 1815, and from this have been some good engravings taken." Holmes occasionally painted in oil, but he was chiefly a painter in water-colours, and a roving member of the "Old Water-colour Society," in its early days. He was a lucky man in nature and manners, but an artist whose place is unacknowledged among our British painters. JOHN VARLEY was a man



PORTRAIT GROUP.

(By G. Van der Eeckhout. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Room XI., No. 1,459.)

of a different sort, his genius entitling him to be called the Father of English water-colour painting. It is certain that Varley's great skill in his art attracted the attention of the best men, and he taught more of our water-colour masters than any other painter. Among his pupils were Cox, Copley Fielding, Wm. Hunt, Linnell, and other celebrities. Mr. Story has again interested us in writing Varley's life and artistic career, giving us short but admirable essays on other artists, viz., Cornelius Varley, Mulready, Blake, and Linnell. We have been amused with the anecdotes about Varley's and Mulready's skill and prowess as pugilists, and greatly interested in John and Cornelius Varley's researches in science and astrology. The wondrous tales of John Varley's power in casting horoscopes, the adventures of Mulready and Linnell together with a peep into Dr. Munro's sketching class in Adelphi Terrace, give life and brilliancy to Mr. Story's biographies. But Mr. Story tells us little of the art of Holmes and Varley. Truly, there is little to tell about that of the former; but John Varley was a master and instructor of masters. His modes and methods of

work were his own. He was the most skilled scale-player—save and except Turner—in water-colour art that ever



STATUE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

(By F. J. Williamson. To be erected at Rangoon. See p. 80.)

lived. His practice was prodigious, so incessant and perfect, that in the *mécanique* of his art he stood alone. No one could *draw with the brush* like Varley; no one could lay colours over colours, and keep up the depth and transparency like Varley; and his purity of aerial effects was obtained by this faultless and surprising *mécanique*. Constable says, in one of his thoughtful lectures, that there cannot be a boy-master, because the mechanical skill can only be acquired after long and careful practice. Varley was a matured master in this particular, and the proof is that the great men we have named sought for Varley's instruction. Of course, the individualities of these masters accompanied their scale practice. Varley worked so hard, and so long at a time, that his drawings are in number as the leaves of the forest. How many thousands of water-colour drawings, we wonder, did he produce! He also was an oil-painter, and there are several strangely like early pictures by John Linnell. We have seen numbers of them. Varley's rapidity, the result of prodigious practice, may be judged of by the following anecdote. George Goodban, the artist, happened one day to be in Varley's studio a few weeks before the receiving day for the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. He said, "Well, Varley, have you anything ready for the exhibition?" Varley replied, "Bless my soul! no; when is the sending-in day?" Goodban said in five or six weeks. Varley replied, "I must begin at once." When the day arrived he had forty-two drawings ready. The prices ranged from five to 250 guineas. Nearly all were sold, and the Prince Consort purchased the highest-priced one. Varley was a splendid draughtsman, and although Mr. Story regrets

his figure drawing, he could draw and place figures and "incident" better—far, for his own work, than any of the artists, however eminent, who sometimes in mistaken kindness assisted him. Dual pictures, even by masters, are a mistake, because they are patchwork always. Varley was a bad man of business—the reverse of his friends Linnell, Hunt, and Cox; but he always carried, as Mr. Story tells us, pills about with him instead of money, which he freely gave to his friends and neighbours.

The grace and beauty of the late Miss MANNING's charming work, "*The Household of Sir Thomas More*," has been greatly enhanced by the new edition now put forth by Mr. John Nimmo. Typography and style of printing are thoroughly adapted to the spirit of the book, and the sentiment of the whole production is emphasised by the harmonious illustrations of Mr. HERBERT RAILTON and Mr. JOHN JELICOE. Mr. HUTTON's introduction is more valuable for its information than for its literary style; yet it adds greatly to the completeness of the book. This remarkable work is not to be read without keen delight; for although we know that it is but the *tour de force* of a modern writer, we live and move in the genial household of the great Chancellor (enjoying a glimpse of Holbein), and we are finally overwhelmed in the catastrophe that overtakes Sir Thomas and the supposed gentle diarist, his daughter.



(Drawn by H. Railton and J. Jellicoe. From the "*Household of Sir Thomas More*.")

It is interesting to see that there is life yet in the drawings of rustic landscape made so long ago by Mr. BIRKET FOSTER. Mr. John Nimmo has made a very good selection from these old friends and has sent them out on a fresh journey, accompanied by a selection from well-known authors, of a most interesting character, made by Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON. If the text does not always fit the pictures it affords good reading, and the whole book is attractive.

We have received from Messrs. MARCUS WARD AND Co. a parcel of their novelties for the forthcoming Christmas and New Year season. The calendars and cards are produced with the care that has earned the reputation

GEORGE HARCOURT, ARNOLD HELCKÉ, GEORGE HUTCHISON, NIELS M. LUND, A. MEADE, H. A. OLIVIER, J. F. SULLIVAN, and W. T. WARRENER.

The statue of Her Majesty the Queen, reproduced on p. 79, is the gift of T. BALTHAZAR, Esq., to Rangoon, and will stand in the principal square of that city. It is the work of Mr. F. J. WILLIAMSON, and with the exception of one or two minor details is a replica of the statue by him which stands in the vestibule of the Royal College of Physicians. It is executed in Sicilian marble, and stands seven feet nine inches in height upon a pedestal six feet high. When erected it will be unveiled by the Viceroy.

The Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh is now possessed of a handsome portal, the work of Mr. BIRNIE RHIND, A.R.S.A. The main features of the design can be seen from the photograph reproduced herewith. In the large panel over the window is a group representing Scotland crowned, with figures on either side symbolical of Industry and Religion. The three panels below the triple-light windows symbolise the Fine Arts, Science, and Crafts of the early ages. The statues in the upper niches represent Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret, and the two lower Wallace and Bruce. The remaining figure to the left is the work of Mr. D. W. STEVENSON, R.S.A., and represents James IV. The building and sculptures are of red sandstone.

Obituary. A WELL-KNOWN figure in Italian art circles has been removed by the death of Mr. W. W. STORY, in his seventy-seventh year, at Vallombrosa. For the last forty years he has been the centre of the artist colony in Rome, and his genial character formed an attraction to all visitors of note to the "Eternal City." The glory of Rome has departed as an art centre of recent years; but when in its prime, Mr. Story was the leading spirit, and gathered round him a circle of friends which included such men as Hawthorne, Dickens, W. S. Landor, and Browning. The son of Judge Story, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, he studied in early years for the bar; but this profession was abandoned on the death of his father, and he went abroad to study sculpture. He executed many public statues, among them being one of his father for Cambridge, Mass., and that of Colonel Prescott for Bunker's Hill. London possesses one of his least happy efforts in the statue of Peabody at the Royal Exchange. He will probably be better known by his literary work, his volume "*Roba di Roma*" being almost a classic. He was a constant

contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the author of many poems. He married Miss Evelyn Eldridge of Boston, and had four children, one of whom died in early life. His eldest son Waldo has gained some reputation as a sculptor; his second son Julian is a painter of note in the States. His daughter is the wife of the Marchese Simone Peruzzi, Master of Ceremonies to the King of Italy.

Mr. ROBERT NIGHTINGALE, the veteran animal painter, has died at the age of eighty. His work was well known for some years at the Academy and the Suffolk Street Galleries. His first work appeared at the former in 1846—a portrait of "Frolic and Her Pups."

The death is announced of Dr. JORDAN, Director of the Berlin National Gallery.



PORTAL OF THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

(Sculpture executed by Birnie Rhind, A.R.S.A.)

this firm has enjoyed for so long for work of this kind. The best designs are certainly those by Mr. WALTER CRANE, some of them being delicately reproduced in photogravure. Many of the rest are very charming.

Miscellanea. THE study by P. A. J. BAUDRY, reproduced in our November number, is the copyright of Messrs. Braun, Clement and Co.

Mr. D. W. STEVENSON, R.S.A., has executed a bust of Dr. Robert Brown, the celebrated botanist, which has been fixed to the house in Montrose where the scientist was born in 1773. It is the gift of Miss Paton, a relative of Dr. Brown.

The following, among others, have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists from a list of 155 candidates:—Messrs. ABBEY ALTON, J. E. BREUN,



Evon Blaas. pinxt



VIEW IN SUFFOLK.
(From the Painting by T. Gainsborough, R.A.)

MR. HUMPHREY ROBERTS'S COLLECTION.

OIL PICTURES BY DECEASED ENGLISH ARTISTS.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

THE influence of Gainsborough—born in 1727, that is four years after Sir Joshua—another great portrait-painter who, in the backgrounds of his likenesses, produced some noble landscapes—is distinctly manifest in all the works now before us; but it appears in differing degrees of force, and, as with Nasmyth (born 1758), it is tempered by the authority of the Dutch masters, Ruysdael and Hobbema, who flourished as the naturalistic painters of the preceding century. Crome (born 1769) owed a good deal to Nasmyth, his senior by eleven years, and more to Hobbema and Wynants. All these in turn influenced Stark (born 1794), a later representative of the Norwich school, who stood, as it were, apart, while considerable changes—due to Constable (born 1776)—progressed in other parts of this island. At that time England seemed destined to become the home of landscape art. It must not be forgotten that to Constable, after 1825, the French owe a prodigious debt, which the brilliant genius of Bonington made even greater. The next artist in chronological order we have to consider in the gallery before us is David Cox (born 1783). After Cox came William Collins, R.A. (born 1788), a weaker vessel, but of the true Constable strain.

To Collins succeeds the virile, vigorous, and resourceful John Linnell, who, born in 1792, was a host in himself. Stark does not count for much in the present case; but George Vincent, one of the freshest of sea-painters, who deserves to be bracketed with G. Chalon and F. Cotman, is next in the sequence. Then comes James Holland, who, though born in 1800, a year before Bonington, was really a follower of his junior. The latter, whose influence in France can hardly be over-rated, owed a great deal to the Venetians when he painted figures; and, as a landscapist, he was indebted to the school whose more illustrious members were Van de Capelle, Jan Van Goyen, Pynaker, and Aart Van der Neer. Having thus ranged them in the order of their births, I shall, in the same sequence, introduce the reader to such works of theirs as are now in Mr. Roberts's Gallery at Kensington.

Gainsborough is represented on a very small scale, but not, as to its quality and character, inadequately. His little "View in Suffolk" shows a devious sandy road, such as Ruysdael and Hobbema loved to paint, passing between a ruddy bank and a pool, while on either hand, some wind-torn pines crown the hillocks; on our right is a

rough cottage with a few children of the true Suffolk sort disporting themselves near the door—lively, ragged, and unkempt, and like those among whom Gainsborough passed his youth and early manhood.

Gainsborough was nearly thirty years of age, and his influence had made itself deeply felt on the art of this country, when Nasmyth, the next artist on our list, was born in 1758. At least twenty more years had fled ere the latter produced Mr.

from the slowly rippling surface of a marsh drain that is flanked by some ragged, aged, and storm-riven oaks, and by two gaunt old mills, such as the Norfolk and Cambridgeshire marshes abound in. Another Crome in this collection shows the painter's noteworthy firmness of touch and choice drawing, as well as his solid method of painting and his deep though rather narrow feeling for the pathos of English landscape, and the sentiment of atmospheric effects just after



A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

(From the Painting by J. Linnell.)

Roberts's exquisitely-finished, Hobbema-like "Landscape," which so crisply and brightly depicts a country road with a wain slowly descending an incline, and thus going out of sight. The pellucid atmosphere and its high-floating clouds, the expansiveness of the scene, and the dexterous, if somewhat mannered pencilling of the verdure and foliage are elements one never misses in a Nasmyth such as this, however small and unpretending it may be. A sort of compound of Nasmyth and the Dutchmen—Hobbema, Wynants, and Ruysdael—is discoverable in the art of John (or "Old") Crome, which could hardly be better represented in black and white than by the illustration now offered to the reader on the opposite page. It gives full-moon-setting in a dark and starry firmament, an effect made more romantic and impressive by the pallid reflections of her light

sundown. We have in this example the skirts of an oak wood in glowing light, with thoroughly accomplished painting in the herbage of the foreground.

By Constable Mr. Roberts possesses not fewer than three pictures. One of these is distinctly admirable for representing with charming freshness and veracity—as to which the influence of Turner and his masters is manifest—Brighton Beach in the prehistoric days of the Regency, or, rather, a little later—*i.e.*, when "Gentleman George" and his too lively companions had become a little *passés*, not to say withered, and were much bewigged. It is a beautiful example, noteworthy for its warmth and breadth of light, tone, and colour; the aerial effect is a thing of itself, at once tender, true, and luminous, and such as

Bonington, if not Turner, might have shown the way of painting. The long wave that is flowing landward to break near our feet is a capital feature in this capital piece. The second Constable in this gallery is, though small, thoroughly characteristic of that extremely unequal artist's best mood. Somewhat earlier than the last, it gives an old brick farmhouse standing amid trees, and near it a pool with ducks grouped at its nearer side. A rain

marking the failure of their author's sight and the impending decline of his powers. Mr. Roberts will doubtless ere long add to his collection a certain number of representative Coxes, at least as brilliant, harmonious, and learnedly drawn as the beautiful "View of a Common," with a pool in front and a gravelly road sloping to a ford in a large stream, as they are seen in an atmosphere full of light and under a high firmament of pure turquoise blue,



MOONLIGHT AND WINDMILL.
(From the Painting by Old Crome.)

cloud (which is of Constable to the life) drives onwards from our left. The whole is rich in tone and colour, and it excels in its limpid, though deep shadows and its most thoroughly rustic aspect at large. "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge," of which an engraving is given on p. 85, is one of several pictures of the subject—some of which are larger than Mr. Roberts's—Constable painted to illustrate his own art and one of the prodigies of our fathers' engineering.

An artist as great, if not greater, and fuller of resource than Constable, was David Cox, a master who, oddly enough, is admired by our dealers and the amateurs they educate, on account of those comparatively crude, blotchy, and sooty pictures and drawings of his which painters know too well as

dashed with flocculent clouds and half charged with veils of the tenderest white in hardly visible vapours. It is a lovely and sincere piece of "David's" best and soundest time. The reader will remember that Cox was born in 1783. There is a sort of artificial rusticity and wilful simplicity in the landscape idylls of W. Collins (born in 1788) which remind us of the moods of the artists who decorate Sèvres porcelain with legends of operatic paradises and cultured bliss. Collins's idylls are innocence itself, and most of his rustics belong to an age happier than mankind has yet known. Accepting his graceful though somewhat threadbare conventionalities, his "Kitten Deceived," which is reproduced on p. 87, is almost as good, though not quite so fresh, animated, and new, as the same

Academician's masterpiece "Happy as a King," a boy swinging on a gate, which is in the Vernon Gallery; but it lacks the spontaneous and original tenderness of that touching idyll, "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," which was popularised by the admirable engraving by S. W. Reynolds. The picture before us was executed by Collins in 1816, and for his frequent and kind patron, Sir T. F. Heathcote. In his diary the artist wrote October "23rd. Painted upon Mr. Heathcote's picture till five o'clock. Mrs. L——[?Leslie] called. In my endeavour to paint while I was talking to her (or

rather she to me), I painted the wrong side of the kitten in the looking-glass introduced into the picture." "The Kitten Deceived" was at the Academy in 1817, and sold in the same year for eighty guineas.

The masculine, solid, and dignified mood of John Linnell, who was born in 1792, is well seen in "A Gipsy Encampment" (see p. 82). Students who are familiar with the life and pictures of this distinguished master hardly need be reminded that, like Gainsborough, who was in other respects almost his antithesis, Linnell in early life found he could get plenty of employment as a portrait-painter, while at that period his landscapes, which he most delighted in, were practically "drugs." At last the astute Serjeant Thomas's bold and intelligent action led to an immediate and complete change in the artist's fortunes, and the landscapes, labours of love which had accumulated in his hands, readily

found buyers at good prices, and Linnell no longer needed to paint portraits for a livelihood. Mr. Roberts's small picture belongs to this noble category, which is limited as to number, and never less than choice.

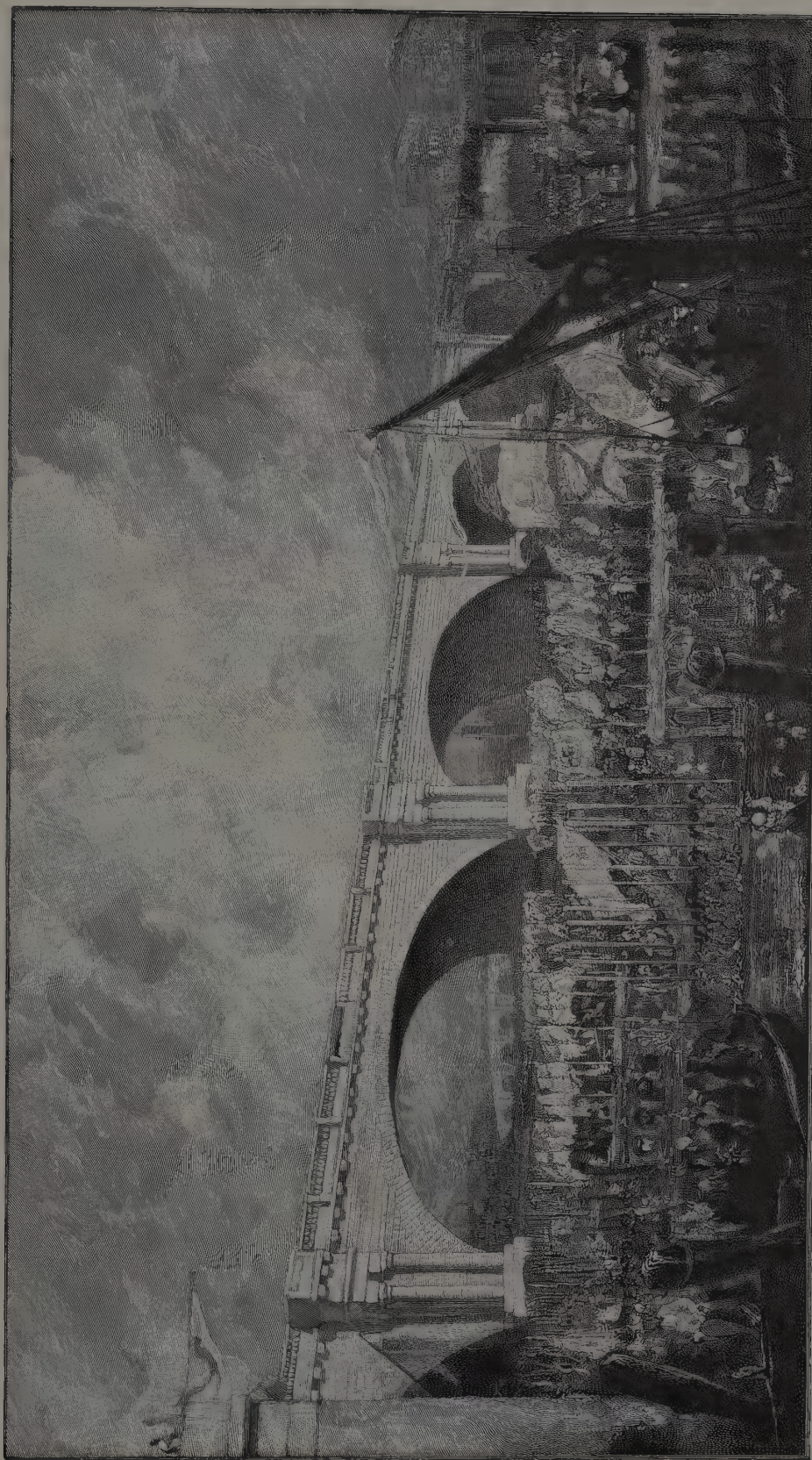
The influence of John Varley, who was, officially at least, John Linnell's master, and thoroughly accomplished in regard to the grave and dignified moods of landscape-painting, and hardly less so wherever composition was concerned, is distinctly perceptible in this very excellent piece. The influence of Mulready, who was, *de facto*,



THE DOGANA AND CHURCH OF THE SALUTE.
(From the Painting by J. Holland.)

Linnell's teacher and great example, is distinguishable in the technique of the specimen before us—*i.e.*, in the solid, firm, and expressive touch and modelling of "A Gipsy Encampment." In addition, it has gained from the pupil to whom

we owe its force and strength, deep tones, rich colour, and such fruits of consummate care and knowledge of the art of sky-painting as few, indeed, could better impart than John Linnell. Of course, everybody knows that Stark was a follower of Crome, and therefore, indirectly, a late-born adherent of the school of Ruysdael and Wynants, two masculine Dutchmen of the ablest sort. Like Cotman, a member of the same category, he possessed rare skill in composition, but unlike his, Stark's touch was apt to be monotonous, and sometimes mechanical. Mr. Roberts's "Cromer Sands" is a capital Stark, distinguished by its beautifully drawn and



OPENING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE BY GEORGE IV.
(From the *Painting by J. Constable, R.A.* Engraved by *Madame Jacob-Bazin*.)

well-modelled clouds, as well as by the limpidity and brilliance of the firmament in which they seem actually to float. The reader doubtless knows scores of landscapes of renown, where the clouds are apparently laid upon or, as in mosaics, *let into* the firmaments they do not adorn. The composition

devious channel of a river, and is what such a picture ought to be, warm, solid, and complete.

James Holland, who was born in 1800, was a master who profited by the examples of Turner, his senior, and Bonington, his junior by a year. In studying Venice, Holland did not omit to notice



THE KITTEN DECEIVED.
(From the Painting by W. Collins, R.A.)

of the coast line and fishing-boats in Stark's picture before us is excellent.

Another leading member of the Norwich school was George Vincent, who was born in 1796, and became a pupil of Crome. The best of his sea-pieces are very good indeed, and among the chief of his choice rural idylls in a homely mood is "A Woodland Scene in Norfolk," which has fit companionship in Mr. Roberts's billiard-room, where many of the examples to which I now refer are to be found. A thorough piece of the county where Crome and his pupils, Stark, Vincent, and Cotman, flourished, this "Woodland Scene" shows a boat gliding in the

the art of Guardi and the elder Marieschi, rather than that of the more popular Canaletto. "The Dogana and Church of the 'Salute'" gives, with great brilliancy, vivid and harmonious colouring—a lovely light of the purest nacreous sort pervading the azure sea, and saturated with gold of the sun—the famous scene which some enthusiasts have not hesitated to call celestial. The water and the sky are painted so charmingly, and with so many and such delicate hues, that not even Turner surpassed them. The companion picture to this, and, like it, another circle, "Venice by Moonlight," is very fine and impressive indeed.

"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

By LEWIS F. DAY.

IT was long ago established that "there is nothing like leather." In our own day, however, its employment has been very largely restricted to purposes comparatively utilitarian. Decorative leather work has taken the form mainly of morocco and other highly-dressed skins, ornamented, if at all, with "tooling"—a process confined almost entirely to bookbinding. That was by no means the case in the sixteenth century, when books were, perhaps, too scarce to afford full scope to the craftsman.

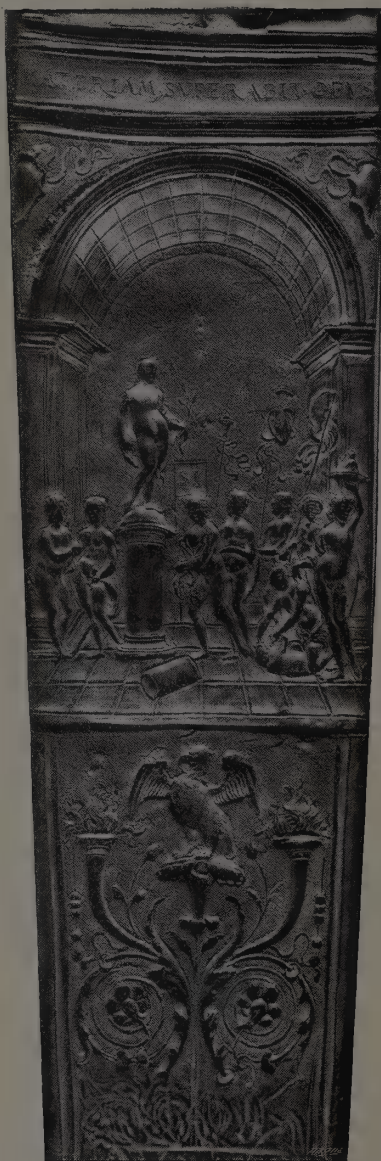
But before the days of "tooling," essentially an art of the Renaissance, borrowed (as were at first the designs the binder used) from Arab sources, there existed in Europe a more robust and manly art of *embossing* in leather. Not only was this embossed leather applied (like tooled leather) to the covering of caskets and so on, it was fashioned, as may be seen at South Kensington, into pilgrims' bottles, tool-boxes, knife and dagger sheaths, and a variety of more or less useful things. There is in the Museum a fine fiddle-case in raised leather, and a sixteenth-century powder-flask so boldly "gadroned" that it has every appearance of beaten bronze. When the leather happens to be gilt, it has more than ever the look of metal. This too deliberate imitation of one material in another is exemplified in an Italian plaque of the seventeenth century, also in the National Collection, with the scene of the Crucifixion in *repoussé*, which one might very well take at first sight for gilt copper.

One of the most consummate pieces of work ever done in pressed leather is a scabbard, designed about 1500, for the notorious Caesar Borgia, and decorated on the reverse with his monogram. It was never quite finished; but it was carried far enough (a portion of it is given in the illustration)

to show to what finish and refinement leather pressing lends itself in the hands of a competent artist. The artist in this instance is said to have been Pollajuolo.

As a *tour de force* his work is about perfect; but it is a *tour de force*. One may heartily admire it for what it is, and yet hold that he goes further than is necessary, or in most cases desirable, in an art so essentially subordinate as this should be. In truth, work more to the purpose was done, before and after Pollajuolo's time, by men whose names have not come down to us; and this not only in Italy, but in France and England, and probably wherever leather was worked. Though the term "*cuire bouilli*" has somehow got into use among us, there is nothing to suggest that this was ever in any sense peculiarly a French art. Certainly some of the strongest and most characteristic Gothic work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was executed in Germany. In the seventeenth century the art declined; in the eighteenth it may be said to have died out.

It was in Germany that it first showed signs of coming to life again. One of the most interesting things at the International Exhibition at Antwerp, in 1885, was a striking display of cut and embossed leather by a German firm of the name of G. Hube; and now Mr. H. Jacobsen, who was for some years with Hube, has settled in London, and is trying to awaken an interest in it here. He has been to some extent forestalled by the



PORTION OF SCABBARD IN LEATHER.

(From South Kensington Museum.)

"Home Arts" Association. Not that he has anything to fear from the rivalry of village Pollajuolos or ambitious amateurs. He knows his trade too well for that. But to popularise an art or craft is, as a matter of fact, to belittle it. That is to say, a number of people acquire a very limited facility in it, and

execute an unlimited quantity of indifferent work, which, being accepted generally as the standard product, naturally brings the whole thing into the contempt of those who know at all what workmanship is.

It is an admirable thing that the village youth and maiden should be taught to use their hands, and to employ their leisure hours; but to encourage in them the idea that they are artists, or that their work has any great artistic value, is harmful to the last degree. It puffs them up with hopes doomed to inevitable disappointment, and it makes the very name of art a laughing-stock.

To emboss leather, after a fashion, is easy enough. The process is as follows:—A design has, of course, to be made and transferred to the surface of the material: that is the initial proceeding in any process of decoration. Then begins the real work in or upon the leather. The first thing to be done is, with a sharp knife to incise upon the leather the outline of the design. This done, with an iron tool the incised lines are opened out—in other words, the sides of the cut are pressed apart, widening it and emphasising it, so that whatever happens in the after-treatment of the leather, these leading lines are faithfully preserved. The outlines once indelibly fixed, the leather is saturated in water until it is soft, pliable, and amenable to manipulation. Then with iron punches the operator proceeds to beat down the parts of his design which are meant *not* to be in relief. These punches are all blunt, but for the flattening of broad surfaces of background he naturally employs a tool much broader at the end than that with which he follows the undulating outlines of the design. It is clear that, since nothing is taken away from the bulk of the leather, to flatten it in one place between a marble slab and an iron punch is only to raise it in another; and so it is that by the mere pressing down of the ground the ornament rises in considerable relief. The surface of the ornament itself is modelled similarly with the punch, or modelling iron, as it is called in that case, certain portions of it being pressed down more or less to the level of the ground. This is often all that is necessary. If, how-

ever, greater relief is wanted than can be got in this direct way, it has to be beaten up *from behind*—that is to say, the leather is held, face downwards, over a small circular block, or ring, rather, for its centre is pierced, and into the piercing the leather is pressed with a blunt iron from the back. The strong relief thus gained is preserved by filling up the depressions with a preparation of glue and sawdust, which hardens to the consistency of the leather itself.

In modern work a distinctive texture is imparted to the ground by punching it with *figured* punches—diapering it, that is to say, as wood-carvers sometimes do; but this was not by any means an invariable practice in old work; and, except in the case of very flat work, it is often quite superfluous. Indeed, it is to the indiscriminate patterning of the ground and the consequent loss of all breadth of effect that the fussiness of much modern work is to be attributed.

The various stages of procedure are illustrated in the strip of leather shown on this page.

The end outline, I have said, is never lost; but it will readily be understood that it is very much softened in the process of modelling the leather in its wet and pulpy state; where precision of outline is wanted it becomes advisable finally to touch up the lines with the knife again, and perhaps to add other crisp drawing-lines on parts that are to some extent modelled. Mr. Jacobsen is particularly skilful in the way he emphasises his forms by vigorous digs and slashes with the knife. The danger of this finishing process is, that it results, if at all overdone, in a hardness which is the very reverse of pleasing.

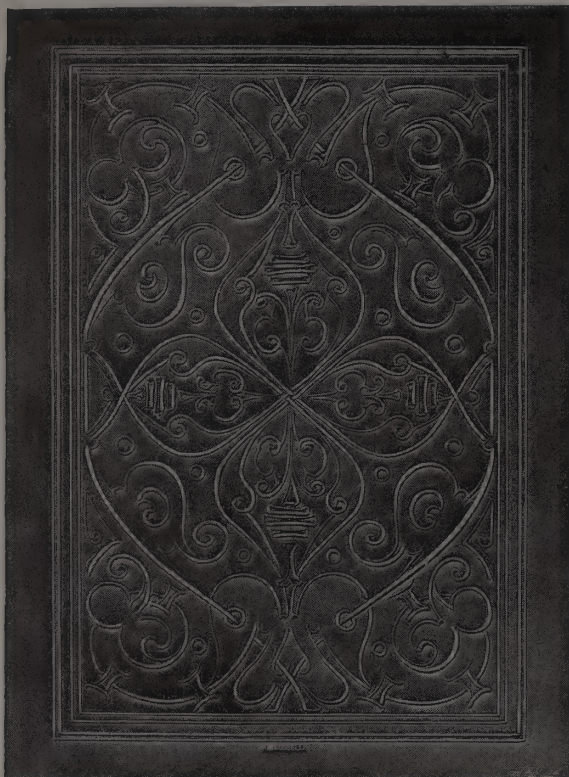
It is a mistake to make the work look like carving, as some even of the old German work does. It is, and it should seem to be, more in the nature of modelling. In old Italian work the outline is sometimes so little insisted upon that one almost doubts whether it has ever been incised at all; and what the design loses in precision it gains in feeling and suggestion.

Age has given to the old work a deep bronze colour. The raw look of new leather is commonly and effectively



DIAGRAM EXPLANATORY
OF THE PROCESS.

modified by sponging it with a solution of caustic soda. The actual painting of the leather with oil colour, transparent or opaque, is easy enough; but



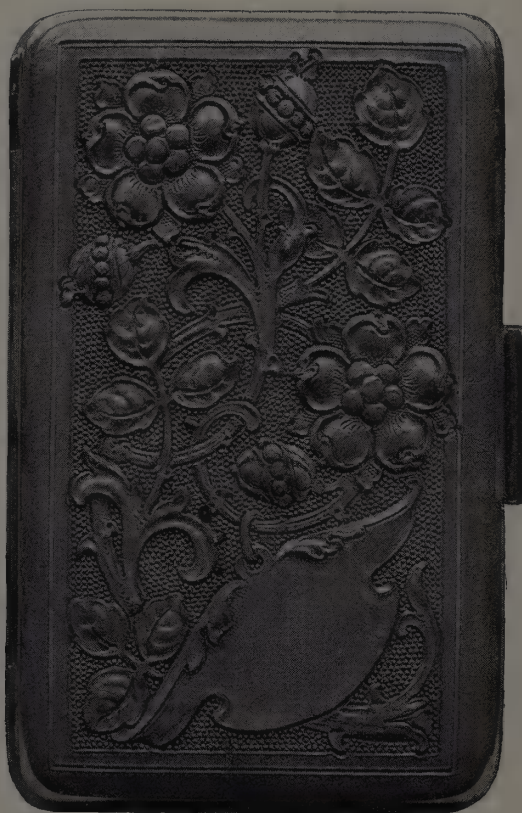
CUT WORK.
(By H. Jacobsen.)

it is not easy to improve upon the effect of the sober-toned leather colour. Except in the hands of a very judicious colourist, painting is a dangerous expedient, and one for which there is little occasion. Mr. Jacobsen is wise enough not often to employ it.

Mr. Jacobsen is a German, and his nationality comes out in his work. He tries, indeed, to be many-sided (for a man has nowadays only to show some character in his work, and the public straight-way ask him to work like everybody else), and he is not altogether unsuccessful in getting out of himself, as the simple Neo-Arab design in cut-work and his treatment of the rose on this page will show; but he is happiest when he is inspired by the "Little Masters" of his own country—happiest of all, perhaps, when he finds himself upon Heinrich Aldegrever. His heraldry, especially, is in the true mediæval spirit.

It is satisfactory to those who care for decorative art to see a craftsman with so distinctly a personal, or perhaps one should say a national, bias. It is only to be hoped that this saving grace may not be accounted to him for a crime against commerce.

That brings us to the question of the outlook for such work. On the one hand it has to compete with the rather childish amateur work of which one sees so much, on the other with machine-pressed work—neither of which it can, of course, rival in price. Still, for genuine craftsmanship of such excellence as this there should be sufficient demand. It is rather unfortunate that it has been almost exclusively applied to purposes to which it is not best suited. There is something almost unkind in the application of delicate modelling to the decoration of a pocket-book or to ordinary bookbinding. It may stand the inevitable wear pretty well, but it cannot be improved by it. Only in the case of albums, or big presentation volumes, or church books, meant to stand always upon a table or a reading-desk, does the use of modelled covers seem warranted. In general a cover should be flat. Moreover, the material and the process of leather embossing are alike deserving of larger and more dignified use, especially in the form of domestic decoration,



PORTEMONNAIE.
(Embossed Leather Work by H. Jacobsen.)

where, unluckily, it finds itself directly confronted by machine work, which, so to speak, holds the field.

That embossed leather is not actually much used in furniture and so on, is probably due to a

preference (naturally accounted for in those whose voice in the house prevails) for textile fabrics—by the use of which, no doubt, a cheaper and showier effect is easily to be produced. For permanence there is, literally, nothing like leather—pigskin by preference; and for the man's room at least, the library or writing-room, no more fitting embellishment could be found than hand-worked leather: it is equally appropriate to the furniture of the room and of the writing-table which forms part of it. But for this purpose, yet more than for mere book-wrappers and such-like, serious and sober design is necessary—not the output of the easygoing amateur, whose main thought is to produce at the least possible art, depends upon its being practised by artists expense of time or trouble an effect that can be



BOOK COVER.
(Executed in Leather by H. Jacobsen.)

dubbed "artistic." Leather embossing does, unfortunately for its artistic future, lend itself, almost as easily as sheet copper, to beating into some sort of ornamental shape. It is well within the scope of the lady amateur, in whose light finger-tips and delicate touch there is proverbially magic—as though to all sound work there did not go a hand as strong as it is delicate!

Mr. Jacobsen, it seems, seeks to recommend his craft by teaching it to ladies, and others prominent in "society." Doubtless, a knowledge of the art should logically lead to the better appreciation of it, and appreciation of it among the purchasing classes should lead to business; but the future of the art, as an art, depends upon its being practised by artists —by men, in short, like Mr. Jacobsen himself.



HERALDIC ALBUM COVER.
(Executed in Leather by H. Jacobsen.)



A SPRING DAWN.

(From the Painting by G. Wetherbee, R.I., at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

CURRENT ART.

By R. JOPE-SLADE.

IF the art exhibitions which opened in the middle of October and the beginning of November are to be taken as a fair criterion of what we are to expect, the standard of the winter season should be extremely high. This applies with no less force to the minor and dealers' shows, which have been, one and all, characterised by collections of more than usual merit and individuality. Let us commence with

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

It is said to be the height of a successful policy to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. At the Institute of Painters in Oils they wisely reverse this dictum, and make, say, three pictures hang where five hung. Moreover, the size and subjects are of the greatest variety; and so, quite apart from the higher level attained, the tedium which we always dread at this exhibition does not exist. Indifferent work there is; but it is placed all together in a corner of the last gallery with a certain touch of humorous sagacity.

A very strong demonstration is made from the North, though it is to be regretted that there is nothing from the greatest of them—Mr. R. B. Nisbet and Mr. Austen Browne, the cattle-painter. The London-Scottish contingent muster well, and Mr. R. W. Allen, in "Evening," a large landscape,

sees open country through mellow golden light. "Waiting for the Tide" introduces nude figures which take their place in the landscape. Mr. J. L. Pickering's colour and depth of tone have gained in warmth and poetry during a prolonged stay in Minorca. "August" is his most important but not his best picture. Mr. Peppercorn gives us his usual exquisite dreamy, silvery seas, skies, and atmospheres; and Mr. Leslie Thomson, painting in spring in a higher key than heretofore, achieves the higher effects of such. His big picture is called "Sylens"—a dreamy study of the rosy twilight with the figures of *Die Lorelei* charmingly introduced. Guided by the quotation, I presume Mr. J. R. Reid's delightful yellow-clad figure, painted obviously *en plein air*, must be the love-sick Orlando; but where is the Rosalind who would allow so ancient and sardonic a swain to teach her the great mystery of life?

"Funchal" is a fair Frank Brangwyn; but this sketch of the busy Madeira capital suffers badly when the gas is lighted. Mr. Kennington's "Lure" and "Forbidden Fruit" are rather high-flying than successful. The large nude figure in the first is uncompromisingly unidealised, if firmly drawn; and the meaning of the latter rather loud piece of colour we can only surmise to be that the maidens are reading a book too informatory

to befit their youthful modesties. Mr. Edgar Bundy's "The Skipper's Daughter" and "Nelson's Critics" are good examples of the work of this artist.

Mr. J. Hope McLachlan turns joyously from his beautiful ships, shepherds, and seas with the opalescent night skies to the strong bright blue of "A Midsummer Sea." Mr. F. G. Cotman shows more and more as he grows older the influence of his uncle, who was amongst the founders of our National school. "The End of the Harvest" and "Shades of Evening" are both tender and poetic studies of the gloaming, the latter, I confess, being more attractive than anything in the gallery. Mr. Wetherbee's large picture, which is reproduced on the opposite page, as usual treats a pastoral scene with a classic figure graciously introduced in charming tints of gladsome blue, green, and white. It is called "A Spring Dawn." Mr. Ernest Par-ton's "The Golden Light" shows him quite at his best, the larches and solitary pools being for once abandoned (see engraving facing p. 96). Sir James

Apple Orchard," he is not quite so happy. Mr. Watson Nicol's "Royalist" is, in the first place, a very excellent piece of portraiture, but it has pleased the sitter to be painted in Cromwellian mail. The armour has a silvery metallic sheen which is very precious; but better still is the painting of the almost waxen flesh of the fine care-scored aged face.

THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

THE New Gallery contains a carefully selected exhibition of the advanced men of Chelsea, Scotland, Paris, and other parts of the Continent; and, on the other hand, fine specimens of the elder men—such as Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and Mr. Frederick Sandys, together with work from several of the best portrait-painters, as becomes the Society of Portrait-Painters, the title of this collection of works brought together by Mr. Prangé.

The picture by far the most sensational and popular in interest is the "Madame Severine" of Mr. L. Welden Hawkins, the Franco-American,



SHADES OF EVENING

(From the Painting by F. G. Cotman, R.I., at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

Linton's big picture is a Portia; and Messrs. Orrock, Wimperis, Aumonier, A. W. Weedon, Harry Hine, and others follow the old traditions in a modernising spirit, as of yore. Mr. Alfred East's "Moonlight" is quite one of his best, both in feeling and colour; but in his sketch, "An Avonside

whose curious studies in a greenish hue at the outsiders' London galleries and at the two Salons have been for years familiar to us, dealing as they chiefly do with symbolically treated sacred subjects. "Severine" is also an allegory. Not only is the lady an admirable portrait as she bends forward

to the front of the picture with her arm supporting her bust, her dress black, and her face upturned in a moment of rapt inspiration, her



THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE OF DOCHFUR.

(From the Painting by H. Olivier, in the New Gallery.)

hair brown touched with gold, her jewels, few but rare turquoises, on wrist and throat, repeating and enhancing the blue of her eyes: the whole brought together by a deftly painted chrysanthemum of suppressed purple. At the back of the head runs the word "Severine." Madame symbolises the spirit of journalism of the age, the intense modernity of the pen; she herself having awakened the most tense attention by her brilliant letters in one of the brightest and most literary of the Parisian papers during the past few months. The frame is in perfect sympathy with the picture, being of a brownish-gold of many hues, ornamented with laurels on the one side and a sheaf of wheat on the other, bearing the legend "*Pax et Panis*." The medium employed is novel, apparently pastel applied with oil, thereby doing away with the need of fixatif.

Turn from this to "Mrs. Lewis," the beautiful old lady, by Mr. Frederick Sandys, as she sits at ease in her parlour; the small details of the *ameublement*

painted with brilliant detail, and the ostrich egg in its red netted bag hanging from the ceiling. After the manner of his time, Mr. Sandys puts in a mirror which repeats everything; and, in addition, a touch of blue gloaming seen through an open window is a fine suggestion of the best period of Pre-Raphaelitism. On the other side of the room is "Sympathy," a portrait, and "Mrs. Edward Ellice," both the work of Mr. Watts—the latter, the better, an old lady painted with a most loving tenderness. M. Antonio Gandara's big portrait of "La Sara" occupies a place of honour; but one is tired of seeing in England and Paris a panel which, despite the sumptuous treatment of the white satin and the gracious movement of the averted figure, does a man of genius less than justice. Of the Hon. John Collier's "Miss Julia Neilson" in a carnation pink dress, against a crimson curtain, one is almost equally weary; but Mr. Collier has never painted better than his grave and stately portrait of "Professor Huxley," standing at a table with his hand on a skull—a speaking likeness, handled with great care, and based on a death mask taken by Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. More sensationally popular is Cissie Loftus, in graceful pose, her well-painted white

dress leading up to her beautiful eyes. Mrs. Louise Jopling, who has been wandering lately somewhat from the paths of success, is quite her old self again in a strong portrait of "Mr. Gibbs." Mr. Arthur Melville's "Lady in Brown" is a large promenade portrait of a lady whose head is poised with an exquisite grace. The manner in which it is painted—careful and distinguished—is superior to anything this vehement Scot has so far employed his talents to produce. Mr. James Guthrie, A.R.S.A., shows the influence of the new Rembrandts at the Edinburgh Gallery in his "Mrs. MacLehose," which has caught much of the subtle poetry of the great master. Mr. John Lavery's best of several portraits is "Mrs. Christie Smith," in black against a greenish stone-coloured ground actually rocking in a rocking-chair, bright notes being introduced by the bows in her hat of a brilliant

blue. It is curious that this combination of colour—black and white, with or without the vivifying notes of scarlet, green, azure, and orange—dominates almost all the advanced portraits in the gallery. Prince Troubetzkoy has made great advance in the rapid work in which he shows us two ladies—"Mrs. M. Grimshaw" and "Lady Eden and her Children," using in the first a long canvas, with his sitter on a sofa. Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., has become a favourite with corporations, and has painted, for the town of Torquay, a portrait of "Mr. Briscoe Hooper," ex-Clerk to the Bench and to the late Board. Mr. Whistler sends a small picture, a little conventional for him, but not much the worse for that—"Crimson Note, Carmen." Mr. Llewellyn is at his best in painting his own wife, in a black-and-white satin, because he has a smart lady, smartly dressed, for a model. Most people prefer M. Dagnan-Bouveret's little picture of "Paul von Stettin" to anything else in the gallery. It is balanced by M. Carolus-Duran's strong manly Fritz Thaulow, the young painter standing well forward, erect, in black; the technic is of detailed fastidiousness. M. Gustave Courtois sends a marvellous portrait of a lady's bust—a study of flesh and white satin rarely surpassed, and flush with the front of the frame, but which can only be properly seen at the painter's own distance. M. Fernand Khnopff is represented by one of his delicious portraits of a child, who is seated cross-legged upon a dainty chair. The maiden's stockings and boots are black, and the little one's face is sweet and watchful, her hair dark, and her eyes a deep earnest brown. The carpet in the foreground, of greenish grey, repeats the note of the upper part of the canvas. The matchless care and the minute dexterity of the work are such as have often formed a pleasant psalm of praise in these columns. This distinguished Belgian sends none of the black wax figures *à la* Donatello, nor the small ivories on which he is now so much engaged. Indeed, this absence of sculpture at all the galleries is a curious feature. Mr. Olivier is one of the young painters of considerable promise who is already talking of putting himself to the severe test of a show exclusively of his own works in Bond Street. His best portrait at this exhibition is that of "The Hon. Mrs. James Baillie of Dochfour," which is reproduced on the opposite

page. The lady is the only daughter of Lord Burton, and is extremely popular, alert, and advanced in every movement, as in the hunting field. Her dress is white satin, which the artist agrees with the writer in thinking to be the one slight mistake in this most spontaneous portrait. At the back is a curtain of greyish blue, a piece of material which has a sentimental interest for the sitter; an opera cloak of red with trimming of Thibet fur is worn with a good deal of style. Roses in her hair and roses in her hand repeat the note of the cloak. The pity is the white satin is not a variation of the grey blue. The hand of the lady is on the open door handle: she absolutely moves to go.



MADAME SEVERINE.

(From the Painting by L. W. Hawkins, in the New Gallery.)

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IN Suffolk Street the same rule obtains as in Piccadilly. The selection has been good, the hanging so arranged that only that worth seeing hangs low and attracts the eye. Bad and privileged exhibitors have the advantage of knowing that their

work has a good light near the roof, and is out of jeopardy of adverse criticism. Sir Frederic Leighton loves this historic little body, and uses it for sketches and work quite impossible at the Academy. For the second year a screen is decorated with landscapes—the harvest of Levantine holidays—and rough studies for the Royal Exchange fresco, “Flaming June” and “Summer Sleep.” It is the poetic fancy of the President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, to call Westminster Abbey St. Peter’s and the

on the sunny blue sea. His present picture is a poor Strudwick. Mr. Graham Robertson, the *dilettante* of whom Mr. J. S. Sargent, A.R.A., painted such a masterly piece of realism, we knew by “My Lady Green Sleeves.” To-day he surprises us with a decorative composition, good in colour, bad in drawing, and romantic, called “The Princess.” Mr. Richard Machell is not less amazing. That his many works, beautiful and decorative, are arrangements of symbols, of a significance too profound for our

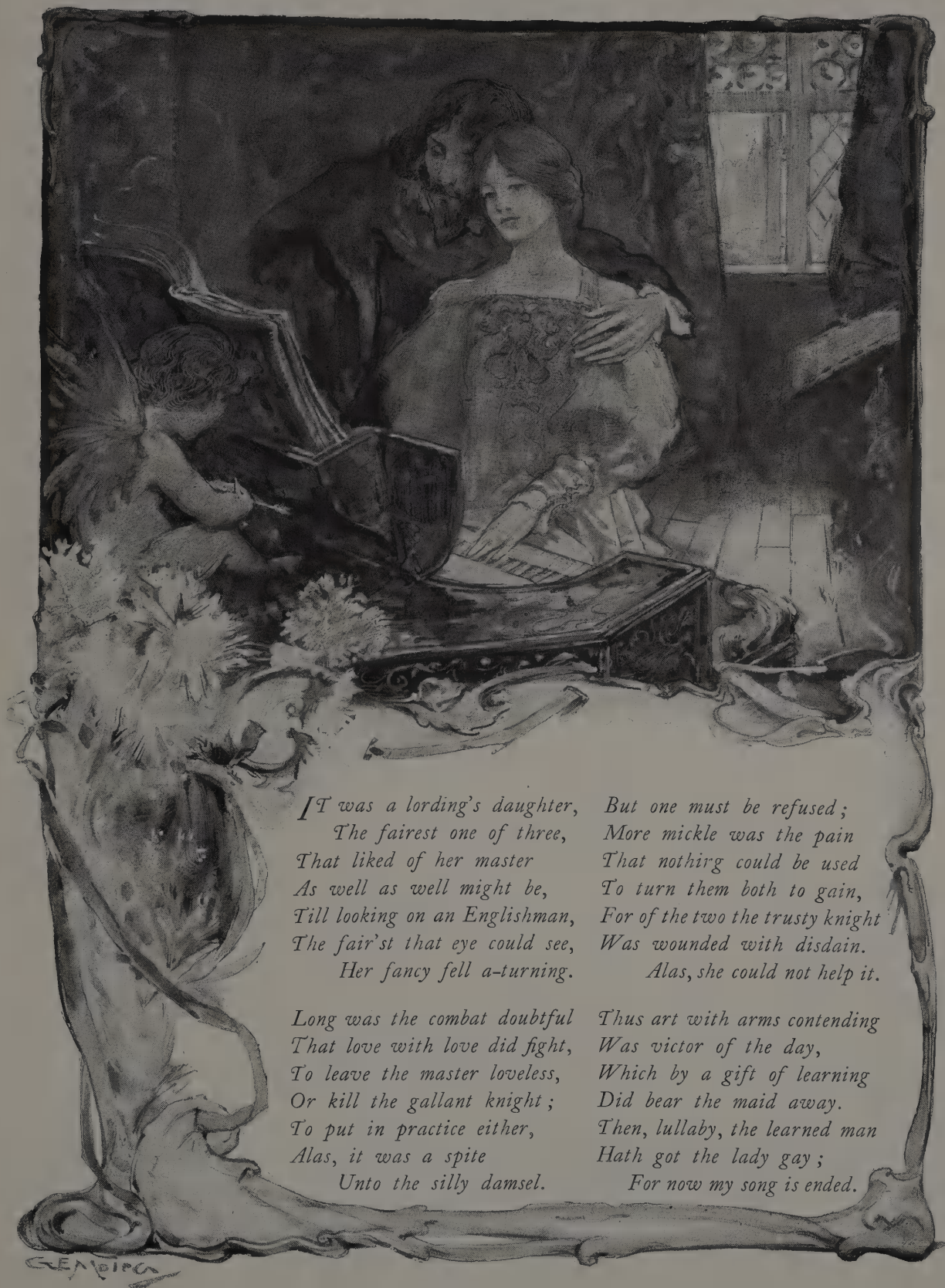


SEA URCHINS.

(From the Painting by Arthur Meade, at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

great metropolitan church St. Paul's, and to imagine Peter sending his angels to bid the bells in striking the night hours carry messages from heaven over the sleepy, mammoth City. These two little drawings show him at his best. Mr. Sherwood Hunter's "Jerusalem—Wall of Wailing" is the charming figure of a Hebrew in self-abasement averted, and sunny in its green-grey harmony touched with red in the girdle. Tender is his "Dutch Interior," the old lady in mob-cap knitting, all the values of the humble domestic objects true, and a window with the twilight dying out. Mr. Arthur Buckland's "Head of a Lady," in brown, is surprising. No more antics of the Beaux-Arts; it is reserved and dignified, painted with style. Mr. Cayley Robinson was perhaps best in the days when he painted that heavy boat with the lad at the single sternsheets oar drifting home

poor brains, we know, and humbly to his friends the theosophists we leave their inner meaning. "The Magic Wand" is a fairylike little water-colour of a woman sitting over a pool of dark mysterious water which reflects her robes. In her hand she holds a wand, with which she gracefully plays with a bubble. It is a sumptuous little note in strong orange. "Chrysanthemums" is a cluster of these flowers in a semi-transparent old Venetian champagne glass; the quality of the painting of the *verrière* is very delicate, and the flowers are excellent, both as forming a soft plume-like mass and in the treatment of light. The whole is perfectly in tone. The frame is the beginning of the picture, of which it is an integral part. "Sea Urchins," by Mr. Arthur Meade, is a brilliant piece of sunlight effect, and will help on the growing reputation of this member of the Newlyn Brotherhood.



*[I]t was a lording's daughter,
The fairest one of three,
That liked of her master
As well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman,
The fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.*

*But one must be refused;
More mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used
To turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight
Was wounded with disdain.
Alas, she could not help it.*

*Long was the combat doubtful
That love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless,
Or kill the gallant knight;
To put in practice either,
Alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.*

*Thus art with arms contending
Was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning
Did bear the maid away.
Then, lullaby, the learned man
Hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.*

"IT WAS A LORDING'S DAUGHTER. (FROM "SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC," XIV.)

(Ascribed to Shakespeare, in William Jaggard's Edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. Drawn by G. E. Moira.)

MILDEW IN DRAWING PAPER.

By W. J. RUSSELL, Ph.D., F.R.S.

THE large amount of loss, both in time and money, caused by what is termed "mildew" in drawing-paper, renders it a subject worthy of careful consideration. A drawing-paper which, on ordinary inspection, will appear perfect in grain and colour, on being wetted and held up to the light may be seen to have transparent spots, generally round, but varying in size and shape, all over it. Unfortunately, the existence of these spots is usually only discovered when the first wash of colour is applied to the paper; then the spots, few or many, become visible, and it is seen that the paper is spoilt. Damage of this kind may be even more serious; although it is not so common, it may be that a finished drawing becomes infected with spots and assumes a mottled appearance, which is as detrimental to its beauty as small-pox marks are to the human face. The question is, then—can any rational explanation be given of these apparently arbitrary and certainly unexpected outbreaks of disease, and can they be prevented?

The immediate cause of the paper in places becoming transparent is that at those places the size of the paper has gone; the paper, in a word, has thus become nothing more nor less than blotting-paper; consequently, when a wash is applied, the colour at these places is absorbed in a different way and to a different amount than on other parts of the paper. Admitting this, the next question obviously is—why should the size disappear, what has become of it? Take one of these transparent spots, and examine it under the microscope, and even with a very high power nothing but a stringy mass of cellulose fibres will be visible. Hence mildew is not the cause of the transparent spots; for if mildew or mould had lived there, some at least of their remains would be visible. But there are growths still more minute—those which, in ordinary parlance, are called microbes or bacteria—which, even if present, a powerful microscope may be forgiven for not recognising, but whose presence

can be convincingly proved by means of what is termed cultivation. A portion even of one of these spots will be sufficient, and if it be introduced into a medium—say, gelatin—which is suitable to its growth, and under favourable conditions of temperature and moisture, then there will not long be any doubt as to its existence. In a few days growth occurs, and you have colonies of organism which are easily seen even by the naked eye. It is not my purpose at the present time to consider the intimate structure and microscopical appearances of the different forms of bacteria which produce these effects on paper. Dr. Klein and Dr. Bowman have examined them, and I am indebted to these distinguished microscopists for much information concerning them; but we are now interested rather with the general conditions under which these forms of growth exist than with individual differences.

Paper is a dense network of cellulose fibres, to which strength and a greatly diminished absorbent power is given by sizing it—that is, filling up the interstices with a glue which hardens on becoming cold—and is a substance admirably adapted for growing bacteria in, and is in continual use for that very purpose. On the other hand, there is not likely to be any dearth of bacteria, for they themselves, their spores or seeds, in varying quantities, are always to be found drifting about in the air. But, fortunately, there is another important condition necessary before the bacteria can grow on paper—it is, that the paper be at least damp. Dry the gelatin, and it ceases to be a medium in which bacteria can flourish; but keep it warm—at a temperature, say, of 60° to 100° Fahr.—keep it moist and in the dark, and you have the most favourable conditions for generating spots. That drawing-paper continually carries about with it the seeds of its own destruction is easily proved. Take a piece, and expose it to the conditions above stated. Place it in a large glass-stoppered bottle, add a drop or two of pure water,

and stand it in a dark corner in a warm room, and in a few weeks at most the paper on being wetted will show transparent spots; probably it will show more than spots, for the seeds of several kinds of moulds, as well as of bacteria, are also lurking in the paper, and will take advantage of these favourable conditions for growth, so that with many drawing-papers the whole surface after a short time becomes thick with the growth of different organisms, some of which are black, some brilliant yellow, and some red. The moulds may be looked on as far larger and ranker-growing weeds than the delicate-growing bacteria; they require for their growth that the paper be more moist than is necessary for the cultivation of the bacteria. However, with these forms of growth we have nothing more to do.

Returning, then, to the transparencies found in drawing-paper, transfer even a very small portion of one of these spots to carefully sterilised gelatin, and abundant growths ensue, and what is known as pure cultivations can be obtained and the special organism identified. From experiments made in this way, and using spotted paper from different sources, it seems that the spots are usually caused by some three or four well-known forms of micrococci. Many other forms, no doubt, occasionally are present, and act in the same way as these most common ones. Pure cultures have been obtained of these common forms, and are found to be—a pale yellowish-white growth, which develops somewhat rapidly and quickly causes the gelatin to liquefy; a whitish growth, becoming of a pale yellow colour, and liquefying gelatin rather rapidly. This is a typical *sarcina*, a common inhabitant of air and dust. Then there is a white and a rich orange-coloured growth, neither of which liquefy the gelatin. They are all evidently micrococci, easily cultivated in gelatin; but it is not so easy by the ordinary methods to transfer these growths from one piece of paper direct to another and thoroughly sterilised paper.

In outline, then, this appears to be the nature of the changes which are continually going on, and which lead to the destruction of drawing-papers. And now come the all-important questions of whether this destruction can be prevented, and, if so, how it is to be best accomplished. Although the principal points alluded to apply to paper in general, still, it is only in the best kinds of hand-made drawing-paper that we are specially interested.

The everyday experience both of artists and dealers in drawing-paper strikingly confirms what has been said above. Artists can generally remember that the paper which was originally good has been exposed to damp. Even a place which is

sufficiently dry to preserve paper under ordinary conditions will, during a wet season, allow so much moisture to be absorbed that growths may occur. Messrs. Winsor and Newton inform me that nine-tenths of the complaints which they receive of paper having gone spotty come from seaside places, and it is well known how fatal the tropics are to all drawing-paper. Paper is continually either absorbing or giving off moisture, according to the varying amount contained in the surrounding atmosphere.

About eight per cent. of the weight of a piece of drawing-paper which has been kept in an ordinary sitting-room is water, but drawing-paper has the power of absorbing far more than this. If we completely dry a piece of paper, and then expose it to an atmosphere saturated with moisture, it will increase as much as twenty-two per cent. in its weight. The hand-made drawing-papers produced by the different makers vary very slightly from one another in this power of absorbing moisture, and, in fact, a chemical examination shows how very similar in composition are the hand-made drawing-papers which the three or four leading manufacturers supply.

If the foregoing correctly represents the nature of the changes which lead to this form of destruction of drawing-paper, no doubt it can be avoided, and the nature of the method to be adopted for this purpose seems clear.

If gelatin is to be the sizing material for paper, it must be rendered incapable of nourishing these different forms of growth, and probably the most simple way of doing this is to introduce into it a germ poison, some antiseptic substance.

Numbers of such bodies are known, but the selection of one entirely fitted for this special purpose is not easy, and requires both consideration and experience. In order to obtain some general knowledge on this point, it seemed best to experiment with the size itself, and in the concentrated form in which it is applied to paper. Popularly, this size is looked upon as being a somewhat offensive and disagreeable material, but that used by the principal manufacturers for the best hand-made drawing-paper is certainly not so. The size used, for instance, in the making of the Whatman paper might easily be mistaken for calf's-foot jelly; and if the size used in the other papers is not so transparent, it is, when freshly prepared, free from objectionable properties. But this does not last long, however pure the size may be, and free from growths when first made. If preserved even in a closed vessel for a few days, it literally swarms with different growths; and then the size immediately, or maybe slowly, loses its solidity and becomes a thick

liquid, developing an exceedingly strong cheese-like odour, or odours of a more unpleasant kind. Antiseptics will prevent to a greater or less extent these growths, and consequently these different decompositions of the gelatin. Some antiseptics are, no doubt, more fatal to one kind of growth, some to another.

The following are some of the more active of the antiseptics in common use at the present time:—Borax, boracic acid, mercuric chloride, carbolic acid, izal, thymol, zinc sulphate, salicylic acid, and the more novel, but certainly strongly acting, formalin. Their action on different samples of sizes has been tried; they are bodies of very different constitution, and act in different ways. It is not necessary to do more than quote the general results.

In experiments with these bodies, only small quantities of the antiseptic were, of course, used—in some cases not more than 0.1 per cent., in others as much as 1 per cent. of the weight of the size. All of the above-named bodies naturally retarded growth, but to very different degrees, and prevented the decomposition of the different sizes. Judged by the limited amount of information gained by only a few series of experiments, thymol and borax, it would seem, and possibly formalin, are best suited for this purpose; that is, they appeared to be the best preservatives of gelatin. Thymol unfortunately has one disadvantage, or it would, with little doubt, be the best substance for the special purpose of preserving paper—it is slightly volatile; so that, in the course of time, mingled as it would be with the size, it might leave the paper, and the gelatin might again become a nutritive medium, although probably not so active a one as it would have been when first applied to the paper. To borax this objection does not apply; it would be immovable from the size, and, in fact, a patent has been taken out (No. 16,947, A.D. 1893) for the use of boracic acid or borax by Mr. Yockney, and I have a piece of paper one

half of which the patentee treated with a solution of boracic acid, leaving the other half in its original condition. This paper was then sent to Ascension Island, where it remained exposed to the mists of Green Mountain for three months. On now wetting this paper, the not treated part is full of small transparent dots, and none are seen where the boracic acid solution was applied. The amount of boracic acid used seems, however, to have been very large, over 70 per cent. of the weight of the size. Zinc sulphate, as was perhaps to be expected, was found to be of very little use; and the mercuric chloride, which is known to be under many conditions so powerful an insecticide, does not act with its usual power on the size. It probably coagulates certain constituents of the size, and thus becomes insoluble, instead of being diffused through the whole mass; this may, however, be to a considerable extent obviated by the addition of potassium iodide. With regard to formalin, the permanency of its action remains to be proved. Every day new antiseptics are being added to the long list which already exists. There is, however, another side to this question of the use of antiseptics on drawing-papers; it is, the action which they may exercise on the pigments to be applied to the paper, and consequently the absolute necessity of using only such bodies, or such quantities, that shall be entirely without action on the colours to be afterwards applied. Manufacturers will have carefully to consider how the one evil may be avoided without creating another, of an even more insidious character. Experiment only can tell what is the smallest amount of any particular antiseptic that is sufficient to prevent growths occurring on a paper, and whether even by long contact it may not have the property of acting chemically on at least some of the pigments which may be applied to the paper.

Only one further remark. It has already been indicated that these growths occur only when a certain amount of moisture is present; hence I would say to all artists—keep your paper dry.





SHOOTING.—I.

By JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS.

LOVE of the chase and sport generally is our national inheritance, and we are all justly proud of it, tending as it does, when fairly indulged in, to everything that is manly and elevating. In the recent volume on big game in the Badminton Library, Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley has shown us that out of every ten men trudging the face of the globe to-day in search of wild beasts, nine are of the Anglo-Saxon race, while since the middle of the eighteenth century our devotees of the shot-gun have been gradually increasing in far greater proportion than those of any other nation. The result is that to-day we have thousands of men of education and refinement who are capable of giving a fair and correct criticism on a picture of shot-gun shooting, whilst those who have killed big game in all parts of the world, and know the *real* thing when they see it on canvas, are to be counted in hundreds; we therefore have efficient critics galore, and they, like everyone else nowadays, at some period of their existence take to the inkpot as a recreation, or a means of potboiling. What these men write is not without its effect in process of time, so that now the general sporting public have become educated to such a sense of what is good and what is bad, that nothing will satisfy but what is really true to nature, art, and sport.

Hewitt, in his "Ancient Arms and Armour," gives us a picture of the first English hand-gun used in the year 1473. The weapon at the time did not appear to have been a great success, and the following quaint translation from an early French writer shows us with what disfavour it was looked upon in France. "No use has yet been made in France, in 1547, of that terrible weapon against *men*. The French used it with good effect against some castles, in 1338, but they would blush to employ it against their fellow-creatures. The English, less

humane," etc. Even Shakespeare tells us how unpopular the gun was in Henry IV.'s time. The armourers of the period began to find their occupation going with the introduction of "The abominable bullets discharged by cowardly and base knaves," as Montluc tells us, and the gallant knights began to find, to their disgust, that there were other ways of dying than being cracked out of their shells like lobsters.

But it is of the gun as a weapon of the chase, and its subsequent art-history, that we have to deal. An old English manuscript (1446) first tells us of "Ye Gonne and howe to use it." In this is also an illustration full of quaint humour, showing the tragic consequences which are apt to ensue to any person rash enough to discharge the dangerous weapon. From this date till the middle of the eighteenth century, Germany and Italy seem to have been the countries in Europe where firearms reached a high state of popularity. The use of shot was also known in Germany as early as 1562. At this period flourished Albrecht Dürer, a master whose work, although largely dealing with sport and nature, does not perhaps appeal so completely to the taste of the sportsman as the pure art-critic. What strikes the observer, on seeing one of Dürer's paintings, is first the wonderful care with which he rendered the smallest detail of nature, and secondly the richness of his colouring; he was a Pre-Raphaelite of the highest order. The art of the time was, perhaps, somewhat different in its treatment of atmosphere and perspective; but what intense care is shown in all Dürer's figures, animals, or trees! We require no book or catalogue to tell us how truthful are all his accessories of the chase, even to the smallest detail in the horse's trappings, or the huntsman's equipment. His stags too, whose chase he most frequently represents, are

very good—far better in fact than those of many artists who succeeded him. There is that heavy “swank” and big-limbed appearance about them

toons and arquebuses. Some of these designs are of great beauty and finished workmanship. They usually represent either a scene from the chase, or



A DEER HUNT.

(From the Painting by Wolff Pirkner in the Ducal Library at Coburg.)

that stamp at once the big German wood stags. In his “St. Hubert” we have a typical red deer of the period. Dürer has drawn the sacred hart with right leg advanced, as if the animal was moving slowly forward. In such a position the chest would certainly show considerably, though none is given; and we notice what an extraordinary space exists between the coronets of the horns and the first points, a space that would never exist in any stag’s horns, unless the brow points were broken off. Dürer probably thought that to show the crucifix on the head of the stag, he must sacrifice the brow points proper, and only paint in the “berg” tines which come immediately above them. At any rate he seems to have taken a slight artistic licence for the occasion, and omitted the usual brow points altogether (see p. 48).

It is towards the end of the sixteenth century that we begin to notice the ornamental designs of the carver, inlayer, and engraver on wood and steel applied to the guns themselves. Instead of the gunsmith finishing up the weapons, we have first-rate artists exhibiting their skill on the locks, barrels, and side plates of the wheel-lock musque-

toons and arquebuses. Some of these designs are of great beauty and finished workmanship. They usually represent either a scene from the chase, or an odd medley of human figures, animals, foliage, and scrolls. These designs on the guns seem to have been quite as good as most of the shooting pictures which pervaded Europe at this period; and it was not till the fowling-piece had reached a comparative degree of perfection, and the great era of sport which it ushered in, that artists of the first quality turned their serious attention to sport with the gun and rifle as a new field for the brush.

The reader may consider, perhaps, that I am rather unjust in lightly passing over so great a master as Peter Paul Rubens. His treatment of lions and tigers was certainly very grand and anatomically correct. Rubens was a great animal-painter, but he seems hardly to have “specialised” in wild animals sufficiently to



PARTRIDGES ALARMED.

(By S. Elmer, A.R.A. From the Engraving in Daniel’s “Rural Sports.”)

be brought into the list of the many who have devoted their lives almost exclusively to representations of the chase.

Mr. W. Baillie-Grohman, a high authority on Continental sport past and present, recently showed me some excellent photographs of the remarkable series of pictures relating to the chase now in the Ducal Library at Coburg. These pictures are probably the best, and certainly the most interesting, which were executed in the sixteenth century. They were painted for the Duke Casimir of Coburg by the court painter, Wolff Pirkner, and represent most minutely and accurately all the incidents of the chase, from the time the game (which included red deer, roe, wild boar, wolves, and bears) was

what remarkable that there are not more first-rate drawings extant like these of Wolff Pirkner.

Even to-day Holland is nearly, if not quite, the finest country for wild-fowl in Europe. We must, however, glance backwards and imagine what a paradise for every species of surface-feeding duck and wader this land must have been in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when practically but little dyking had been effected, and there was no system of inland drainage. The whole of its marshes were a vast breeding ground for wild-fowl in summer, and a comparatively safe retreat during the winter



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER—EVENING.
(From the Painting by George Morland.)

found by the hounds till finally shot by the duke and his friends or caught in nets. Space forbids a detailed description of these excellent pictures, though I notice that the artist maintains but one attitude for all the animals when galloping—namely, the ordinary pose of a child's rocking horse.

This seems to have been a period when quantity rather than quality of game were the sportsman's aim, for Mr. Grohman tells us, in a recent article in the *Field*, that the whole of Saxony was practically one vast deer forest, two of the Electors alone having killed in a period of seventy-nine years a grand total of no fewer than 60,875 red deer. Seeing, therefore, the vast amount of labour that must have been employed for the chase, and the importance in which it was held, it is some-

days for the masses of duck that nightly winged their flight in search of food to the great lagoons and *Zostera*-grown sea-banks. It is not surprising then that so many masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, which were then coming in to the zenith of their power, should turn their attention to one of the commonest and most interesting subjects at their doors. From 1579 to 1694 we have a series of painters of the highest order choosing sport with the shot-gun, and the dead produce of the chase as their models. Amongst those whose works give great pleasure and satisfaction to sportsmen to-day are Melchior de Hondekoeter, Jan Fyt, Cuyp, Van Meiris, Jan Weenix, and J. B. Weenix amongst the Dutchmen; and David Teniers and Snyder in the Flemish school.

England is particularly rich in possessing so large

a number of works by these various masters, particularly in the case of Hondekoeter, who may be said to share with Fyt the honours of this period. Both these artists were extremely successful in fear and flight draughtsmanship of birds, which is the test above all others of their great capabilities; and in Jan Fyt we see the master of this period, for he brought his great practical knowledge of game-birds and wild-fowl into his pictures of game, whether

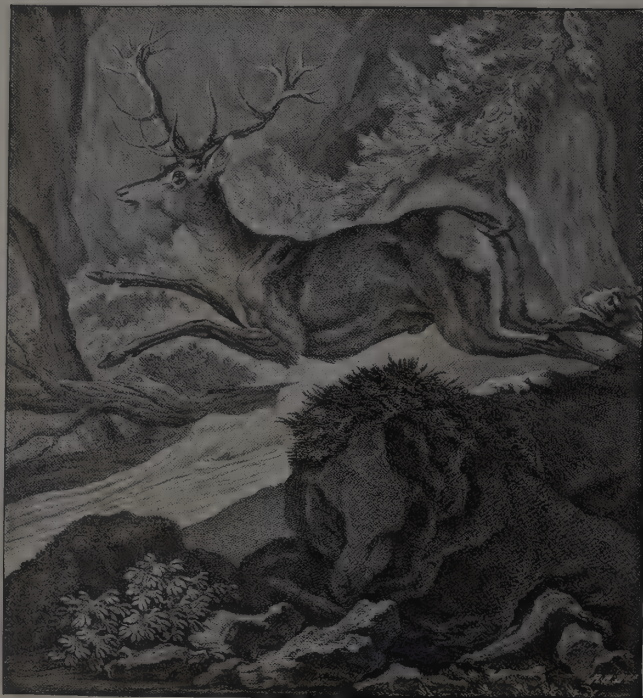
the work of Fyt. Both masters seem to have stuck very closely to these two subjects, although at times they occasionally exchanged compositions. In no case could either artist have chosen better for the display of his powers.

A duck in flight is one of the most difficult birds that there is to delineate. In death its lines are not particularly graceful, but in life there is a something about the mallard and its congeners, that is especially fascinating and beautiful.

To render a bird perfectly on canvas it is the duty of the artist to choose, from the hundreds of positions which the bird affects, those two or three that are characteristic and typical of the dignity and charm which that particular creature possesses. Just look for a moment at one of Fyt's ducks as they come splashing and quacking out of the reeds; there is everything *there* that flashes through the brain of the sportsman as he stands waiting for the bird to attain the necessary distance at which it can fairly be shot. What an intense sense of straining power there is in those wings to lift the heavy body, what genuine fear is in that startled eye fixed on the heavens above, and how absolutely correct are the shape and expansions of those extended wings. A naturalist alone, I think, is capable of appreciating the more delicate and subtle points of Fyt's and Hondekoeter's birds; and although the sphere of the models was such a very limited one, no two artists ever succeeded in so perfectly satisfying criticism from every point of view.

One occasionally hears Hondekoeter accused of placing his birds in stiff and ungainly attitudes. There is truth in this charge in so far as pictorially they might have been avoided. Still they are true to nature, and Hondekoeter probably preferred occasionally to insert some strange attitude in his pictures which gave himself pleasure, and let the public find out for themselves its truth, or condemn it as they pleased. As he himself knew that the position was a correct one, perhaps (horrible thought!) he did not care for the critics of his day.

There is hardly a collection of importance in this country that does not possess a Hondekoeter or two. There are some very fine examples in the famous Petworth collection. Lord Lovat has two at Beaufort Castle the colouring of which surpasses any I have seen, and my father has several which formerly belonged to Sir Edwin Landseer (see p. 50). Though its tone is somewhat dark, a splendid example of Jan Fyt's work also hangs in my father's studio at Palace Gate. It represents his usual subject and is in his very best manner.



STAG.

(From an Engraving by Ridinger.)

dead or alive, and consequently added a greater grace of composition and freedom of attitude to the masterly execution which both he and the other artists of this school possessed.

No artist of this or any recent period has exceeded Fyt in the painting of wild-fowl under extreme movement. He was said to have studied under Hondekoeter, but this seems hardly correct, as we see the work of the latter appearing from 1636 to 1675, whilst Fyt flourished from 1609 to 1661. However, it seems fair to conclude that the two artists must have worked much together, if we may judge by the close similarity of their treatment of plumage. Many Hondekoeters are passed as Fyts to-day and *vice versa*. Whenever we see a buzzard or other raptorial bird descending on a farmyard, we know that it is a Hondekoeter; and when the subject is two spaniels chasing frightened wild-fowl out of dark reeds we may safely be assured that it is



SPANIEL CHASING WILD FOWL OUT OF REEDS.
(From the Painting by Jan Fyt, in the Possession of Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.)

RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

WE are always delighted to welcome the work of Monsieur Vierge. That which appears in "The Tavern of the Three Virtues," now trans-

reader is prejudiced still further in favour of the volume by the excellent essay of Mr. Edmund Gosse. His admiration for the artist is that of a judicious and sensitive critic, and he does good service in protesting against the exaggerated homage of certain writers who have compared Vierge's work to that of Old Masters, to the disadvantage of these, and declared that there is more art in one of his drawings than in "the shoddy commercialism of Raphael." Through fault of such nonsense as this, Vierge has naturally suffered somewhat, in this country, rather than gained proper appreciation in the estimation of the general public.

The romance itself is just such a one as lends itself to Vierge's pencil and brush—for a considerable number of the sixty illustrations are wash drawings engraved on wood by that intensely personal engraver, M. Clément Bellenger. Even the facsimile blocks have been cut on wood instead of being processed, whereby they gain in feeling what they lose in "snap." Since his masterpiece, "Don Pablo de Ségovie," M. Vierge Urrabieta has lost nothing of the brilliant power of composition of which he gave such startling proof before paralysis struck him down; but these left-hand drawn pictures—perhaps for the reason they have been engraved from wash—strike one as a little more subdued and less inspired than might have been expected from a master of M. Vierge's vigour. Nevertheless, it may be prophesied that they will scarcely be excelled in interest to the lover of black-and-white by anything likely to be published this year. "The Tavern" is a book to have, and what is more, to rejoice in.



"I SAW MY RUFFIAN AGAIN YESTERDAY."

(By Vierge. From "The Tavern of the Three Virtues.")

lated from the original of Saint-Juirs, is put forth by Mr. Fisher Unwin in superb fashion. Judged as a piece of technical typography, this book may be said to be surpassed by no more perfect specimen than has issued from the press of late, although it is to be regretted that the headlines and titles to the illustrations are in a type which do not wholly harmonise with the page itself, and the blocks are not equally well printed. Apart from this objection, there is nothing but praise for the taste displayed in every department, and the

JOSEPH WOLF occupies a pedestal apart from all other artists of his day. How unique is his position is made clear from the interesting and sympathetic biography which has just been compiled by Mr. A. H. Palmer.* Many artists there have been who have made a special study of animal-life. Some have devoted themselves to wild animals and beasts of the chase, or narrowed down their observation to the feline species; a few have

* "The Life of Joseph Wolf, Animal Painter." By A. H. Palmer. Illustrated. (Longmans, Green and Co., 1895.)

given themselves to birds, more often at rest than on the wing; and a number—



FIRST SKETCH FOR "A LECTURE ON EMBRYOLOGY."

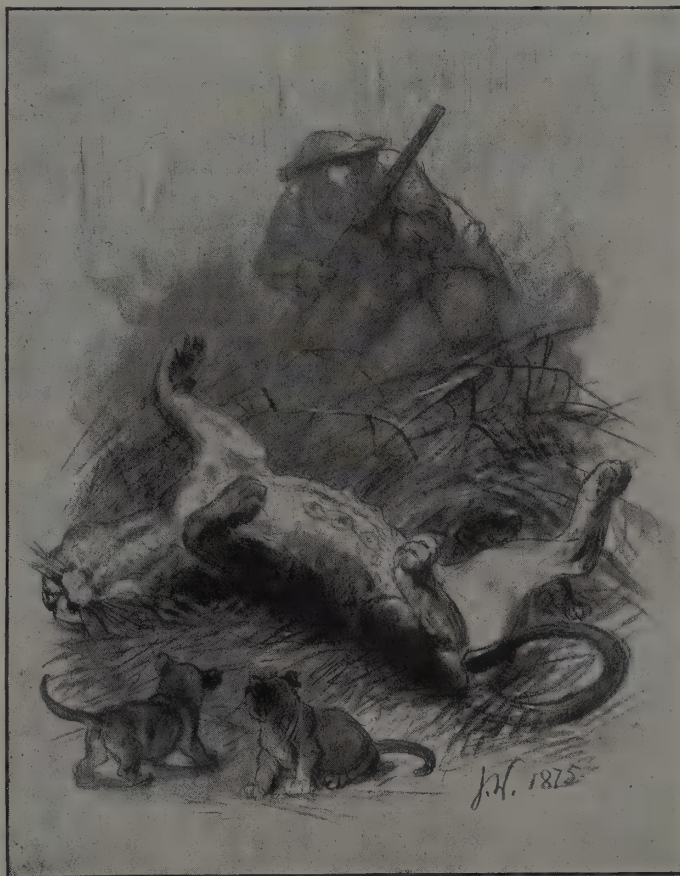
(From "The Life of Joseph Wolf.")

who hardly aspire to the name of artist at all—have confined their attention to the rendering of entomological specimens. Fewest of all are the number of painters and draughtsmen who have cultivated the art of portraying sport with any measure of success—so far as to satisfy sportsman and painter too. To Joseph Wolf belongs the almost unique merit of standing the test of all three sections of critics—of artists, sportsmen, and naturalists alike. Doubtless the elements of his success were also three: he was a German born, with a German's natural love of science and scientifically accurate observation; he was by nature an artist and a lover of the country, of birds and beasts and fishes, and, according to his biographer, of fire-arms as well; and finally, he came as a youth to England, where his sporting instincts were fostered and developed.

Excellent as is the illustration of this fascinating book—in giving us process reproductions of Wolf's studies of animal life and a few of his better-known Royal

Academy successes—it hardly seems to do full justice to the artist's genius. It certainly impresses us with Wolf's passion for accuracy, with his supreme ability to set before us with facility and perfect honesty of purpose the bird or beast in its most characteristic attitude or movement, and with a hint of that delightful and essentially Teutonic form of humour, which so charmed his friends; but it fails to bring out the importance of his dramatic pictures so warmly insisted on in the text. Indeed, we find the "Peace and War"—a wood-pigeon perched aloft while a Prussian *pickelhaube* lies half-buried in the herbage beneath—somewhat cheap in sentiment. Otherwise is it with the "Sport," of which the first sketch is here presented—a powerful indictment of the barbarities often practised in its name. But a really adequate collection of Wolf's finished pictures—his more ambitious work—is yet to be produced, and when it is, there will be no lack of public appreciation.

Meanwhile, we have every reason to be thankful for Mr. Palmer's book, notwithstanding its rather high-pitched note of enthusiasm. Wolf clearly stands midway between science and art as a delineator of animal life, and from each he draws all that is necessary for the accomplishment of what he rightly regarded as his duty and mission in life. M. H. S.



"SPORT."

(From "The Life of Joseph Wolf.")

"PARADISE LOST" is not what one would call a popular book. Few people even amongst those who consider themselves fairly well acquainted with English literature claim to have a really intimate knowledge of it; and yet it is a book which has largely influenced English life and thought, and from which the ordinary Englishman has unconsciously derived much of his theology. But,



THE HAPPY STATE OF ADAM AND EVE.

(From the Etching by W. Strang. From "Paradise Lost.")

while regarding it as a classic, and recognising it as one of the greatest works in the language, most people are content to know they have it on their shelves. If they are fortunate enough to possess an illustrated edition—of such there are several—they may occasionally patronise this great work by looking at the pictures. Gustave Doré has done as much as any illustrator to make people open the pages. His rendering of Satan and the fallen angels, the archangels and the shining ones of Heaven, his Garden of Eden, are all such as can be understood by the ordinary man. Doré is, of course, more or less commonplace—that is to say, he gives the ordinary man's idea of the subject or

one which appeals to him, and his tricks of light and shade do service for imagination.

And now Mr. Strang, an etcher of considerable eminence, has set himself to deal with the subject, and has given us a set of etchings in which he attempts to show us his idea of some of the scenes in this great poem.* Of course, the technical part of the work is admirable. Mr. Strang is, without doubt, a most able etcher; it is doubtful if he is at all an illustrator, and certainly his *forte* does not lie in grace and physical beauty. He may be quite at home with John Bunyan; the pilgrims from the City of Destruction and the people they encounter are quaint, odd human characters. So are the figures in the composition on the title-page of this book of etchings—Milton playing the 'cello to his daughters, who, it is to be hoped, however, were not really such depressing people as Mr. Strang has made them. But it is a far cry from these to the "New Created World" and the divine figures in Milton. It is evident that in these designs Mr. Strang has made a great effort to attain to some kind of fair form beyond that to which he has accustomed us. He could not give us a malformed Adam or Eve, and he has given us the most he could of ordinary humanity unmarred by the ugliness, and even deformity, that he loves; but it is a shock to us to have the Archangel Michael presented as a frowsy, weary old man, and it is hardly an imaginative effort to represent the Divine Creator as an old man with stars around his head. It is true, lines are arranged and forms are treated in something of the traditional manner of Rembrandt, but this is a pure technicality that is quite apart from any artistic inspiration produced by the poem. One of the pleasantest etchings in the work has been chosen to illustrate this note, but it would have answered just as well for Adam

and Eve after their expulsion from Paradise. The work is certainly not commonplace; nothing of Mr. Strang's could be. And there is a feeling of great seriousness and earnestness pervading all the designs, but it does not illustrate Milton. Mr. Strang's work is very admirable when it deals with the quaint, the old, the sordid; but this experiment neither elucidates nor illustrates the poem. It leaves us cold and in a condition of wonder that the "Paradise Lost" has only suggested to Mr. Strang these unmoving compositions.

* "Paradise Lost." By John Milton. A Series of Twelve Illustrations etched by William Strang. (London: John C. Nimmo. 1896.)

ADOLPHE WILLETTE.

By PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

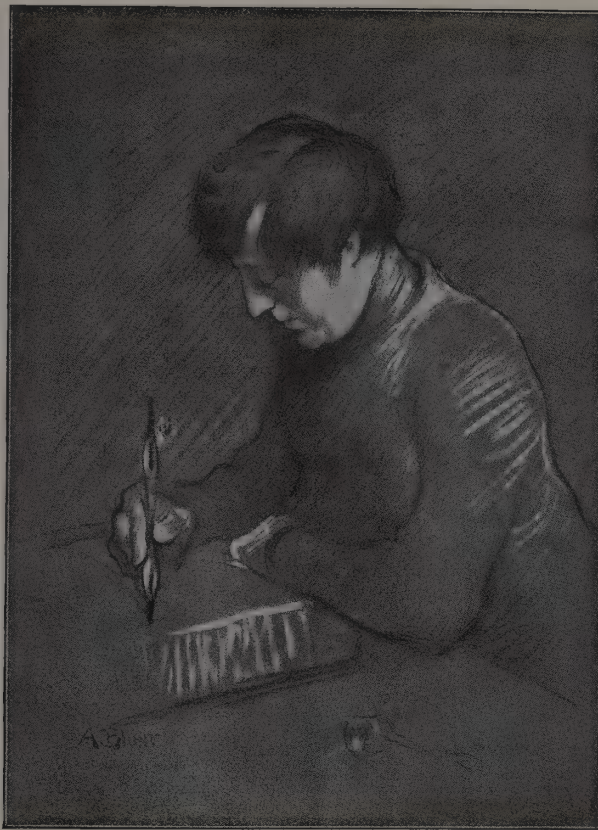
AT the top of Montmartre, Rue du Delta, not far from the Chat Noir and the Moulin de la Galette, we ring at a door on the third floor. It is opened by a young man in a long blouse, a mere boy, one would say, his clean-shaven face is so youthful, bright, and eager; if the blouse were but white instead of grey, he might be a Pierrot. This is Adolphe Willette. We enter a room broadly lighted by a large bay window, the walls covered with drawings already known at the Chat Noir, and all signed Willette. The tables are covered with papers, sketches, drawings begun or finished, and with lithographic stones, lithography being the owner's favourite process.

As I look at the drawings on the walls—a College Calendar, in which the months are represented by schoolboy occupations, anything and everything rather than study; some pictures, one a very ideal subject, an angel swinging a censer, called "Ita Missa est;" another, exquisitely delicate in colour, a woman-rose, blooming on a rose-spray, round whom hover little Pierrots in white—my thoughts are carried back for fifteen or seventeen years, and I seem to hear Colonel Willette—whom I had the honour of knowing, and whose tall figure is conspicuous in the foreground of my memory—saying, "A trifier is Adolphe, a mere trifier. Always drawing a lot of little men and women of no good whatever, instead of studying high art. Only a trifier!" And this was Adolphe Willette, the exquisite painter of Pierrot and the creator of the Pierrette who appears in all his drawings, so slender, so delicately white; a little pert, a little of the people sometimes, but never low or vulgar or

unmeaning, always graceful, with the charm of the sweetest figures by Lancret and Watteau. But Colonel Willette hoped to see his son engaged in art of a more conventional and classic type.

Born at Châlons-sur-Marne, educated at Dijon, subject from childhood to the rule of compulsory education, Willette began his art-studies at the Beaux-Arts under Cabanel. But one fine day he cast to the winds the conventional art of the schools, gave free rein to his natural spontaneity and individuality, and devoted himself once for all to Pierrot and Pierrette.

But besides and above Pierrot, the tales told by his father—a true soldier of the old army, faithful to his convictions and a worshipper of his flag—inspired him with some fine patriotic subjects, in which, under a vein of flippancy, sometimes almost of mockery, we can discern the loftiest feel-



ADOLPHE WILLETTE.

(From a Drawing by A. Blunt.)

ing. One of these drawings, and a masterpiece in its way, referring to the troubles of the Panama bubble, bears the motto, "You should wash your dirty linen in the Rhine, boys!" And I could go on for hours with the list, for Willette has already done a vast quantity of work. Such a quantity! But with amazing facility and with unfailing talent. And he himself once said to me, with a laugh, "Yet there are people who call me idle!"

After a few years of study at the Beaux-Arts, Willette exhibited at the Salon, first a "Temptation of Saint Anthony," then "Death and the Wood-Cutter" and "The Wicked Thief," works of the conventional formula taught in the school, in which there was nothing to foreshadow the charming "Pierrot's Widow," exhibited a few years later.



"Pierrot adores his queen and—the Moon when he's tipsy. He loves gallantry. He loves France and his father's memory. He pities the wretched. He fears death and madness. He detests red-tape, the magistrates and their toadies, and the whole set of 'ravens' who come between him and heaven above him."

(From M. Willette's *Explanation of Pierrot's Personality and Character*.)

(Drawn by him for "The Magazine of Art.")

He also sent a capital portrait of his father in the garden of the Invalides, among the flowers—the face, the uniform, the background, all in light pearly hues and a delightful key of violet-grey, heightened with delicate carnations.

After these early pictures, Willette worked at panoramas, which, ten years ago, were the rage in Paris; then he undertook decorative work in the provinces. Finally, returning to Paris, he abandoned the Quartier Latin and settled at Montmartre, where his brother, a physician, was attracting patients by his skill and his kind heart—the heart of the dear old colonel, inherited by both his sons. At Montmartre Willette's talent really first saw light. He decorated the rooms of the Chat Noir, where he was one of the first founders of the club, displaying dancing processions of Pierrots and Pierrettes on large canvases, all in light tones, with distant views of Paris for a background, and the large sails of the Mill "de la Galette." He also designed for the Chat Noir the wonderful window which all Paris knows and admires—workmen vainly endeavouring to demolish with hammers the indestructible Golden Calf, while women, all nude, each with a black cat on her arm, listen to a band conducted by Death. After this, for years Willette supplied drawings to the *Chat Noir* Magazine; sometimes in a series of small sketches telling a story, always consummately artistic, and often wandering through mazes of the weirdest impossibility; sometimes, on the other hand, lightly touching some vein of philosophy, rarely bitter, and often deeply consoling.

Pierrot's vagaries and Pierrette's impertinences gave way to military subjects, though Pierrot still came and went, now an elector, and now a *député*, an artist, or sighing for the moon, but still innocently engaging, full of gaiety, frank, and French.

In 1888 Willette started a paper, *Le Pierrot*, himself the editor and chief draughtsman—in short, the soul of it. The magazine soared for awhile, too high, too artistic, and then one day, stricken in its finances, of which the art-editor knew but little, it fell and died. I have before me the complete edition of *Le Pierrot*, representative of all the philosophy of the time. Its illustrations howl at the oppressor, denounce the sellers and those who are sold, laugh at the precocity of boys and the vices of the old, or, now and then, shout a call to arms or an appeal for justice. Here we see a marquise, as fair as a dream; this is La Pompadour, saying to a Minister, "I was a morsel for a king!" And the

Minister replies, "I prefer the people's crust." Here again is a chevalier in Louis XV. costume, holding a palette of which every colour is a flower; he is painting the leaves and flowers of a tree where birds are chirping. Near him Cupid, with a peaked cap cocked over one ear, is painting the grass from a pot labelled "Spring-green." The title is "The Chevalier Spring is painting a masterpiece."

Death frequently appears in Willette's drawings. A beautiful composition shows us a party of Pierrots arm-in-arm; two of them are dressed as mutes.



(From the Drawing in the Score of "L'Enfant Prodigue," published by Monsieur E. Biardot.)

They are all dancing with glee at the approach of the cholera, symbolised by a phantom ship in the sky, lighted up by the moon with a Death's-head mask.

Best of all is the illustration of the last *Pierrot*. Banville, the loving poet of Pierrots, is mounted on Pegasus, whom a Muse leads off through the clouds to Olympus. Pierrot, left below in a tiny boat, is struggling with icebergs and calling to the poet, "Oh, Banville, do not desert your Pierrots! Your own Pierrot, paler than ever!" And Pierrot's pretty face is so faint, so plaintive, looking up to the sky!

Everything is to be found in Willette's drawings: an infinitely whimsical wit in attendance on Pierrette's frail grace, with "quips and becks" to one and all, caricaturing big-wigs, with a kick to this one and that one; or serving Pierrot's turn, Pierrot playing practical jokes, flippant and gay, or revengeful, haughty, gun in hand, and pointing to the frontier.

The drawing is always masterly, without any sign of weakness, exquisitely harmonious, unerringly true, and often in a very high vein of art, and

through all his work we see an original humour, an engaging spoilt-child nature, which stamps Willette as a real and great artist. Vanier has published a collection of all Willette's Pierrots, and another volume, including almost all the rest of the young artist's works, is now in the press.

Willette has also undertaken matters theatrical. On the tiny stage of the Chat Noir his *Ombres Chinoises* have been performed for years—nay, are still, and yet will be. *The Golden Age* is a series of shadow scenes. Pierrot, enamoured of Pierrette, to win her is by turns poet, musician, and painter.



PIERROT AND THE FLY.

(From the Drawing in the Score of "L'Enfant Prodigue," published by Monsieur E. Biardot.)

Pierrette is unmoved. Then he tries impertinence, and treats her as a doll, dusting her with a feather brush. Pierrette is still unmoved. He threatens to kill himself; she is unmoved. He turns gardener, grows the finest flowers as an offering; she is unmoved, remaining in the same attitude, without stirring, from the beginning of the little drama. At last Pierrot descends into the bowels of the earth, and finds underground a gold piece. He offers it to Pierrette, who accepts it—and his love.

Of all Willette's work, the longest, and that which is best known to the English public, is his series of illustrations to Wormser's "Enfant Prodigue." And if anything were worthy to accompany

the humour and grace of Wormser's masterpiece, it is the grace and humour of Willette's fancy. He follows the piece step by step, assimilates his designs to the music, and in the slightest vignette gives us the very note, the perfect echo of those bewitching strains. First we have the traditional Pierrot inviting the spectators, announcing the performance at the door; then Wormser at the piano, very *chic*, as elegant as full dress can make him, conducting a band of Pierrot-soldiers. Next, Monsieur and Madame Pierrot in the ease of their home; Pierrot's reverie; the appearance of Phrynette, the arch-mischief of the village. Then the admirable symbolical drawing, "Madame Pierrot's Tear"—the tear in which we see reflected the scene of the theft. Pierrot, intoxicated by Phrynette's rose, robbing his parents. Then, Madame Pierrot praying to the Virgin to restore her son, her little Pierrot, whom that Divine Mother had given her as an infant when taking another cherub to another mother. All the anguish and anxious distress of Pierrot himself at the knees of the Queen of Spades. The negro-servant's insolence, the caricature of the Baron, the whisk and flutter of Phrynette. The pathos of Pierrot's return, Phrynette's departure, his scattering abroad of the money won at play; then gloom and showers of tears. Home at last. His misery, and then forgiveness. The admirable drawing for the advertisement—Pierrot on his knees by his mother, and already forgiven by his father, who sees his son in the looking-glass. Finally, the apotheosis of his restitution, worked in with the winged rush of the music; Pierrot, a flag in his hand, as a soldier, decorated with the reward of valour.

Nothing can give a better idea of Willette's talent than this series of illustrations, where, in delightful imagery, we see, as in a procession, every conceivable tenderness, passion, and forgiveness, jest and idlesse, self-redemption and bravery; and this wedded to music which dwells in our hearts.

Willette makes the first sketches of his designs in blue chalk; they are very confused, very much corrected, producing the effect of an elaborate under-painting which gives amazing relief to the drawing, emphasised above the blue medley by a clean outline in black ink. Other drawings, however, come from his pen at once, quite clean and firm, like etchings. Willette is always at work. If the idea for a design is suggested by a word he hears spoken, an image in his brain, he notes it down at once with care, on a corner of a table, on his knee, indifferent to the paper, pen, or pencil he may have at hand. He attaches no importance to anything but giving character to the figures, making them alive and expressive of his idea. And he succeeds, perhaps by reason of his scorn for mere effect and his faultless drawing.



CHARING CROSS RAILWAY STATION.

A NEW OLD-MASTER.

By R. TEMPLE-BARRE.

SOME two years ago, Mr. de Kuyper, Chilian Consul at Rotterdam, and president of the Art Club, received information from an auction tout of a "splendid picture which he had discovered." Mr. de Kuyper disregarded the intelligence, but subsequently when in Amsterdam called on Messrs. Frederik Muller, picture dealers, who had secured

particularly it is distinctly recognisable, and further, the close-cropped hair is set back at least two fingers' breadth too far in the left side of the forehead. Again the fifth head from the left has been worked over very much; it is not yet possible to perceive what part of it is genuine. The moustache, for example, is prolonged on the right over the ruff.



GUILD OF THE SKIPPERS OF MIDDELBURG.

(From the Painting by Allart van Loeninga.)

the work, with which he was much struck. It was unique in one point, being the only "Regent-enbild" (picture of one of the famous old corporations) known to be in private hands. The painting is on oak, and measures eighty-two inches by forty, and was covered with thick over-paintings. Behind them, however, Mr. de Kuyper detected a fine picture, and accordingly purchased it.

For cleaning and restoration it was entrusted to the well-known artistic authority, Dr. Schlie, Director of the Grand Ducal Galleries at Schwerin, the actual work being undertaken by Professor Ferdinand Meyer, who consulted with Professor Malthin, Conservator of the Grand Ducal Galleries. Dr. Schlie at first was of opinion that a minor restoration was advisable for safety.

Professor Meyer described the picture as being "covered with a varnish of a deep yellow colour, which to some extent conceals the various defects and over-paintings, and gives to the whole a good tone. The over-painting is most noticeable on the last head but one on the right. On the forehead

Probably, when the varnish and over-painting have been removed, a decidedly defective picture will appear, with a tone cold indeed as compared with what exists at present."

But Mr. de Kuyper would have no half-measures, and answered that he preferred a complete restoration of the picture, "which has for Holland an historical value."

That this course was amply justified the next communication of Dr. Schlie makes clear. He wrote: "I have now to modify my first opinion. After a thick covering of dirt and daub had been removed a magnificent picture of great value was revealed. The repeated and incomprehensible varnishing, applied over varnish older and dustier still, had not only made the heads brown and yellow, but had made them appear like so many uncouth butcher-boys, totally lacking in refinement and culture.

"The heads now appear quite different. They have gained in spirituality; it was precisely the spirit that was smothered by the ugly grime.

A masterly style of painting is revealed that is at once fresh, frank, and decided. The hands and robes stand out, and all begins to become clear and distinct. What enhances the value of the execution is the fine light-grey background of the heads, which, indeed, had become puddled into a thick dark brown mess. The heads are grasped and executed with a thorough command of technique. They are living, speaking character-heads, each distinct from the rest, but one and all enchaining the attention."

In the open book we find on the left opposite the name of Marcus de la Palma, the contra-script or designation, "Den Heer Over-Deken," meaning The President. Under this is written "Die Meester," meaning The Masters, designating the remaining six names, which fill the space between the name of the president of the Guild, and that of the "knaap" (servant, Old English, knave). The latter, as behoves him, takes his stand behind the chair of the *Over-Deken*. On the upper left hand side, under the brown over-painting with which the lovely light-grey background was covered, the full name of the master has come to light.

"Allart van Loeninga! His name appears in vol. vi. of Obreen's Archives, whence it seems that he belonged to Middelburg, of which town he was an artist (Fijnschilder). In 1639 he was counted among the masters of the Art Guild of St. Lucas, and died about 1648. If Loeninga was accepted as one of the persons of trust in 1639, he must have been settled in the town for some time before, and have won his laurels there too. It is therefore probable that the picture represents a Middelburg corporation of the year 1635."

Dr. Schlie put himself into communication, through the Director of the National Gallery at Amsterdam, with the Keeper of the Archives of Middelburg, and the latter succeeded in establishing the fact that the Loeninga represented the Guild of the Skippers of Middelburg. Marcus de la Palma was sometime Mayor of Middelburg, and in virtue of his office likewise President of the Skippers' Guild, which accounts for his presence in the group.

The work of restoration at length completed, Dr. Schlie invited Dr. Bode, the Director of the National Gallery at Berlin, to inspect it. The latter was greatly taken by the work, and both he and Dr. Schlie made every effort to secure it for Germany, but in vain.

"When I look at the picture," wrote Dr. Schlie, "I trace in it always something of the mighty power of the grand old masters; there is a deep and penetrating characterisation of the heads which even Frans Hals has not excelled. They are men with

hearts of oak, genuine old sea-dogs, dreading neither death nor danger. Yet trusty faces withal, and conscientious.

"The execution is sterling and thorough, proceeding in all essentials with accuracy and care, and in the accessories revealing the freedom, freshness, and power of a Tintoretto. How true is the drawing and fashioning of the parts of the head, how light and genial the treatment of the hands, of the arms of the chair which are carved and gilded. And finally, what a fine sense of colour in the combination of the grey background with the black of the velvet and silk, the green of the table-cloth, the red of the chair cushions, and the golden brown of the arm-rests.

"In fact Loeninga is a newly-discovered old master, of whom Middelburg, his native town, and Holland, his native country, may well be proud. Holland has hundreds of Regentenbilder which other lands envy her: nevertheless, I am of opinion that she should not let this picture of Loeninga, whose first discovered great work it is, leave the country.

"Allart van Loeninga is a master like Michiel Jansz van Miereveld. He is not inferior to the latter, and at times he excels him in his broader and freer use of the brush. In secondary details he is somewhat rough; but as for that, Michiel Jansz van Miereveld is also rough (*derbe*). On the other hand, the heads of those portrayed are highly attractive. That of Marcus de la Palma is one of great refinement; those of Dirk Wonters, Joost Dirckxseh, and Tuenis Pen are scarcely inferior. Even the serving-man, Gillis Gijsbregt, appears as one to whom little of the nature of a servant pertains. The heads of Jan Stevens, Rein Tuenis, and Joost Pen, the latter apparently the youngest member, are not so attractive. One almost gets the impression that these three had not interested the painter so much, and that it had been the latter's intention to concentrate his art on the five first mentioned, whose faces are worked out most elaborately. It is a masterpiece which would add lustre to any collection. Our European galleries might be very thankful had they among their most celebrated works half-a-dozen which had required so little at the hands of the restorer as this Loeninga."

The man that painted one such picture must have painted more than one, and ardent lovers of art, acting upon this inference, have commenced an eager hunt for more of Loeninga's works, bending their steps, of course, more particularly in the direction of Middelburg. His genius is revealed in his work; this single Regentenbild proclaims his rank and will establish his reputation.



JANUARY.

National Portrait Gallery. THE Thirty-Eighth Annual Report of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery has recently been issued. It duly records the establishment of the collection in its new home at Charing Cross. Since the issue of the last report, nineteen works have been presented to the Gallery, and eight have been purchased at the expenditure of £1,152; the largest sum, £642 10s., being paid for a group of "Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., Sir W. Chambers, R.A., and Joseph Wilton, R.A.," painted by J. F. RIGAUD, R.A. Besides these, seven marble busts have been transferred from the National Gallery, and a large painting of "The Trial of Queen Caroline," by GEORGE HAYTER, R.A., has been placed on loan by Lord Annaly. The pictures, etc., comprising the collection were transferred from the old offices and Bethnal Green Museum, and were all safely housed at Charing Cross by the end of June last. Owing to the fact, however, that all the pictures want cleaning, and that the frames of those which have been at Bethnal Green "are in a state of great disfigurement through dirt and age," it will be some time before the collection is visible to the public. The works are to be arranged chronologically, "without reference to their artistic merits," on the principle—a very proper one—that the interest of the collection is being historical before it is artistic.

OUR Sydney correspondent writes:—

Art in Sydney. "The Art Society of N. S. Wales has this year been divided against itself on a question of government, and the result of the split is the formation of a 'Society of Artists' with Mr. TOM ROBERTS as President, and the existence among us of two societies and two exhibitions instead of one. The new society's private view was formally opened by Sir Harry Parkes on Saturday, 23rd September. The secession has been carried out without acrimony on either side, and the practical result has been a spirit of emulation which has made the new society at least put forth its best energies. Instead, therefore, of one representative show of some three hundred pictures, we have two numbering some six hundred, and the public has not been slow in deciding which is the better. There is no question as to the merits of the two exhibitions, for not only has most of the best local talent gone with the new society, but its Hanging Committee has dared to exercise such judgment in the acceptance of work that the average standard is far higher than at any previous exhibition. The old society, on the contrary, has shown a mistaken leniency towards aspiring exhibitors; but there are some good pictures, notably those of W. LISTER LISTER, GORDON COUTTS, Miss EDITH E. CUSACK, A. R. COFFEY, and J. H. YOUNG. The Society of Artists, on the contrary, is brimful of virility; Messrs. ARTHUR STREETON, A. H. FULLWOOD, JULIAN ASHTON, and F. P. MAHONY have each and all surpassed themselves; G. LAMBERT and D. G. REID are fresh men soon to be

reckoned with. The trustees of the National Gallery purchased Mr. A. STREETON's fine landscape 'Cremorne Pastoral' and Mr. PIGUENIT's beautiful 'Floods in the Darling,' and some unimportant water-colours. The question of Federation, so much in the air, is yet far from practical politics; but is likely to be tested here in the art-world first; for strong efforts are being made to federate the art-societies of the different colonies, and the initial step may be said to have been taken when our National Gallery organised the system of loan collection to the capitals of Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland, receiving in return loans of prominent pictures from the two first named."

Exhibitions. At present Mr. E. A. ABBEY seems to be making it his business to spring pleasant little surprises upon his admirers. Apparently he is not content with the enviable reputation that he has gained by his many black-and-white drawings and occasional water-colours, but yearns to conquer new technical worlds. The excellence of his huge canvases for the Boston Library pleased and astonished, not long ago, everyone who saw them; and now he has excited more pleasure and fresh surprise by exhibiting at the galleries of the Fine Art Society a series of some fifty inimitable "Studies in Pastel." The medium is said to have been new to him, and these drawings are reputed to be the first of their kind he has attempted, yet they are masterly in handling and in their appreciation of the pastel method, magnificent in colour, and excellently individual in style and manner. They range in subject over wide ground, and include dramatic, decorative, humorous, pathetic, and symbolical essays. Some of the best are slight sketches, others are finished with extraordinary minuteness, and others again are broadly expressed, vigorous assertions with all the power of a bold oil painting. When juxtaposed they made a fascinating exhibition. These pastels, to which we propose to revert, are, we understand, absolutely "fixed."

To the public, perhaps, there was more fascination in the collection that filled an adjoining room under the same roof: the original designs made by Mr. DU MAURIER for his "Trilby." The crowds that were attracted by these skilful studies in pencil of the characters and scenes in the book that has taken by storm both Old World and New, probably came more out of curiosity than because they craved to examine good work. Yet the exhibition, on its artistic merits alone, would have justified all the interest it excited. Mr. Du Maurier's sketches are so excellent that they deserve every possible attention. They have a delicacy of touch, a charm of subtle tone, a freedom of manner, and a grasp of character that do not appear with

anything like the same force in his necessarily more laboured and responsible drawings executed for reproduction. It is to be hoped that the success of this show will induce Mr. Du Maurier to let his sketches be more frequently seen in public.

Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL has been showing at the Fine Art Society a second series of water-colour drawings of London scenes. In these he again emphasises the fact



THE POOL AND TOWER FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

(By Herbert Marshall.)

that, although the metropolis as a whole is not beautiful, there are portions of it which, seen under certain conditions of light and atmosphere, are suggestive of extreme picturesqueness. Some of the glimpses of the Thames, its banks and embankments, treated by Mr. Marshall, are delightfully poetic in feeling, such as "Sunset from the Tower Bridge," "A Grey Evening—Low Tide near Waterloo Bridge," and a "Hazy Morning—towards St. Paul's from Waterloo Bridge," which is curiously like a bit of Venice.

The Haymarket Galleries tend the needs of a special public, which from year to year changes little. Especially is this the case with Mr. McLEAN, who this year has a fine example of the work of the new Director of the National Gallery—"Barine," a daring figure with a wreath of realistic but very beautiful roses, which hold their place in the composition. A fine work, not exhibited since 1873, by PETER GRAHAM, R.A., is also in the gallery: "Wind and Rain," a spate in the Highlands rendered with more passion than perhaps any other picture by this distinguished artist. HARLAMOFF sends two pictures: "Italian Children at Play" we have practically seen before, but "The Contrabandist's Daughter" is an exceedingly attractive head and shoulders of a beautiful maiden.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Mr. WIMPERIS confines his attention chiefly to the New Forest, and, with careful selection, has brought together his best and most varied works—there being purple heaths, with heavy decorative elms in the foreground, and fine distance behind them, and there are breezes actually moving the racing clouds across the broad uplands.

At the Hanover Gallery the interest lies in some of the newer men rather than in the pictures of the older Academicians. Mr. MUHRMAN, being distinctly the cleverest, sends studies of "Hampstead Heath—Bank Holiday," and the works of the late HENRY MOORE and of Mr. ROBERT MACBETH give a touch of distinction to the collection.

At the Clifford Gallery in the Haymarket we had Mr. DUDLEY HARDY at his best, playing with an acrobatic joyousness a dozen different themes, in which he unconsciously demonstrates the influence he feels of a dozen or more French municipal mural decorators. His work is very greatly in black chalk. For vivacity he relies on splashes of yellow, green, or red, gives us the tender Pierrot bidding a poetic farewell to Pierrette; the mannish sporting woman, the Hollander, and a figure in a gleam of Spanish strong sunshine; and is reverent when he treats Breton peasants kneeling before a wayside crucifix.

The Goupil Exhibition in Regent Street was almost exclusively modern Dutch; an interesting ISRAELS finds this painter south of the Mediterranean, where he is fully alive to the value of strong light and bright colours. "On the Edge of the Jungle," by JOHN M. SWAN, A.R.A., and the usual Italian canvas from Miss MONTALBA give the gallery a cosmopolitan air.

Mr. MORTIMER MENPES is back again from Mexico to teach us anew that *qui a le succès a le succès*; which in English, too, is success. It has long been his desire to paint certain ornamental scenes of colour, somewhat after the nature of the Old Masters of the Lowlands. As regards illumination, he would group all the brightest pigments of his imagination together in moving masses of figures. Hear

him for himself:—"These pictures, painted in Mexico, do not profess to be a general reproduction of life and scenery in that country. They present features which appealed to myself as a painter, chiefly in and about the city of Tehuantepec. They are mainly night scenes, in which I have attempted to portray a depth and richness of colour peculiarly suited to a scheme I had long been ambitious to execute." In their ebony setting these paintings look more like gemsmith's work than painter's, and yet it is swifter and freer in handling than any of his previous works. Names count for little in such work:—"Market Place, Puebla," "Street in Jalapa," "Zapateco Women leaving Church," with the reverential and religious note well sounded; "A Pulque Shop," "Entry to an Inn"—thirst speeding even the sluggish Mexican man and woman.

The position which Mr. A. D. PEPPERCORN has long occupied among the landscape-painters of the new school is one of so much importance that any exhibition of his work is sure of attention and consideration. On this ground alone the collection of his water-colours which was recently brought together at the Goupil Gallery would have been generally welcome; but it had for experts and students a special interest, because in these drawings the habitual lowness of tone of his oil paintings had given place to an unusual degree of luminosity and colour variety. They presented the artist as a colourist and an interpreter of atmospheric effects, instead of only as a sensitive student of tone relations and sombre harmonies. Mr. Peppercorn's reputation will certainly lose nothing by the change.

At the Continental Gallery a collection of a hundred pictures from the two Salons has been brought together—a gathering that makes us wonder how certain canvases are accepted by juries which consist almost entirely of masters of the technique of painting, even though they be not all artists. The director is to be congratulated on his fearless

policy. Among the exhibits is some very interesting work, some brilliant little landscapes of Monsieur E. CLAUS, a good example of the minor work of Mr. BRIDGMAN, four fair imitations of Degas by Monsieur MESPLÈS, "The Bookworms" by M. JEAN SALA (engraved in a recent number of this Magazine), three works by that promising young artist from the Cape, Miss CARLISLE, and, most interesting of all, perhaps, Mr. W. C. MACGEORGE'S admirable Hals-like picture "Hallowe'en." There are other pictures by better-known artists, but those mentioned are among the most attractive.

Messrs. Sotheran and Co. have been exhibiting Mr. J. G. MILLAIS'S original drawings for the illustrations of his book "*A Breath from the Veldt*." They have, of course, greater interest from the naturalistic than the artistic point of view, but their execution, it need hardly be said, leaves little to be desired. The drawing by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., "The Last Trek," which serves as a frontispiece to the book, was included in the Exhibition, and added greatly to its interest.

The drawings for the illustrations of the "*Annals of Westminster Abbey*" (Cassell and Company) have been on view at the Institute. The skill of Mr. HATHERELL and Mr. H. M. PAGET as historical illustrators has been put forth with excellent effect; while the architectural head-pieces by Mr. TIDMARSH and Miss EVELYN LUCAS are good examples of this class of work. We shall return, shortly, to the consideration of this sumptuous volume as a whole.

The Oxford Art Society has again been holding a very successful annual exhibition. The best contribution consisted of five works by Mr. GEORGE CARLINE, three of which have appeared at the Royal Academy; and Mr. W. S. S. TYRWHITT, the honorary secretary, sends some very successful Eastern scenes.

The fourteenth Fine Art Exhibition at Dundee has this year been combined with the annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society, so that the whole is of exceptional interest. The loan section is very strong, works being contributed by Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A.—"Greek Girls Playing at Ball"—Professor HERKOMER, R.A., Mr. STACY MARKS, R.A., Mr. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., Mr. ORCHARDSON, R.A., Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., Mr. R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., and other members of the Academy. Probably the most interesting picture, however, is the portrait of Thomas Carlyle by Mr. WHISTLER, lent by the Corporation of Glasgow. The Water-Colour Society's work is well up to the average. The exhibition was opened by Mr. BAYARD, the United States Ambassador.

Reviews. THE eulogy with which the authors of the valuable treatise on "*The Church of Sancta Sophia, Constantinople: a Study of Byzantine Building*," by W. R. LETHABY and HAROLD SWAINSON (Macmillan and Co., London and New York), commence their preface is by no means overdrawn. We might, in fact, be prepared to go further, and to point out that not only were all the perfections of the Byzantine style created in it, but the magnificent proportions of its interior and its splendour of effect have never been approached since. For more than fifteen centuries it has been the type followed in all the churches of the Greek ritual, and where adopted by the Turks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it enabled their architects to produce works which, so far as their interiors are concerned, have never been equalled by the buildings of the same period in the west of Europe. In Jus-

tinian's biographer, Procopius, who witnessed the erection of the church, and in other contemporary authors, Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson are fortunate in finding the most clear description of the church, and by no means the least valuable portion of their work is that which traces out the various changes which have taken place, changes which must be looked upon mainly as restorations or rebuilding of certain portions thrown down by earthquakes. Of these latter it has been recorded that from the seventh to the middle of the fifteenth century there were no fewer than twenty-three, one of which lasted for a hundred and forty days; and that in the Turkish records from 1511 to 1765, ten more are mentioned. "It is remarkable," Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson state, "that in this length of time the delicately poised construction of the church should only have required restorations which are relatively unimportant." The few earlier examples of the style quoted on pages 201-3 only serve to emphasise our statement that in the church of Sancta Sophia we find the creation of the new style. The church of St. Sophia at Salonica has lately been claimed as having been erected during the latter days of Justinian's reign, and the setting back of the north and south clerestory walls of the church to the outside of the arch carrying the dome has been cited as an improvement on St. Sophia. Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson,



STATUE OF MEISSONIER.

(By Mervié. Recently erected in Paris. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris. See p. 119.)

however, point out that an earlier age must be assigned to the former, which may possibly date from 495 A.D. and they prove that in Sancta Sophia, Constantinople, after the earthquake of 553, the north and south clerestory wall was brought to the inside of the arch carrying the dome, destroying the solid effect of the

church as seen outside, and darkening the clerestory windows inside. The descriptions given of the construction of the church are of too technical a nature to be given here, but are of great interest. The authors' studies on the spot have suggested to them the interesting fact that Constantinople in the Middle Ages became a sort of emporium for all art works. And just as the "shop production" turned out gold cups and altar lamps and bronze doors, so decorative marble works,

his style of argument) Mr. Robert Walker himself. We are interested to learn that Turner's admiration for Reynolds was only surpassed by that for "Girten."

It was a happy thought to compress into a handy little volume of less than 300 pages that ill-digested but invaluable and delightful contribution to artistic literature — "*Vasari's Lives of Italian Painters*" (Walter Scott, Limited). The difficult task of compression has been entrusted to Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS, who has almost succeeded in achieving the impos-

sible. A work so prolix, so garrulous, and yet withal so cramful of fact and anecdote as Vasari's history is incapable of condensation without serious loss; yet for the ordinary reader this little book is a most useful one, whose only fault is that it has no index and no date on its impress. Mr. Ellis's relative lack of sympathy with the Italian schools of art, even with Vasari himself, does not obtrude itself in his pages; and he has certainly toned down some of the diffuseness of Mrs. Foster's translation, on which his own book, for some reason unexplained, is based. It is enough to say that for many persons at the present day, not strictly students of art, "*Vasari's Lives*" has for the



THE JEHU TRIBUTE PANEL FROM THE BLACK OBELISK OF SHALMANEZER II.

(From the Reproduction by Mr. Alfred Jarvis. See p. 119.)

such as sculptured slabs and capitals, were produced there for export to Perugia, Ravenna, and Rome. A somewhat similar shop production is said to have existed at the quarries of Carrara, where carved capitals in large quantities were made for the Eastern market, and set up in the mosques of Cairo during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The careful painstaking research shown in Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson's work, the scholarship evinced in the rendering of the technical expressions employed by Greek and Latin authors, and the brilliant exposition of the construction of this great historical monument are worthy of all praise.

The Owner of a number of small pictures and sketches, which he alleges to be by TURNER, and of portraits of the painter and, *soi-disant*, of his wife, has conceived the shrewd idea of placing them on exhibition and publishing a pamphlet containing photographs of the same, and challenging the critics to deny the mighty origin. By this means he hopes to advertise his show and obtain gratis the opinions of experts, the most favourable of which he will, doubtless, quote in support of his allegations. Although he has retained the practised pen of Mr. ROBERT WALKER, who uses his opportunity in the spirit of the special pleader, we are unconvinced. Not a single serious argument is advanced to establish the genuineness of his possessions; not a word is vouchsafed as to their *provenance*. Nevertheless, he proclaims his generous determination to offer them to the readiest bidder of the ridiculously small sum of £1,200; and what is this that, he bids us consider, beside the 6,400 guineas recently bid for "Helvoetsluys"? For our part, we decline to fall in with the anonymous Owner's ingenious wish by expressing any opinion upon this curious series. We admit that the portrait is very like the artist at the age of sixty or thereabouts; but we are left as much untouched as (if we may judge by

first time been made available in a convenient form.

A few years ago Mr. FRED HALL, of the Newlyn community, revealed an unsuspected vein of humour in a number of caricature drawings, which were exhibited at Mr. Dunthorne's, and others which were published in *Black and White*. He now appears in the avowed character of comic toy-book draughtsman, and it must be admitted that in "*Hook For'ard*" and "*Amateur Photography*" (George Bell and Sons) he makes a rollicking *début*. His style and method are a cross between Caldecott's and Mr. Phil May's, yet personal enough to enable us to recognise the square touch which has always been distinctive of his work.

The book-catalogues of Mr. Leonard Smithers are remarkable for their illustrations of fine and curious bindings, the most gruesome of which are a series of bindings of HOLBEIN's "Dance of Death" inlaid with human skin with "appropriate" decoration.

Regularly as the winter itself comes the issue by Messrs. Blackie of a batch of admirable, healthy books for boys, adequately and sometimes excellently illustrated by some of the most vigorous among our black-and-white draughtsmen. We have received, by Mr. G. A. HENTY, "*Through Russian Snows*," "*A Knight of the White Cross*," and "*The Tiger of Mysore*," illustrated respectively by Mr. W. H. OVEREND, Mr. PEACOCK, and Mr. MARGETSON. Mr. H. ST. LEGER's "*Hallowe'en's Ahoy!*" is pictured by Mr. H. J. DRAPER, Mr. MUNROE's "*At War with Pontiac*" by Mr. FINNEMORE, and Dr. STABLES' "*For Life and Liberty*" by Mr. SIDNEY PAGET.

"*John Miller Gray: Memoir and Reminiscences*" (two vols.; David Douglas, Edinburgh) is an appreciative work on the late curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. It consists of personal reminiscences of Mr. Gray contributed by friends, and selections of his writings from various periodicals. Mr. Gray was a valued contributor to

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, and his premature death was a severe blow to a wide circle of friends and a great loss to Scottish art literature. The volumes are well printed, and embellished with a good portrait in photogravure and several other illustrations.

Mr. J. Zaehnsdorf has issued "*A Short History of Bookbinding*," which is, indeed, little more than a sketch, clear and concise. To it is appended a useful glossary.

"*Photograms of '95*" (Dawbarn and Ward) shows the limit which has been attained in England in the careful printing of tone blocks on fine paper. Many of the original photographs are very fine; but it is pathetic to see how photographers strive on hopelessly to prove their craft an art. That many of them have great artistic sensibility and succeed in importing some of it into their productions is undoubted; but the basis is as inartistic as the stitches of the machine embroiderer.

It rather seems as if in the new "*Freehand Drawing Cards*," Standards III. to VII. (A. M. Holden, London), Professor Meiklejohn had got hold of an idea, and possibly a good one; but these "cards" do not make it quite clear what it is. Are they exercises in drawing? Then why suggest that certain flowers shall be stencilled? Are they exercises in design? Then why such models as the street-lamp and the chimney-pot? Are they for beginners? Then some of the exercises are too difficult. Are they for advanced pupils? Then many of them are superfluous. They hint at a system of study, but do not clearly mark out a course for the student. For example, just as he might begin to think he was going to be told how patterns may be built up altogether of geometric lines, his attention is called to plant growth, in which geometry is only the skeleton of the design; just as he seems on the point of learning all about leaf shapes, he is brought back to the consideration of quite conventional ornament, and from that immediately to pen exercises. In fact, the lessons follow one another in an order which, to the uninitiated, looks like disorder. They are better calculated to stimulate the imagination of the pupil than to show him the way he should go. Mr. F. G. JACKSON'S drawings are commendably clean, firm, and business-like; but his types (of Gothic ornament, for example) are not always well chosen; and in his adaptations of flower forms the deviation from nature is sometimes not in the direction of beauty. For the purposes of education, nothing less than the best is good enough.

New Engravings. THE Art for Schools Association, for which such strenuous efforts have been made of late, has issued two reproductions of the utmost interest in their different ways—"The Adoration of Shepherds," from the picture attributed to GIOVANNI BELLINI, and "The Newhaven Packet," by HENRY MOORE, R.A. The latter, printed in blue, good as it is, is not so excellent a plate as the former, but it is likely to be more appreciated by the schools for which it is intended than the more archaic beauties of the Bellini. Both plates, however, do credit to the admirable Autotype Company which produced them.

Miscellaneous. IN THE MAGAZINE OF ART for December we drew attention to the reproductions of Assyrian sculpture produced by Mr. Alfred Jarvis. The last ad-

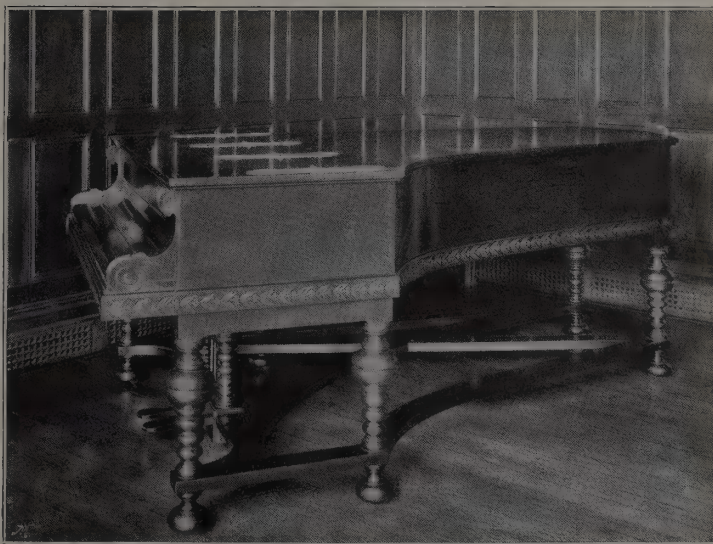
dition to the series is the Jehu Tribute Panel from the black obelisk of Shalmanezzer II. The panel is reproduced the same size as the original (19½ by 19½ inches), and only two hundred copies have been made.

Mr. WATTS, R.A., has presented to the National Portrait Gallery seventeen of his well-known series of portraits including those of Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir Charles Hallé, Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Layard, Earl of Lytton, Cardinal Manning, John Stuart Mill, Sir A. Panizzi, D. G. Rossetti, Earl of Shaftesbury, Viscount Sherbrooke, Sir Henry Taylor, Lord Tennyson, and Thomas Wright, the philanthropist.

The report of the Borough of Nottingham Art Gallery for 1894-5 shows an interesting year's work, upon which Mr. G. HARRY WALLIS, the curator, is to be congratulated. Five exhibitions were held, the most important of which was that of the works of Cornish painters. Two pictures were purchased for the gallery from this collection, viz., "The Fisherman," by Mr. H. S. TUKE, and "Old Sea-Dogs," by Mr. W. H. Y. TITCOMB.

We reproduce on p. 117 the statue which has recently been placed in the gardens of the Louvre to the memory of MEISSONIER. As will be seen, it is a work which is dignified in its simplicity. The figure of the artist is placed in a large Renaissance chair, copied from one which used to stand in Meissonier's studio, while on the pedestal are a helmet, a breastplate, and a flag—symbols of the artist's work. The statue was executed by M. MERCIÉ.

Prizes to the value of £35 are being offered for competition by Messrs. Carl Hentschel and Co., in order to encourage young artists to devote their attention to drawing in pen-and-ink for process. We hardly thought that young draughtsmen stood in need of any such inducement,



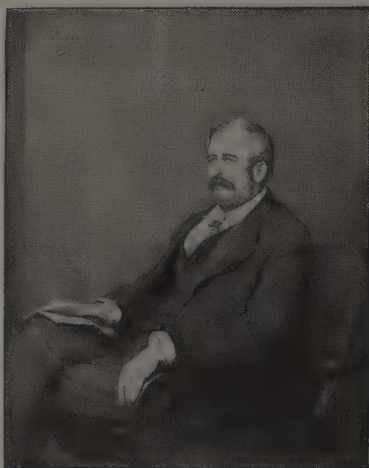
GRAND PIANO IN POLISHED OAK.

(Designed by Mr. George Hentschel and Executed by Messrs. Broadwood. From a Photograph by Bedford, Lemere and Co. See p. 120.)

seeing how important a branch pen-drawing has become to the illustrator. At the same time, Messrs. Hentschel's action will doubtless be appreciated by many. Drawings must be sent in by February 28, 1896.

The Art Union of London recently offered a premium of £150 for the best model for a statuette, and we reproduce on the next page the design which has been awarded

the prize by Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A. It is the work of Miss MARGARET GILES, and represents the classic figure of "Hero." Thirty-six designs in wax were sent in first, and from these a selection was made for the final stage. The subject was left entirely to the discretion of competitors, and the conception, composition, and power of interpretation were taken into consideration in making the award. The competition was a revival of a practice which the Art Union frequently adopted in former years for obtaining works issued to the subscribers: it no doubt serves considerably to extend the influence of the Society in the encouragement of artists.



THE LATE ALDERMAN PHILIP RATHBONE, J.P.

(From the Painting by W. B. Boadle.)

Messrs. BROADWOOD have doubtless produced more ornate examples of their work than the piano reproduced on p. 119; but this is of interest from the fact that it was designed by its owner, Mr. G. HENSCHEL. The case is made of solid oak, relieved only by an incised band of floral work round the plinth, and by some delicately executed carved scrollwork on the cheeks at the extremities of the keyboard. The hinges are of wrought iron, designed after antique models. The chief feature of the design is the substitution of six massive Jacobean columns for the usual legs. They are turned ball upon ball, the ball situated two-thirds up the column being twice the size of its neighbours. The columns are connected by horizontal beams ingeniously following the outline of the piano, being intersected by two other beams meeting in the middle in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. Instead of the usual lyre-ornament for the pedals, the wires work between two small columns of the same pattern as the legs. The oak has been toned down by fumigation, so as to harmonise with the wainscot panelling of Mr. Herschel's music-room, where the piano stands.

Obituary. BY the death, on Friday, 22nd November, of Alderman PHILIP HENRY RATHBONE, J.P., of Liverpool, the cause of art has lost one of its most enthusiastic, persistent, and intelligent advocates, and his native city has lost one of its most distinguished citizens. The Rathbone family, originally Quakers, has now for seven generations been honourably known in the city, especially for its consistent opposition to the slave trade, which was so intimately associated with Liverpool's growth. Mr. Rathbone, the youngest son of William Rathbone, a very eminent citizen, was born in 1828. Having completed his school career, he spent two years in a voyage round the world, after which he engaged in business as an underwriter. From this he retired about ten years ago, after holding many important public positions in connection with the commercial life of the port. Entering the Town Council in 1867, he remained a member of that body, with one short break of a year, until his death. The retirement of

Alderman Samuelson, J.P., a few days before, left him the "father" of the Council. It was in association with Mr. Samuelson that Mr. Rathbone's most notable work was done. The withdrawal of the Liverpool Academy, weakened and impoverished by dissensions about Pre-Raphaelism, left local art in a sad plight, and these two councillors worked hard to persuade the Corporation to step into the vacant place. As a result, the first autumn exhibition was held in 1871. The two friends lived to see the twenty-fifth—the silver wedding of the municipality to art, and Mr. Samuelson is happily still with us. From first to last Mr. Rathbone threw himself into the enterprise with intense enthusiasm. In 1877 its success led Mr. (afterwards Sir) A. B. Walker, Bart., to present the city with an art gallery, where the exhibitions are held, and where there has been accumulated a valuable permanent collection of modern pictures purchased for the most part with the profits of the exhibitions. Mr. Rathbone's cultured eclecticism, his great knowledge and keen critical instinct, made him the most prominent and valuable factor in the city's art progress, and it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the effect of his untiring labours on the improvement of Liverpool streets and buildings. One of his last battles for the right was in connection with the adequate decoration of St. George's Hall (of which his father laid the foundation stone) with sculptured panels by Mr. Stirling Lee. Mr. Rathbone was of wide literary culture, no mean poet, a vivacious lecturer, a caustic wit, and a most charming host and companion. We reproduce the portrait by Mr. W. B. BOADLE, now in the civic collection, which was presented to Mr. Rathbone by public subscription in 1892.

The death has occurred of Mr. THOMAS F. DICKSEE at the age of seventy-five. He was an artist of no mean ability, but his work was overshadowed by that of his more famous son, the Royal Academician, and of his daughter, Miss M. I. Dicksee. He was, however, the first teacher of both, and prepared his son for admission to the Academy schools. Shakespeare was his favourite source of inspiration, most of his pictures being scenes from the plays, and a series of Shakespeare's heroines occupied his attention for some time.

M. PIERRE CHARLES COMTE has died at Fontainebleau, at the age of seventy-two. He was a painter of historical pictures; and one of his works, "Henri III. and the Duc de Guise," is in the Luxembourg.



HERO.

(By Margaret Giles. The Copyright of the Art Union of London.)



A VILLAGE ON THE OISE.
(From the Painting by Daubigny.)

MR. HUMPHREY ROBERTS'S COLLECTION.

OIL PAINTINGS BY FOREIGN ARTISTS.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

THE generous collector to whom our readers, not less than we, are much indebted, possesses a certain number of oil-paintings by foreign masters; they are not many, but each of them is of choice and truly representative character, complete, luminous, and in a fine condition. From these the restrictions of time and space compel selections of a stringent kind, which apply to the illustrations not less than to the text of this essay, and exclude from both these sections everything that concerns works by *old* masters, except only as regards the beautiful and homogeneous "Dort." This is one of the very numerous and highly poetic illustrations of his native city which Cuyp (1620—1691) loved to paint, and, most of all, in the glowing aspect of the early evening hour, when, as contemporary records tell us, he was wont to linger upon the broad and level Maas, which slowly bore him seaward, while the sun declined behind him in the west. So far as I know, Cuyp, who was one of the subtlest observers of nature, painted Dort happily in every effect of light, except that of the moon (which the Old Masters rarely, and never successfully, as the moderns have done, attempted; Cuyp not, happily, at all). But he, in depicting *l'heure crépusculaire* he loved so much,

seldom surpassed the charms of the example now in question, which is warm, tender and broad, simple, and yet exquisitely graded, finished, and without the least appearance of labour. Here we have the gold-flushed towers of the ancient city, and, most conspicuous among them, the huge mass of the Groote Kirke and the Augustines' Church, where he was christened, where the very pious painter worshipped, and where his bones have lain in peace since November 15, 1691, when he was buried there. One of the most sympathetic of the cloud-painters, Cuyp depicted no formless and capricious masses such as most of the Old Masters gave us, instead of the cumuli and strata of the Dutch atmosphere, but delineated them as if he knew the laws of their being, and, as here, was minded to treat them with intelligent research, and as much skill as he devoted to the hulls and sails of the loitering craft, which, with the towers of Dort and other masses of his picture, so happily attest that genius for composition which gave a great though little understood charm to his art. Strange to say, his countrymen, within no long time after Cuyp's death, seem to have cared so little for his pictures that at sales, when biddings were tardy, the auctioneers were wont to

"throw in" such examples as that before us, as if they were not of much account. Smith tells us that till 1750 no Cuyp had been sold in Holland for more than three pounds. It was in England that the honours of Cuyp were enhanced, until specimens

exception of Fortuny, Frenchmen. Of these, Corot (1796—1875), by whom Mr. Roberts possesses probably seven specimens, comes first in the order of time, as well as of originality. In respect to the poetry and purity of his genius, Corot was



FOREST SCENE.

(From the Painting by Díaz.)

which, originally, few cared to buy in Holland, realised £5,000 each. So rapid was the increase in question, that whereas "Le Départ pour le Promenade," which is now in the Louvre, fetched in the Slingelandt sale of 1785 only £54, it was in 1886 valued by the French official experts at £2,000.*

The remainder of Mr. Roberts's foreign masters whose works I am studying were, or are, with the

* On the other hand, Sir Philip Stephens's "Thirsty Herdsman," by Cuyp, which is now at Petworth, had, in 1810, to be bought in at 1,600 guineas, and in 1829 realised only 1,010 guineas. The prices of another "Thirsty Herdsman" fluctuated between 1821 and 1833 from 463 guineas, 600 guineas, 480 guineas, 600 guineas, and 380 guineas. The Peel "Herdsman and Cattle," now in the National Gallery, was sold in 1822 for 1,000 guineas. Sir Philip Stephens, who was Secretary to the Admiralty during that momentous period, 1763—1795, had a fine collection of pictures, among which were several Cuyp's of merit. It will not be forgotten that while 337 Cuyp's (a total which was far, indeed, from including all the works bearing the master's name) are enumerated by Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné," a considerable proportion of these were by Van Stry and others, and not genuine. It is, however, quite possible that Cuyp painted as many as Smith named, or at the rate of no fewer than seven pictures per annum.

second to none, while, as a draughtsman and a painter, he was far superior to most of those I have to mention. Of his works now in view "Evening" is a masterpiece of the tenderest colour, scarcely rising beyond the hues or the strength of silver and the palest of opals—for the Père Corot, as M. René Ménard well said of him, "assimilates all he sees to his inward dreams, and the varied effects uniformly appear to him under the same poetical and visionary aspect:" exquisitely harmonious, too, in its pure and almost radiant tones, which never fail to be in keeping. We have the edge of a wood of ashes and other trees of light and feathery foliage. From the opening of a glade of these we see, as in a vista, an expansive, slightly undulating champaign—for Corot, even in the lines of his meadows, ridges and hedges, not less than in the forms of his tree trunks and their branches, studiously avoided a crudely contrasting form—which is half lost and wholly softened in the most lucent of shadows. The foliage is distinct against the rose and silver of the clouds and the

palest turquoise of the firmament above them. Near the woodside a group of peasant girls, some of them with their loose tresses swaying as they move, are dancing like so many oreads or dryads of antiquity. In all respects this is an extremely lovely example, and instinct with that idyllic charm which the painter, as M. Ménard suggested, found in his inward dream when roaming in the woods of Fontainebleau. "I dream my picture," said Corot of these wanderings; "later, I shall paint my dream." But this idyllic inspiration did not prevent the *père* from drawing his trees with the fineness and completeness of a master of research, nor did it hinder him from touching their foliage with tenderness and delicacy such as not Claude himself, nor any master before Turner, had the least notion of, nor from grading the atmosphere as if it overhung Paradise. It is no paradox to say that Corot, far more than Claude,

nymphs and naiads of the waters—than even Turner himself supplied.

"The Lake," a reproduction of which is before us, gives most of the above-named high qualities and pure sentiment of Corot, who painted it. Its composition, which, though rather conventional and mannered, is excellent, illustrates his skill in disposing the masses of his subject in a broad, dignified, and impressive manner that, of itself, suggests repose, as well as indicates the immemorial peacefulness of a land where trouble is unknown. Mr. Roberts has, by Corot, a fine study of cliffs near a swift stream, as they are seen in the light of a tranquil evening, a gem which charms us by the multitudinous tones of its grey, silver and pearly hues.

The next master I have to mention is Diaz, or, at length, Narcisse Virgile Diaz de la Pena, who, born at Bordeaux, was doubtless of Spanish descent. He was certainly a brilliant and robust painter of the



THE LAKE.

(From the Painting by Corot.)

or even Elzheimer (that idealist's model and forerunner) was the most Greek of the landscape-painters. The all-pervading harmony and ineffable but constant grace which characterise Corot's works give us more of that mysterious charm—or of an antique fairyland that is haunted by the wood-

type of Ruysdael, with an infusion of the genius of Gaspar Poussin from among the "ancients;" but most of all he was deeply affected by the splendid vigour and romance of Jules Dupré (1812—October 7, 1889), his junior by three years, a still more potent painter of forests and their mysteries than his

follower. Diaz's powers are adequately suggested by the "Forest Scene" which is now in Mr. Roberts's collection, and is engraved with these pages. Diaz, who was born in August, 1809, and died in November, 1876, passed when quite young under

approaching or equal to it, except in the landscapes of Mark Anthony. Linnell, though great in other ways, possessed but a small share of the inspiration which obtains in such pictures as that before us; while Constable, a fine naturalist, had hardly so much as Linnell. Gainsborough—an idealist, without a touch of romance or any reverence for the woodland deities, such as Pan and "The Queen and Huntress," or "The Dryads" and the "Oreads Brown"—had next to none, or, rather, none at all. It is a noble and masculine force which inspires the art of such pictures as those here in question, and it is a pity there is, or ever has been, so little of it among the British landscape-painters, who have long persuaded themselves that, out of England, there is no real art of the kind they profess! By Diaz Mr. Roberts has a fine group of sumptuous and sumptuously clad "Turkish Ladies," which illustrates one of the most attractive phases of his multifarious and vigorous mood and style.

In 1810, three years after Diaz, Constant Troyon, a still greater landscapist than Diaz or Dupré, was born at Sèvres, and in due time became a pupil of Rivereux, but most of all of nature in her serene and genial if not reposeful mood. He was a master who studied his own country's landscape in the spirit of an old master, and hardly ever failed to remind us of the truth in that poetic aspect which sympathising eyes discover. The engraving on p. 125 gives an unusually correct and sufficient idea of this singularly fine and masculine artist, whose large style and noble skill in composition, if not the greatness of his coloration, are manifest

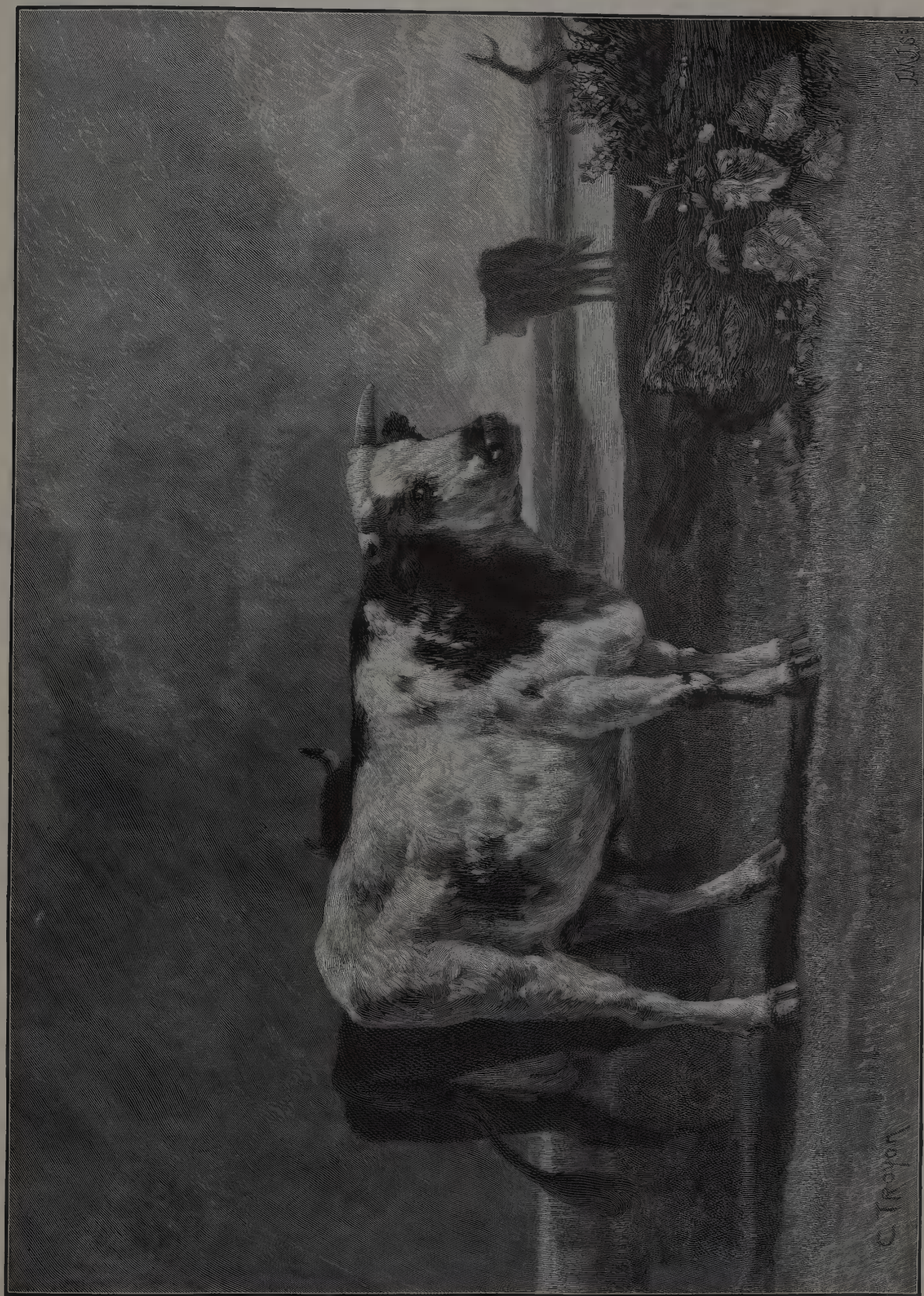


AT THE GATE OF THE SERAGLIO.

(From the Painting by Mariano Fortuny.)

the influence of Dupré and Raffet, as well as of that able and poetic "realist" in the Poussin strain, Nicolas Cabat. These strong spirits seem to have affected our painter more deeply than any of the old master-poets in landscape, such as Ruysdael; while the influence upon him of the latter, though great, was certainly indirect. Neither now nor ever have we in England had landscapists of this robust and naturalistic though not realistic sort, who united the pathos and energy of Elzheimer with something of his "monumental" feeling. There is a foretaste of their noble spirit in the backgrounds of some of Reynolds's portraits, while, among the men of our time, I find nothing of the sort, either

in this case. One of his greatest works is "Oxen Going to Work," which is, or was, in the Luxembourg (Salon, 1855), and of which P. H. Hamerton justly wrote—"Here we have a picture of fresh and misty morning, illimitable land, of mighty oxen marching slowly to their toil. Who that has seen these creatures work can be indifferent to the steadfast grandeur of their nature. They have no petulance, no hurry, no nervous excitability; but they will bear the yoke upon their necks and the thongs about their horns, and push forward without flinching from sunrise until dusk!" It was this full sense of the grandeur of the cattle of Troyon which affected us in observing



CATTLE.

(From the Painting by Troyon. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

their efforts as well as their repose, which is hardly less impressive in the comparatively unimportant designs before us than in the stupendous work Hamerton referred to—a work which moved all observers of those French pictures that created so deep an impression in London when the International Exhibition of 1862 comprised “Oxen Going to Work,” and revealed the potentialities of French art to the unsuspecting Britons of that epoch.

a soldier; afterwards an engraver again, and, at last, *i.e.* about 1855, a painter. His subjects were sheep, pigs, often and admirably, farm scenes, homely inns, vistas of village streets, and all sorts of rustic, human, and animal domesticities of the humbler sort, which often enough he coloured badly; while he designed and touched his favourite themes with the rarest sympathy. As an etcher and lithographer Jacque excelled most of his contemporaries, while



THE CAPE OF ANTIBES.

(From the Painting by Jules Breton.)

Troyon had a sense of style such as few painters of cattle and landscapes of any country have enjoyed. He was one of the more energetic and important members of that group who, with his aid and that of Rousseau, Troyon, Flers, and Daubigny, effected a revolution in French landscape-painting, and directed a fresh mood for looking at nature. (This, as I have already reminded the reader, was initiated by Constable in 1825, by Bonington, and, before all, by Turner.) Troyon's picture of a sandy river near the sea, close to which a woman with a basket on her back is trudging laboriously, is a good specimen of his art—sober and massive, and distinguished by its breadth of olive, grey, and blue tints. It also belongs to Mr. Roberts.

The frontispiece is “The Flock,” so called, of Charles Emile Jacque, who was born in Paris in 1813, became an engraver, and then, for seven years,

there was nothing of a cock or a hen which—fine and true colour apart—he could not paint like a great master. The subject of the sheep drinking at a stream, which is before us in the etching, is a theme after Jacque's own heart. Much in his way, too, is the view we next meet, showing a French village and its whitened houses in the vista of a street.

J. F. Millet's “Seaweed Gatherers,” which is in this gallery, shows, with great force and breadth, the limpid gloom of a stormy twilight upon the sea and shore, where, just within a girdle of dark rocks, three men are rescuing *vraick* from the restless ocean. This picture has powerful tones, as well as wealth of colour. Millet was born in 1814, and died in 1875. He is best known in this country by “The Angelus” (1867), his most pathetic, if not his best picture. He was a grand and original master, and it is a pity that a large collection of his works

has not been made in London. Mr. Roberts has two pictures by C. F. Daubigny, another of the pathetic naturalists (not one of the mere vulgarising "realists," or of those crude impressionists like Manet, whose "impressions" are so ugly) to whom I have already referred. One of them is reproduced here as "A Village on the Oise," representing a scene such as this fine artist loved beyond all others. The view, painted with breadth, a firm broad touch, and plenty of colour, gives the day still glowing, while twilight deepens after sunset, and flushes the old grey building, the more ancient church, and the solid foliage of the darker trees. It represents, I think, Auvers-sur-Oise, near Pontoise, where Rajon, the famous etcher, lived and died, and near the church before us was buried. Another Daubigny in this house represents the old and thatched buildings

hand sustaining his chin: a pathetic, vigorous, and grave picture. Heer Israels was born in 1824, and still lives and paints. Fortuny, a great master of technique, and a most exquisite imitator of the effects of light upon the splendid subjects he affected, was born in 1838, and died in 1874. Mr. Roberts has a capital small sketch by this brilliant painter *in excelsis*, being the original of the block here given as "At the Gate of the Seraglio," representing a tall, gaunt Arab leaning against the side of an opening in a wall. It is about as luminous, pure, and solid as a Rembrandt or a Decamps. "The Cape of Antibes," with Nice in the distance, is by Jules Breton, who was born in 1827, and is still living; the light on the buildings, and the pure blue of the sea, suggest comparisons between the art of Henry Moore and that of M. Breton's youth,



CHILD WITH GOAT.

(From the Painting by J. Maris.)

of a village and some cattle. After studying this characteristic example on a small scale, I turn to "A Washerwoman," cleansing linen in a tub placed near a window, a representative instance of Heer J. Israels' mood, method, and mannerisms. By the same there is a life-size three-quarter-length figure of an old man seated brooding in a chair, and with one

when this delightful piece was painted. Lastly, I come to M. Maris's "Child with Goat," to which the illustration on this page does almost sufficient justice.

In the preceding number of this series of notices, I inadvertently wrote "Turquoise," as the title of Albert Moore's picture, therewith engraved, instead of "Topaz."



THE FLOCK
(In the Collection of Humphrey Roberts Esq.)

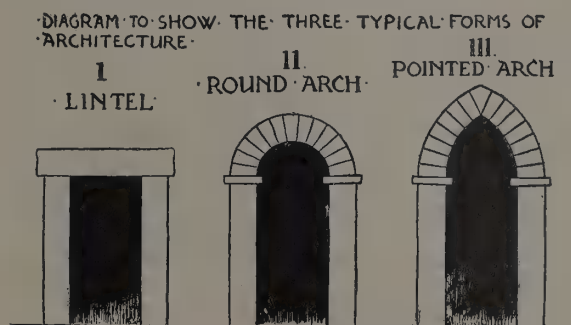
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Magazine of Art

OF THE INFLUENCE OF ARCHITECTURAL STYLE UPON DESIGN.—I.

BY WALTER CRANE. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

IT seems tolerably obvious that without shelter of some kind, without walls or roof, without suitable materials, determined limits, proportions, and prepared surfaces, the art of the decorative designer, whether in sculpture or painting, or any



other method of expression, could not have much chance of serious development, historic continuity, or permanent existence. The natural walls of cliffs and caves might certainly be utilised, as they have been in prehistoric times: bold tribal ensigns, such as the "White Horse," cut through the green turf on the chalk in a kind of natural sgraffito, as it appears upon the Wiltshire down, might exist (with periodic scouring) for ages. But it is only with the development of the constructive art that organic ornament springs to life; only with the squaring and joining of timbers, the moulding of bricks and tiles, and the cutting and dressing of stone, and their use under the constructive necessities of a building, that the sense of relation or proportion is born, without which we could have no fine art at all.

It may be an open question whether the impressionist individual graphic sketcher, or the constructive associated craftsman designer, represented the primitive artistic condition—we are apt to colour history as well as art by the tint of our own sympathies; but judged from the fragmentary sgraffito of the cave-men it would almost seem as if the former was the first in the field, and that man only slowly found his way to the harmonious, related, and ornamental forms of art after he had made some progress in the construction of the primitive dwelling.

It seems highly probable that the material and method of construction of the wicker and wattled walls of the primitive hut gave motives for some of the first types of pattern design.

The primitive hunter-artist might scratch the forms of the reindeer and mammoth upon the bone handles of his weapons, or the herdsman astronomer cut the signs of the sun and moon, of fire and water, upon clay or stone; but the sense of rhythm and harmonious recurring line would have to be learned in following the useful craft of the rush-plaiter and basket-maker, to whose simple constructive methods we owe at least two important plans of ornament—the chequer, and the spiral meandering line. Their value, too, has never been forgotten in ornamental work, and when man learned to work stone and bronze he still perpetuated these primitive motives.

In considering the bearing of the architectural influence upon decorative design of all kinds, which is so marked in all historic art, we may conveniently adopt Mr. Ruskin's three broad and main divisions



which indicate the fundamental differences of constructive principle in architecture, namely—

- I. The architecture of the lintel.
- II. The architecture of the round arch.
- III. The architecture of the pointed arch.

Or, characterising them from the decorator's point of view by their leading ornamental spaces, or features, we might distinguish them severally as—

- I. The architecture of the frieze and pediment.
- II. The architecture of the spandril and dome.
- III. The architecture of the vault and window.



Of lintel architecture ancient Egypt gives us the most massive examples, but it seems most probable even here that stone construction only followed wood, or rather reeds and clay, and that the types and systems of ornamentation were originally suggested by these primitive materials.

If we look at the primitive Egyptian house, planned for a hot climate, built by the great river-side, of materials furnished by the river itself, we may see the type of the massive Egyptian temple column (in the clustered reeds fixed at the angles). This but represents in stone and more formally a bundle of lotus reeds bound together by fillets of rushes, with the bud and flower clustered at the top to form the capital. The coved cornice of the flat mud roof made of rushes is perpetuated in the painted cornice with the torus moulding of the pylons of the great temples, as at Edfu and Philæ.

The mud walls built in layers filled in between the framework of reeds, with its horizontal and vertical divisions marked by them, may also have suggested the subdivisions of the stone wall to receive the hieroglyphics and figure paintings; but with

the adoption of stone structure came stone sculpture, and the temple walls are regarded as great surfaces for the permanent record of the mysteries of religion, of the powers and attributes of gods and kings, of their wars and conquests, and of the labour of the people upon which the wealth and power of empires always rest. The Egyptian wall reliefs were sunk, the outlines being hollowed and the edges of the figures rounded, so that they never projected in relief beyond the surface of the wall. We may consider this an elementary stage in the evolution of relief sculpture, but undoubtedly the broad and massive monumental look of the walls which is so marked a feature of the Egyptian style owes its character to this treatment.

The statues have the same simple, broad, massive architectural character, as if they were the half-emerged spirits of the changeless stone itself. Placid of countenance and tranquilly indifferent to the passage of time, they impress us with their sublime dignity, which belongs alike to their sphinxes and lions which guard the portals as to the small



portrait statue. Even where these latter show an extraordinary realism, as in the famous scribe of the Louvre, with the eyes of rock crystal, quartz

and bronze—a work of the early empire—they are still under the influence of this architectural con-

The very joints of the bricks help the general effect and vary the surface. Design, colour, and modelling are here *one* with structure. The figures appear to have been pressed upon the clay while soft from wooden moulds and then divided into bricks, the bricks being long in proportion to thickness. The colour surface of the turquoise blue of the ground is very varied, being put on in small well-flattened disc-like patches. The figures are alternate as to their dress patterns and colour, though alike in attitude. The small repeated form upon the dress of one set of archers is supposed to represent the fortress of Susa itself in an heraldic sort of way.

In the palm-leaf-like running border, as in a similar design of frequent occurrence in Assyrian ornament, we see the type afterwards developed by the Greeks in the anthemion, who must have been largely at first under Asiatic influence. To the Greeks, too, we



trol, simplicity and reserve, which seems to me to give dignity to all Egyptian art.

The Egyptians, though acquainted with the use of the round arch, did not use it as an architectural feature, like the Assyrians in their palace gateways, who also, according to Viollet-le-Duc, used the round brick vault to support the roof of the interior large halls of these palaces. But the sculptor was the chief decorator in the Assyrian palace. He kept the door with his mighty winged bulls, man-headed, meeting at the angles, and facing outwards in a formidable way, their general design controlled by the rectangle of their position and architectural purpose; and he covered the alabaster wall slabs with delicately chiselled reliefs, in which the story of his times and the customs of his country is graphically, if somewhat rigidly, told.

The ancient Persian depended largely for his architectural effects upon lintel and column, the peculiar form of the typical capital suggesting its origin in the timber-built houses of the Medes with forked tree stems supporting the beams of the roof.

The wall decoration of glazed bricks from the ancient fortress and palace of Susa shows the Persians to have been accomplished workers in that material, and to have been early distinguished for their ornamental and colour sense. The frieze of archers moving in severe profile along the battlements of the fortress forms a striking decoration, and at the same time a remarkable illustration of the architectural influence, since the decoration not only shows this in its design, but could not have existed apart from the actual wall and its construction.

METOPES OF THE PARTHENON



SHOWING RELATION & PROPORTIONS OF THE MASSES IN RELIEF TO THE GROUND

owe the simplest and most refined type of lintel architecture, in the Doric temple, which was apparently evolved from a timber-built shrine or

tabernacle, the triglyphs which divide the frieze into panels representing the ends of the cross-beams. These, with the vertical grooves or chamfers, serve as a framing for the sculpture which, as in the Parthenon, filled the metopes or spaces between them. The low-pitched roof terminated in a pediment, and these pediments again afforded a space for sculpture. In the arrangement of the groups which filled the eastern and western pediments of the Parthenon, shattered as they are, with the assistance of Carrey's drawings, we may detect the controlling influence of architectural line. In fact, figure sculpture intended to be placed in a pediment can only fill its position when it acknowledges this control, since the groups, however varied, must be enclosed by the rigid boundary of the space, running into extremely acute angles at each end.

The subjects were the contest of Athena and Poseidon, for the patronage or protection of Athens, and they were significant and symbolical of all that the Athenian citizens held dear. In the eastern pediment we have the fragments of a great sculptural and decorative epic, the central point of the birth of Athena being lost; but in the figures and groups that remain I think it is clear how constantly in the controlling lines both of groups like the Fates, and in single figures like the Theseus and Ulysses, the long, sloping angles of the pediment recur through infinite variation, and give harmony and relation to the whole work, from the extended arm of the sun-god rising in the extreme angle driving his horses, whose heads emerge from the sea, to the descent of Selene with the horses of night in the corresponding angle.

We find here that great principle which holds good through all design—the principle of recurring or re-echoing line, which governs both the disposition of masses and the arrangement of detail.

We may trace the indications of the same feeling in the design of the metopes and of the famous

frieze of the Cella, which is still more decidedly ornamental in its lines, and might, almost, have been planned upon those of a running rhythmical scroll border.

There is, of course, in practice, all the difference in the world between working consciously and drily according to fixed principles, and working inventively and freely under the influence of architectural geometric lines and spaces. To acknowledge the existence of natural laws in art is

a very different thing to being a slave to an academic tradition, as in art there are generally a variety of ways of solving a particular problem.

It may be said, indeed, that howsoever beautiful are these sculptures as individual figure-sculptures, regarded solely as such they are strictly architectural ornament and parts of a whole, and their distinction of style is, I am inclined to think, largely owing to that fact. The truth is that the human figure was really the ornament of the Greeks. Their types of strictly ornamental pattern in the ordinary sense were extremely limited and mostly derived from Asiatic prototypes,

however refined upon and perfected by delicacy and precision of workmanship. But from the Phidian period till the decline, in figure design they were free and inventive, and whether the aim of their artists was to produce a terra-cotta statuette, to paint a vase, to carve a marble statue or a frieze-slab, we find the same extraordinary feeling for grace and appropriateness and sense of controlling line.

Another point we may note about these Parthenon sculptures—and of the use of sculpture in the classical temple generally—is that they are *not used to emphasise* what I should call *the constructive features*, but to *fill the interstices of the construction*. The building stands without them, or, I suppose, few would be prepared to justify their presence in the British Museum if they were there at the cost of the



fall of the Parthenon; though there are many who do so now, although they are there at the cost, practically, of its artistic destruction. That is to say, it is the building without its sculpture—somewhat like a man with his eyes put out.

Close by, however, we find an illustration of the opposite principle, the sculptural emphasis thrown upon the constructive necessities, in the caryatid columns of the Erechtheum. In these we have a notable instance of the union of sculpture and construction, and it is evident that in the treatment of these figures the sculptor has strongly felt the necessity of architectural massiveness, simplicity, dignity, and reserve. They each support the cornice upon an abacus and cap, and the columnar vertical feeling



•GREEK
•LOW-
•BACKED
•THRONE•

is expressed by their erect attitude, slightly varied individually, and by the severe vertical lines of their draperies.

The caryatid idea is no doubt a most difficult one to treat satisfactorily, and there is a sort of painful slavish suggestion about it, as of human beings condemned to support an intolerable burden.

It was said of the imitation of the Erechtheum caryatides at St. Pancras

Church, that they might be intended for St. Pancras householders groaning under the burden of heavy rates. There is no suggestion of restlessness or pain about the originals, however. The idea constantly recurs in Renaissance work, though without the Greek simplicity and reserve which alone makes it tolerable.

The prototype of the sculptural pediment may, perhaps, be found in the sculptured slab, placed to fill the hollow left by the relieving arch over the massive lintel gateways of the ancient cyclopean buildings in Greece, as at the gate of Mycenæ. In the sculptured lions and column we have a simple exemplification of the symmetric principle in design, as well as of that recurrence or re-echoing in the design of sculpture of the lines of the enclosing space.

The architectural influence is marked enough in the design of the accessories of Greek life, as, for instance, chairs and couches, lamps and pitchers.

The columnar idea is carried out in the bronze tripods used for lamps, reminding one of the silver candlesticks of the Queen Anne period which often imitated in metal the proportions and details of the classical column. It reappears in the supports of seats and chairs, while the figure frieze between bands of ornament is used as a system of decoration for vases. With the use of the round arch other elements and principles were developed in decorative design. Under the Romans the capital, column, and cornice became more ornate, and this necessitated

a more strictly ornamental treatment of the frieze, which became continuous, and unbroken into panels by triglyphs, and the garland, or swag, as we term it, originally a temporary festive adornment, became a permanent decoration valuable for its recurring graceful line, especially as adapted to the friezes of round temples and tombs—like the Sybil's temple at Tivoli and the tomb of Cecilia Metella—the vertical corrective lines being obtained by the pendent ends and ox skulls. The tradition of the ancient timber construction was still retained in the egg and tongue and dentil mouldings, which had long become purely decorative enrichments.

The *pilaster* and *cornice* were also added to the architectural decorative resources, which were further enriched by the addition of such suggestive spaces for the painter and sculptor as the *lunette*, the *spandril*,

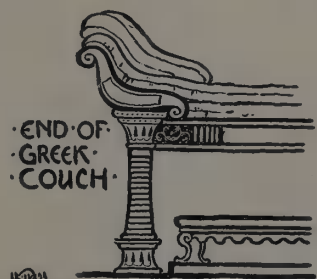
and the *medallion*; while the decorative value of inscriptions was fully realised by the use of the severe forms of the Roman capital letters, re-echoing the vertical lines and angles of the architecture.



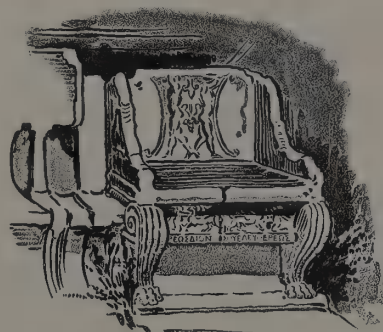
•GREEK
•TABLE
•WITH
•VOTIVE
•OFFER-
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•GREEK
•CHAIR•



•END OF
•GREEK
•COUCH•



•MARBLE CHAIRS
•THEATRE OF DIONYSUS
•ATHENS•

JOHN CLAYTON-ADAMS.

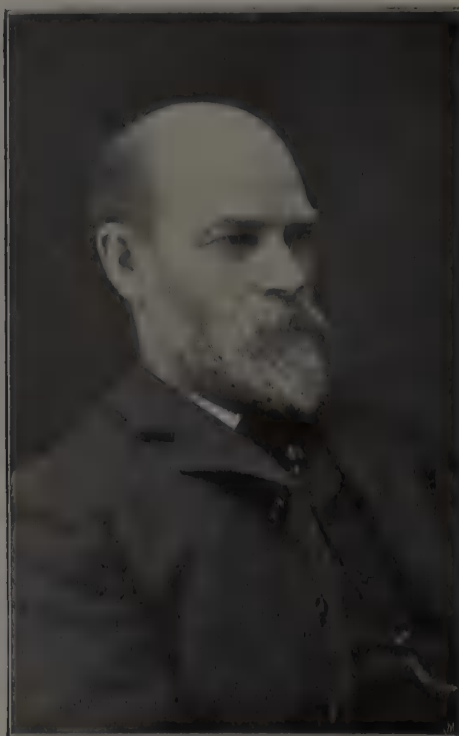
BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

WHATEVER may be the justice of the objections which critics raise against the position taken by British figure painters and decorators beside those of the Continental schools, it is impossible to assign to the landscapes which this country produces any place but one in the front rank of European art. The British landscape school has for many years been regarded as the source of many of the finest qualities which distinguish the performances of artists beyond the Channel, and has set to other nations many an example of acute observation and thoughtful interpretation by which they have not been slow to profit. In bygone years Constable was to the painters of romantic landscape in France a guide and model, the origin of a large series of noble paintings in which the hints derived from the master were by his followers developed and expanded till they became the principles of a great art-creed. More recently Henry Moore saw himself established as the hero of the Parisian art-world, the recipient of high honours, and the acknowledged leader of the school which for many years of his life he represented so worthily. Now and again, as in the case of Bonington, an English artist found in France so much keener appreciation than was vouchsafed to him among his own countrymen, that he was induced to take up his abode where his aims were understood and his works accepted. Always the foreign view of British pictures of the open air has been one of respectful sympathy, and frequently this sympathy has expanded into enthusiasm and worship.

Strangely enough, the attitude of the official leaders of British art is by no means over-friendly to landscape. At the present moment the Royal Academy is very far from exercising its influence to help on the modern painters who have chosen to tread in the steps of our famous students of

inanimate nature. With two or three notable exceptions, all the men whose energies are being devoted to worthily upholding the traditions of our landscape school have not been received within the Burlington House circle. They are "outsiders," in

high favour with the public, respected by their brethren, and admitted on all sides to be well worthy to continue the work which was begun for them by Constable, Turner, and a host of others, but "outsiders" they remain. That this should be so is the more lamentable because, as a result, the selecting and arranging of the one great annual exhibition which, rightly or wrongly, the public insists upon regarding as an adequate summary of the contemporary art of this country, continue in the hands of artists who are, no doubt, supremely capable, but who have, as often as not, been trained to regard their subjects in a microscopic and short-sighted manner, which has unfitted them to consider the wider and more intangible truths of out-of-door nature. Landscape certainly needs to be judged by



J. CLAYTON-ADAMS.

(From a Photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn.)

men who paint it, by students of effects of atmosphere rather than by the industrious workers whose view is necessarily limited by the conventions and restrictions of the studio. Under a skylight there are no tender gradations of atmospheric colour, no subtle variations of delicate light and shade, no palpitation of lights and fluctuations of shadow—all is decorously steady and definite. An artist whose working hours are spent under such conditions approaches nature in a spirit which is apt to be out of sympathy with the more rough-and-ready methods of his brother-brush whose painting-room is a hillside or a river-bank; and he more often than not shows a disposition to demand in exhibition landscapes qualities which are opposed to the real genius of this particular branch of art practice.



THE SILVER DART.

(From the Painting by J. Clayton-Adams. By Permission of the Council of the Art Union of London, the Owners of the Copyright.)

At all events, the blame for the existence of this quite lamentable condition of affairs cannot with justice be laid upon the landscape-painters themselves. Rarely have the ranks of the "outsiders"



EVENING ON THE DEE.

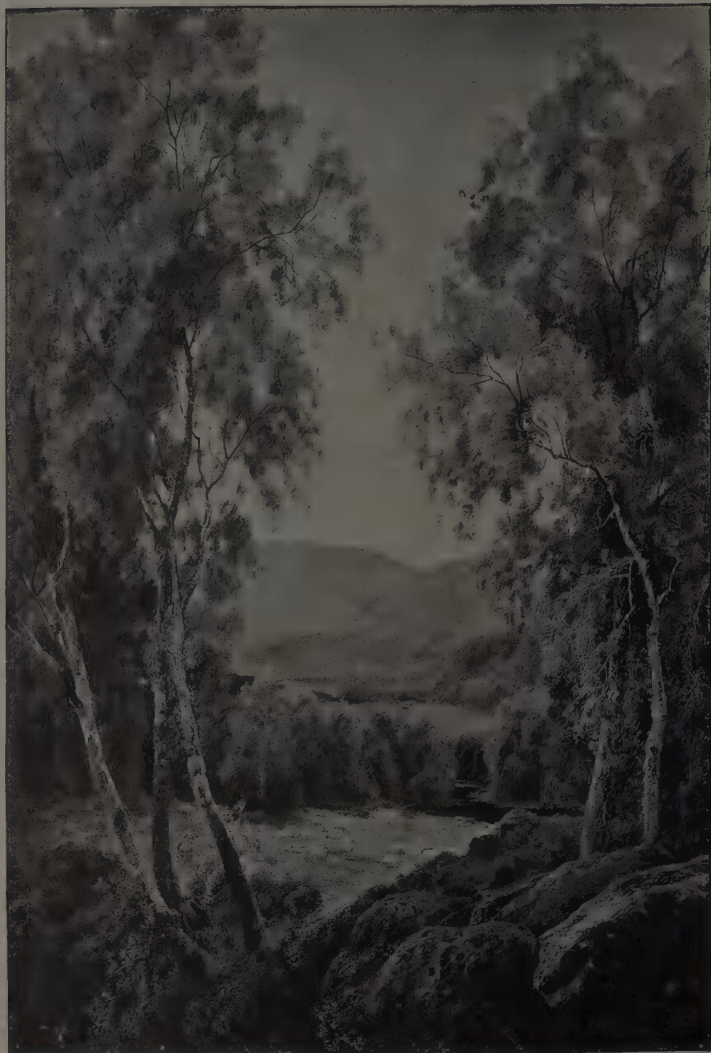
(From the Painting by J. Clayton-Adams.)

included so many notable men of this school as at the present time. No fair objection on the score of lack of merit can be made against them; nor is it possible to pretend that the approbation of the public has been withheld from them. The popular

first batch of admissions. Not many of the landscape-painters of the present day can boast of a wider popularity than Mr. John Clayton-Adams. He has for many years been a prime favourite with that very large section of the community which has an

affection for the type of picture which presents a pretty, well-selected subject, painted unaffectedly and with sincere desire to attract by the accurate rendering of detail and effect. His place in the modern school of landscape is that of a recorder of facts. His mission is to put down with the loving care of a close student those beauties of nature which appeal to him by their richness of elaboration and by their peculiar appropriateness of material. To this mission he has assiduously devoted a working life of more than thirty-five years, and his ready acceptance by the public to whom his appeal has been made may be taken as convincing proof that this devotion has been appreciated and that he has followed in a manner altogether judicious the lines which his own tastes and his own individual preferences induced him to lay down for himself.

These individual preferences determined Mr. Clayton-Adams from the first in the choice of his career. His artistic leanings made themselves evident very early in his life, and there never seems to have been any hesitation over his adoption of the painter's profession. He inherited his tastes from his mother's family, some members of which had previously shown considerable artistic capacity. His father, on the other hand, was a scientific expert, a lecturer on astronomy, and a member of a family which had been celebrated through



BLUE AND SILVER.
(From the Painting by J. Clayton-Adams.)

vote would have placed them in the seats of authority long ago, had there been any means of making such a vote operative. But at times it suits the Academy to disregard both the voice of its supporters and the opinion of the profession; and just now it is prepared to assert its own convictions in opposition to every suggestion which may be made to it.

Certainly, if the adjustment of the balance between the elect inside Burlington House and the crowd waiting outside came to be made in accordance with the demands of the untechnical many, there is one artist who would inevitably have a place in the

many generations for proficiency in mathematics and various branches of science. That the son should have displayed so marked a preference for the pursuit of art was made the more remarkable by the fact that both the Claytons, his mother's ancestors, and the Adams family were of Puritan stock, the first tracing descent from Cromwell, and the second from the Protector's great lieutenant, Fairfax. Even the non-aesthetic traditions of his ancestry could not, however, restrain the inclinations of the young artist, and he began the systematic study of his profession, with the full



A PASSING SHOWER.
(From the Painting by J. Clayton-Adams. By Permission of F. Breuer, Esq.)

consent of his parents, while he was still little more than a child.

His training, judged by the present-day idea, seems to have been slight and somewhat desultory.

that have occupied him ever since, and refused all invitations to digress into other walks of art. When he was first commencing to exhibit, he was offered by Grieve, the scene-painter, an engagement



FROM CONEYHURST TO LEITH HILL.

(From the Painting by J. Clayton-Adams. The Property of F. A. Bevan, Esq.)

His chief teacher was Mr. W. W. Fenn; but he also attended, for a while, the Bloomsbury Art School, where he practised figure drawing and the ordinary round of class-room exercises. He began to exhibit at the age of twenty, his first Academy picture, "A Devonshire Cottage," being hung in the Trafalgar Square galleries in 1860. After this there was a gap of some years, for it was not till 1867 that his next exhibited works, "Wheat" and "The Labourer's Cottage," appeared on the same walls. During the remainder of the Academy's stay in Trafalgar Square his only other contributions to its exhibitions were a couple of landscapes, "Spring" and "A Mountain Stream;" but at Burlington House he has been a far more constant exhibitor. Indeed, with the exception of one year, he has not been unrepresented in any of the annual exhibitions held in the present home of the Academy.

Unlike most other artists, who are apt to roam about from subject to subject and to vary their manner frequently while feeling for the path that they intend eventually to follow, he set himself from the first to work at the subjects

as assistant, so that he might study the technicalities of that artistic craft; but the fascinations of open-air painting had by then become more than he could resist, and he decided to go on as he had begun—as a landscape-painter. To give anything like a complete list of his exhibited works would be a considerable undertaking, for he has all his life worked with great energy, and has produced a wonderful array of canvases, small and large. Probably the best known of his Academy pictures are "Flowers of the Field," painted at Cromer; "Where the Waters Gently Pass," exhibited in 1882, and now hanging in the Bethnal Green Museum; "Meadow-sweet" and "The Rough Road," shown in 1888; "Down the Valley," "The Top of the Hill," and "The Woodman's Path," which appeared in 1888, 1890, and 1892 respectively; and "The Silver Dart," which was exhibited in 1893, and of which an engraving by Mr. David Law was used the following year as one of the Art Union prizes. His 1895 picture, "The Golden Vale," has also been etched by Mr. David Law for the Fine Art Society—the purchasers of the

original work. Another gallery where he is always well represented is that of Messrs. Tooth. It was there that was shown the delightful stretch of distance which is illustrated here under the title "From Coneyhurst to Leith Hill."

Mr. Clayton-Adams may be claimed as an essentially British artist for another reason besides that afforded by the character of his work. He has never painted outside the limits of the British Isles—has, indeed, except for a day, never set his foot on any soil but that of his native land. Everything he has produced has been British and for the most part English. His chief hunting-ground has hitherto been in the southern counties, and especially in Surrey. He has worked in Kent and Hampshire, a little in Devonshire, and now and then in other districts; but the majority of his pictures illustrate the scenery of the immediate neighbourhood of his home, near Guildford. His house is built upon the very spot from which Vicat Cole painted his well-known canvas, "Autumn Gold," and it is about the hills and valleys of this still unspoiled region that Mr. Clayton-Adams has occupied himself for more than half his life. Whether he will continue to devote himself so assiduously to the same subjects in the immediate future is, perhaps, open to question. He has come recently under the influence of Scotch scenery, and the influence has been to him an absorbing one. His first sight of Scotland was in 1894, when he paid a flying visit of a week or so; but last summer he went there armed with all materials for a painting campaign. He returned with some forty pictures of various sizes, all records of Deeside scenery, which are early this year to be presented to the public in the galleries of the Fine Art Society.

Concerning his technical methods and modes of picture production there is not much to be said. Like most other artists, he is fond of experiments in mediums and materials, but these experiments are always subordinated to the object he invariably keeps in view—the production of a satisfactory piece of work. His habit is to paint his large canvases entirely out of doors whenever he can, for he prefers to work face to face with Nature and to draw his inspiration immediately from her; but occasionally he finishes in the studio pictures begun in the open. He

works, in point of fact, according to circumstances, and adapts his methods to the exigencies of the moment. He has remained uninfluenced by the unrest which at the present moment pervades the art-world, and has had the good judgment to refuse to be turned away from the path which has led him to success and popularity. We may perhaps sum him up as an artist who has painted all his life portraits of Nature, first in one costume, then in another, but who has never allowed himself to depict her at an unlucky moment, neither in ecstasy nor in abandonment. His devotion to her has attracted the attention of those who worship her at a greater distance, and



MEADOW-SWEET.

(From the Painting by J. Clayton-Adams. The Property of Walter Webb, Esq.)

has gained him sincere friends and staunch supporters. He certainly deserves their encouragement, for he has served her well.

SPORT^{IN}ART

FALCONRY.—PART I.

By J. E. HARTING, F.L.S.

THE time-honoured diversion of falconry or hawking, one of the most ancient of field sports, from the very picturesqueness of its details has commended itself in all ages to lovers of art. It would be foreign to our present purpose to discourse on its antiquity, on its introduction into Europe from the East, on its general spread amongst sportsmen of various nationalities, on the extraordinary fascination which it has exercised upon kings and princes, to the detriment of the national exchequer, or to the causes which have gradually led to its decline. These are branches of the subject upon every one of which a long chapter might be written, but which would carry us too far from the consideration of our present theme, falconry in relation to art. The field of research is so extensive, and the influence of the falconer's art has made itself so widely felt amongst the exponents of painting (including illumination), sculpture, wood-carving, ivory-carving, metallurgy, tapestry, ceramics, and wood-engraving, that the subject is sufficiently embarrassing from the very wealth of material at command.

Perhaps the earliest representation of falconry in art of which we have information is a bas-relief discovered by Sir A. H. Layard amongst the ruins of Khorsabad, in which a falconer is represented carrying a hawk upon his fist. From this it is to be inferred that hawking was practised there some

1,700 years B.C., though in China it was known even at an earlier date than this, for in an old Japanese work, of which a French translation appeared at the beginning of the present century, it is stated that falcons were amongst the presents made to princes in the time of the Hia dynasty, which commenced in the year 2205 B.C.

John of Salisbury, who died in 1182, discussing the question of the origin of falconry in Europe, arrived at the conclusion that it was introduced into Greece by Ulysses after the siege of Troy, an opinion which has been endorsed by several subsequent writers. According to Von Hammer, however, the Turks were the first masters of the art in Europe, and imparted it to the Persians, who in their turn instructed the Greeks and Arabs. This view receives some confirmation from an Arabic MS. of the tenth century, of which a French translation was published in 1880, in which it is stated that the first falconer, according to an Arabic tradition, was a King of Persia. However this may be, it is clear that the practice of falconry exercised little, if any, influence upon Greek art; from which we are to infer that the sport was never really popular



A LADY FALCONER.

(From a Persian Tile.)

amongst the Greeks, who, when not engaged in military training, devoted their leisure to the chase of the stag, the hare, and the wild boar, because, as Xenophon tells us, such pursuits were

eminently useful in qualifying men to become soldiers. The art of hunting, therefore, took a firmer hold upon the national mind than did the art of falconry. Figures of the wild animals above mentioned were consequently popular, and, like



COIN OF AGRIGENTUM.
(Showing Eagles and a Hare.)



COIN OF ELIS.
(Showing an Eagle killing a Sheep.)

those of horse and hound, were reproduced by the Greek sculptors with a marvellous fidelity to nature, while we may search in vain amongst the Greek marbles for any illustration of the falconer's art. The nearest approach to anything of the kind, perhaps, is to be found on some of the ancient silver coins of Greece, which bear upon the obverse remarkably characteristic figures of eagles or other birds of the hawk tribe in the act of seizing prey.

This resemblance to the objects of our search, however, is to some extent illusory, for a careful scrutiny of the design reveals the fact that the birds delineated with such fidelity by the Greek mint-masters cannot with certainty be affirmed to be trained hawks, inasmuch as they do not exhibit the signs of servitude in the shape of the "jesses" or leathern thongs round the legs by which they would be held and restrained by the falconer. On the other hand, as is well known, it has long been the custom of Eastern falconers to train eagles to the pursuit of hares and antelopes, so that the figures upon the silver coins above represented may, after all, be considered as possibly emblematical of the falconer's art.

The reproduction to the left of this column is of a coin of Agrigentum, in Sicily, date about 406 B.C., on which are figures of two eagles holding a hare, above which is the name of the chief magistrate, ΣTPATON , by whose direction the coin was struck. The other is a coin of Elis, one of the Ægean Islands, date about 430 B.C., and bears a representation of an eagle killing a sheep. Both coins are tetradrachms, of the value, in English money, of about 3s. 4d. Whether they bear any intentional reference to falconry as then practised in the East, or merely represent the bird of Zeus, as an emblem of nobility and overwhelming strength, they, at all events, afford a striking example of the fidelity with which a bird of prey

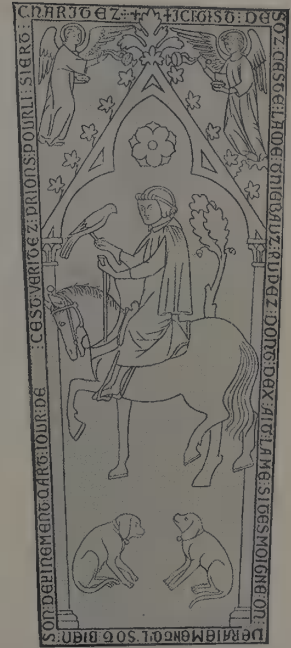
could be depicted twenty-three centuries ago. Although on so small a scale, every characteristic feature of the species is accurately represented. The long, flat head, overhanging eyebrow, the cere, the nares, the curved beak, the long neck-feathers, the upturned direction of the flight-feathers when expanded, the accurate clothing of the wing when closed, the short tail, the long thigh feathers, and the strong, curved talons all point unmistakably to an eagle, and show a careful attention to minute details which is very remarkable.

Nor is this by any means an exceptional case. One has only to visit the British Museum and examine the beautiful series of coins in the Department of Greek Antiquities to be speedily convinced of the high degree of excellence attained by the Greek mint-masters of old in the metallic representations of natural objects. On this subject a good deal might be written, but, in view of the limited space at disposal, it must suffice to refer the reader to an instructive article on "The Fauna and Flora of the Greek Coinage," which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for May 2nd, 1891, and to a more recent essay on "The Coinage of the Greeks," by Mr. G. F. Hill, with some excellent reproductions by the collotype process, which will be found in *Knowledge* for June 1st, 1895.

Between the period of Greek art at which the coins above figured were produced and the present time it is not a little curious that, so far as falconry is concerned in relation to the metal-worker's art, there is little to notice except monumental brasses of mediæval design, some of which are curious enough, and remarkable as works of art. Reproduced herewith is a reduced tracing of one from the church of St. Memine, near Châlons-sur-Marne, date about 1260. It is

commemorative, as we learn from the inscription, of one Thiebautz Rupez, who, from the circumstance of his being represented with hawk and hounds, we may assume to have been a person of quality.

The brassfounder's skill was called into requisition for the manufacture of hawks' bells, which are



BRASS FROM ST. MEMINE
(1260).

of considerable antiquity. In the case of a falcon, they are affixed to the leg with a little strip of leather termed a "bewit," and in the case of a goshawk to the two middle feathers of the tail, the object being to direct the falconer by their sound to the spot where the hawk has killed the quarry, or to the particular tree on which she may have "taken stand" at a distance from him. Hawks'

facsimiles given in Agincourt's famous "*Histoire de l'Art*," from which some of the figures are here reproduced, the originals must be amongst the most beautiful of their kind, and we are in doubt which to admire most: the skilful draughtsmanship of the artist, or the minuteness of the details which to modern falconers are so instructive and valuable as showing the form of the perch, block, bell, swivel, jesses, and other accessories of falconry in the early part of the thirteenth century. Of these miniatures, which most effectively illustrate a series of lessons on the management of hawks, Agincourt has remarked that the natural pose of the figures, both men and hawks, is the result of the commencement of truth in design.

These miniatures, however, are by no means the earliest of their kind, for we may go back to a period three or four centuries earlier and find pictorial representations of hawking of considerable merit. For example, Strutt gives an en-



MINIATURES FROM THE EMPEROR FREDERICK II.'S TREATISE UPON
HAWKING (1247).

bells are mentioned in the Latin treatise of the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany, written in 1240; and in the "Boke of St. Albans," printed in 1486, special directions are given concerning them. We read that "for Goshawks sontyme Bellis of Melen [Milan] were calde the best, and thay be full goode for thay comunely be sownden with silver and solde ther after. But ther be now used of Duchelande bellis: of a towne calde Durdright [Dortrecht], and thay be passing goode, for thay be well sorted, well sownded, sonowre of ryngyng in chilnes, and passing well lastyng." We are further instructed that they should be of equal weight, not too heavy for the hawk to carry, and not both of one sound, "bot that one be a semytoun under a noder."

The "Duchelande bellis" are used to this day by English falconers, who procure them at Valkenswaard, in North Brabant, although many prefer the Indian bells on account of their superior tone. These, however, are less easily obtainable. The Dutch bells are spherical in shape; the Indian bells are slightly constricted in the middle, which gives them the appearance of small dumb-bells. The Chinese hawks' bells are similar to those of Indian make, but heavier and less musical.

The mention of the Emperor Frederick II. reminds us that he spent much of his time in Italy and Sicily, where hawking was practised with much enthusiasm, and secured the services of an Italian miniature painter for the purpose of illustrating his MS. treatise on the subject. To judge by the

graving from an Anglo-Saxon MS. of the end of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century, preserved in the British Museum (MS. Cotton.), representing a Saxon nobleman and his falconer with hawks on the bank of a river, where a crane and wild ducks are feeding, and another drawing of the same subject, with a little variation, occurs in a Saxon MS. of somewhat later date.

Subsequent to the date of the Emperor Frederick's miniatures (c. 1247) many good examples may be found amongst the MSS. preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. Some of the best of these, dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, will be found reproduced in M. Charavay's most instructive "*Étude sur la Chase à l'oiseau au Moyen Âge*" (Paris, 1873). Paul Lacroix, also, in his instructive work, "*Mœurs, Usages, et Costumes au Moyen Âge, et à l'époque de la Renaissance*," has made us familiar with several curious miniatures illustrating the practice of falconry in the fourteenth century which adorn the manuscript "*Livre du Roy Modus*." The authorship of this treatise has given rise to much ingenious speculation, and may be said to have been definitely settled only within the last few years (cf. "*Bibliotheca Accipitraria*," 1891, pp. 61, 64). It was first printed in 1486 (the same year in which our English "Boke of St. Albans" was printed), and the illustrations are valuable, not only as exemplifying the progress of artistic design and the earliest efforts of the wood-engraver, but as affording trustworthy figures

of the various objects appertaining to falconry, the form of which has undergone but little change between that date and the present time.

Nothing is more striking in the history of this sport than the persistency of ancient types amongst the falconer's accoutrements. The hood (first introduced into Europe by Frederick II.), the glove, or gauntlet, the lure, the jesses, the swivel, the bell, are all much as they were in 1247, and while preserving more or less their original shape—the best that could be designed for the special purpose to which each was to have been applied—they have improved only in the workmanship of the details. Thus the hood which was originally fashioned out of one piece of leather rudely sewn, with an aperture for the hawk's beak, and a narrow thong to draw it close at the back of the neck, came in course of time to have ornamental eye-pieces of red or green cloth sewn in, blocked out to save the eyes of the bird from injury, while in the case of noble owners, the seams were sometimes embroidered with pearls, precious stones, and gold and silver thread.

A Persian hawk's hood presented to the writer

yellow silk, with tufts of green and red silk on the back, the ends of the braces being decorated, one pair with green and the other pair with yellow tassels. A falconer's saddle-bag, also of Persian workmanship, in the writer's possession is of crimson velvet embroidered with gold thread, illustrating another phase of the embroiderer's art, suggested by the sport of falconry.

Similarly, the lure and the falconer's bag, while preserving their original shapes, came in time to be fashioned of bright-coloured cloth, or velvet, upon a foundation of leather, beautifully ornamented with appropriate designs, by the hands of some fair workers in *tapisserie*.

Interrupting here the natural transition from miniatures of the fourteenth century to early wood-blocks, we may pause for a moment to note the progress of art in tapestry, and the effective manner in which this art is found to illustrate the history of falconry. It would carry us far beyond the scope of the present article, however, were I to digress upon this interesting portion of the subject, and I must therefore be content to touch very briefly on such details as illustrate the above remarks, re-



FALCONER'S BAGS.

(From the Collection of J. E. Harting, Esq.)

by Prince Dhoust Mahomed Khan, a son-in-law of H.M. the Shah of Persia, furnishes a striking example of decorative art in this direction. This hood is of brown leather with crimson plush eye-pieces, sewn in with silver thread; on the top a tuft of

ferring the reader for fuller information to the instructive handbook by M. Eugène Müntz, "A Short History of Tapestry from the Earliest Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century," which has been translated (1885) by Miss Louisa Davis.

A notable illustration of falconry as pursued by the Norman princes is furnished by the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, which is preserved in the Cathedral of Bayeux, in Normandy, and is there known as "*la toilette de Duc Guillaume*." It is 200 feet long, and about 2 feet 6 inches wide, and is said to be the work of Queen Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror. It represents the departure of Harold for Normandy and the conquest of England by William the Conqueror. Harold and Guy Comte de Ponthieu are represented each carrying a hawk upon the fist. It is not surprising that so important a work has called forth much learned commentary, and the reader who desires to learn more concerning it should consult what has been published by MM. Lancelot ("*Explication de la Tapisserie de Bayeux*," Mém. Acad. des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, Paris, VI. p. 739, and VIII. p. 602) and Comte ("*La Tapisserie de Bayeux*," 79 photo. plates. Paris, 1878).

Many notable specimens of tapestry might be mentioned in which the art of falconry may be found illustrated, and the fine collection in the Science and Art Museum, South Kensington, contains good examples from which a selection might be made. But it will suffice for the present purpose if I direct attention to some specimens of the embroiderer's skill in the shape of "falconer's bags," carried like the modern "game-bag," but generally used for the transport of live pigeons, to serve as "lures," as well as to hold the hawk's meat (carried in a tin box to keep it moist), with spare hoods and leashes in case any were lost. Some of the most beautiful examples of this kind of embroidery are of Italian workmanship, usually adorned with characteristic emblems of the chase (see p. 143).

To a somewhat earlier specimen of this class I may refer in an Elizabethan falconer's bag in the possession of Lady North, of Wroxton Abbey, Oxfordshire, which is mounted on an enamelled frame of silver-gilt, and embroidered in silk with

representations of the blackberry and mistletoe, emblematical of autumn, the hawking season. A figure of this on a larger scale than those above given may be found in the "*Bibliotheca Accipitraria*" (1891, p. 12), in which allusion is made also to a falconer's glove and lure (in the same collection), of the same period, similarly embroidered. We may take it that such accoutrements were intended only for state occasions, or for the use, perhaps, of royal personages. The ordinary glove, lure, and bag for everyday wear would be of plain leather, with little or no ornament beyond perhaps a tassel or fringe. The lure used by Elizabethan falconers was in the shape of a horse-shoe, covered with cloth or leather, on which a piece of raw meat was tied and weighted, to prevent its being carried away by the hawk.

An older form of lure used in the fifteenth century is figured by Viollet-le-Duc, in his "*Dictionnaire Raisoné du Mobilier Français*" (Vol. II. Art. "Chasse," p. 440, Fig. 21), and a still older form appears in some of the illustrations to the "*Livre du Roy Modus*" (1486), to which allusion has been already made.

While on the subject of mediæval art in relation to falconry, I ought not to pass unnoticed a very different but equally important branch of it—namely, ivory-carving, of which some excellent examples illustrating this sport may be found in the Maskell Collection in the British Museum. Two of the exhibits in this collection (Case F) deserve special mention. They are circular mirror-cases, date about 1320, admirably carved with representations of hawking scenes. Equestrian figures, male and female, carry each a goshawk on the left hand, with attendants on foot in the rear. In one of them, the larger and whiter of the two, the attendants carry hawking-poles to aid them in crossing the fen dykes and to beat up the fowl from the sedges, while in the foreground are figures of a hound and hare. As specimens of ivory-carving of this period they are, for design and execution, probably unequalled.



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

BUFF COATS.—PART II.

By ALBERT HARTSHORNE.

CONTINUING the main story where we left it, on the battle-ground of Zutphen, in 1585, we find from the roll of the funeral procession of Sir Philip Sidney, in 1586, that the jerkin of the harque-

busier, of the musketeer (here illustrated), and of the targiter, was of this form, namely, without waist or sleeves, and with a narrow neck-band allowing the linen collar to fall over it. These are important illustrations as showing the complete buff garment in its earliest form, then most probably made only of two pieces. Such must have been the fashion of the buff



MUSKETEER.
(From the Sidney Roll.)

jerkins supplied to the soldiers under Leicester in 1585, and of those which Sir Francis Vere took from the Spaniards with other arms and armour when he "sought death" at the siege of Ostend in 1601.

There are no buff coats — *coletos de ante* — in the Armeria at Madrid; indeed, of coats of this early character no examples appear to exist, but that in the possession of the late John Pettie, R.A., approached very nearly to them. This example may well be as early as 1620. The narrow collar, the deep tan colour, the unusual fastenings, the absence of lining, and the loops at the back for the support of the sword-belt—showing the coat to be before the time when the cuirass was worn over it—are early and noteworthy characteristics. A coat of the same kind, but a little later, is in the appreciative hands of Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A. The narrow neck-bands of these examples point to the period of the ruff; the arming currier had to consider



BUFF COAT.
(From the Collection of the late J. Pettie, R.A.)



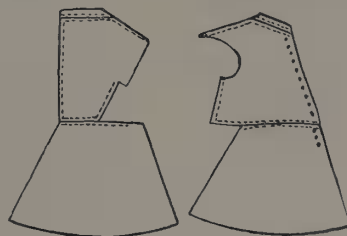
(From the Munich Museum.)

and to yield to the milliner.

An important example in the Museum at

Munich, here illustrated, shows the ornamental stitching and the holes in pairs by which the silk sleeves were tied in.

The buff coat — *lederen kolder* — of Hendrik Casimir I., Stadhouder of Friesland, Groningen and Drenthe, preserved in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, has much in common with Mr. Pettie's example. The diagrams of half the back and half the front show that it is sleeveless and made of eight pieces; the lacing carried below the waist-line indicates that the early form of the jerkin was not yet abandoned. Prince Hendrik was shot in this garment by a musket ball at the assault of the fort St. Jan Steen, near Hulst, upon the Flemish frontier, in 1640. His gallant father, Ernst Casimir, of Nassau, whose hat is preserved at Amsterdam, was shot through the head in 1632 at the siege of Roermond, famous for its Romanesque church.



BUFF COAT OF HENDRIK CASIMIR I.

The exact definition of a *jerkin* is difficult, chiefly because the name was retained while the garment altered during a long period. The present inquiry concerning particular leather garments has brought out the knowledge that the early examples were spoken of as buff jerkins, and those that belong to the period of the Civil Wars and later as buff coats; the emphatic difference being that the former hung loose, in a direct line from the shoulder, and came but little below the waist, while the latter was fitted to the body and had skirts.

In the Galleries of the Low Countries, in the brilliant works of a persevering and gifted race, we find numberless delineations of the buff coat, of thick leather or thin according to the requirements of military or civil costume. From these pictures we gather much as to the details of foreign buff coats. They were lined with red cloth, sleeves slashed, and decorated and laced with black or coloured ribbons—the sleeveless examples showing the silk sleeves of the



BUFF COATS.

doublet, and richly ornamented with gold or silver lace. The annexed rough sketches from pictures in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam—for which I am indebted to the friendly co-operation of Jkr. B. W. F. Van Riemsdijk—give an idea of variety and adaptability in the continental coats which we look for in vain in English models.

To the courtesy of Jonkheer Van Riemsdijk I am under further obligation for the drawing of a singular coat, about 1650, also preserved in the Amsterdam Museum. Made of four pieces of leather of unusual thickness, the edges are simply brought together on the shoulders and fastened



VARIOUS FORMS OF BUFF COATS.

with hooks; the sleeves are of thinner leather and set in, their peculiar shape indicating the coming cuff, which will be touched upon in its place.

Before quitting the foreign buff coats, we may not omit to recall to remembrance the famous display of buff coats, scarves, and gorgeous costumes, nobly painted, in Van der Helst's great picture at Amsterdam, "Het Schuttersmaaltijd"—the Banquet of the Civil Guard, on the conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia, 1648, spoken of by Sir Joshua in his notes taken on the spot in 1781, as "perhaps the first picture of portraits in the world;" or those examples in Rembrandt's luminous work, "The Night Watch," in the same great collection. From the former have been drawn two illustrations—the coat worn by Lieutenant Johannes Van Waveren, richly decorated with gold lace; and that of Sergeant Dirk Claesz Thoveling, with the sleeves overlaid with silver lace, and a cuirass covering the body. Finer examples of their kind there could not be, and it is satisfactory to know that a buff coat as rich as that which Thoveling wears, lined with white silk, with silver laced sleeves and silver aggraves, is now in the collection of Mr. Seymour Lucas; certainly it could not have a worthier resting-place, but the mention here that it once formed an item of the Meyrick collection will revive the regrets that that unrivalled assemblage of arms and armour was scattered and lost to the country. This beautiful coat was reproduced in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for December (p. 56) by the friendly leave of the owner.

Obviously, the interest and value of a buff coat are considerably enhanced if it can be associated with certainty, like that of Casimir I., to a particular individual. In this regard the coat of Sir John Gell—the original text and *motif* of this article—in the possession of Mr. Henry Chandos-Pole-Gell, takes a prominent place. Its authentic record as a personal attribute of a man who was a very conspicuous Parliamentary leader, its fine condition and interesting details, at once stamp it as a relic of which the long-descended owner might justly be proud—a coat, in fact, worthy to rank as a historic one.



BUFF COAT.
(In the Amsterdam Museum.)

We have now left behind the simple buff coats of four pieces, and, thanks to the facilities which Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell has afforded, I am enabled to illustrate and describe in detail this capital example of the picturesque defence which seems to be almost as typical of the Civil War as the "Man of Destiny" himself. The leather forming the body, skirts, and outer sleeves is about five-sixteenths of an inch thick; the inner sleeves are made of soft buff leather, first lined with strong white linen, the outer ones for four



JOHANNES VAN WAVEREN. DIRK CLAESZ THOVELING.
(From Van der Helst.)

inches up, the inner sleeves and the whole coat being lined with thick and rich golden-coloured satin. The unlined portion of the outer sleeves give the original colour of the buff leather, and show what a gorgeous garment it must have been when new. The collar is formed of thin buff leather, sewn on the outside to a narrow sub-collar of leather a quarter of an inch thick. It is reinforced with four thicknesses of buckram quilted together in horizontal stitches, covered with satin and bound with yellow silk braid, the same being used on the openings of the cuffs and

laid along the inner edges of the body. The overlapping flaps in front are provided with iron hooks, one inch long, for attachment to loops of white silk cord inside and outside respectively. The loops for the buttons at the neck and wrists are the same, the buttons being of Oriental

character, worked with pale yellow silk over wooden balls. The protection afforded by the overlapping flaps of the front skirts is manifest. A distinguished Spanish connoisseur of arms has reminded me that the few buff coats he has met with in Spain were sleeveless, with both breasts and skirts

doubled in the same manner. The lacing cord of Sir John Gell's coat is of plaited silk and silver wire, with a white metal aglet. It was originally fixed in the top dexter hole, and finished with a tie in the last hole, on the sinister side. Attached inside the coat at the waist line are twelve tabs of buckram, covered with yellow satin and containing silver rings, through which were passed the long hooks of the trunk hose. The remains of the trunks that belonged to the "lively figure" of Buckingham, in the "Ragged Regiment" at Westminster, retain the long hooks for this purpose. Mr. Seymour Lucas's Meyrick coat has a flat lace run in and out at the waist line for the same use.



SIR JOHN GELL'S BUFF COAT.



DIAGRAMS OF SIR JOHN GELL'S COAT.

As to the forms of the sixteen different portions of the coat under consideration, the annexed diagrams to scale will sufficiently show them; it need only be added that the under sleeves follow the shape of the outer ones, bringing the number of parts up to twenty—one less than what is necessary at the present day for a dress coat. With regard

to the making, the edges of the thick leather outside are stitched through, thus forming a ridge which protects the work; the corresponding inside edges are merely sewn over. The thinner undersleeves are simply stitched outside, the whole of the work being done with a strength and precision which would probably put to shame even a modern sewing machine at a World's Fair. No excuse is offered for thus dwelling in detail upon the construction of Sir John Gell's coat, since the opportunity of examining one of so fine a quality is scarcely likely often to recur.

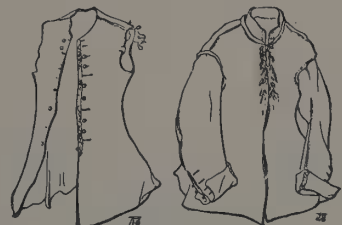
Akin to the buff coat just described is another historical example, that of Lord Brook (here illustrated), which was long preserved in Warwick Castle, but was destroyed, with twenty others, in the lamentable fire of some years ago. By a sort of happy prescience, Mr. Seymour Lucas had a careful copy made of Lord Brook's coat before its destruction:

"Primo avulso non deficit alter."

Again to carry forward the story chronologically, it appears that towards the middle of the seventeenth century the short and wide-skirted buff coats fell into disfavour, and were abandoned by degrees; the "cut" was improved, and buttons and button-holes gradually introduced. Such a coat, of German origin—in modern parlance, a *büffellederne koller*—silver-laced up the front, with horn buttons, and the sleeves torn out, is in the possession of Mr. E. Crofts, R.A.; and another, in the same collection, also from Germany—an early example of the turned up cuffs—is valuable, from these and other details of an older kind, as a *transitional* coat. Both are here depicted by a tyro from drawings by the owner's accomplished hand. In further illustration of the transition is a coat of trim cut, canvas lined, of great thickness, and three feet six inches in length, belonging to Sir Charles Isham. As in the example of the same date at Amsterdam, the sleeves are of thinner leather; the buttons at the cuffs are of plaited silver wire. It has been



LORD BROOK'S
BUFF COAT.



BUFF COATS.

(From the Collection of E. Crofts, Esq.,
R.A.)

illustrated and described, without any warrant, in "Scott's History of the British Army," as the coat worn by Fairfax at Naseby. It is, of course, later

than the crisis of the Civil War, but it has a sufficient interest of its own.

The rare monumental effigy in Radway Church, Warwickshire, of Captain Henry Kingsmill, set up in 1678, who was shot at Edge Hill in 1642, shows him in a buff coat of the later date; he wears a transverse sword-belt.



BUFF COATS.

(In the Possession of Sir C. Isham, Bart.)

The buff coat at Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire, has a loop on the right shoulder, by which the belt was kept in place, and cuffs looped back to buttons, showing it to be of the same period.

The altered style of buff coat is well seen in a second example which belonged to the late Mr.

Pettie, in which both sleeves and body are formed of the same thick leather; it is, perhaps, the coat of a dragoon. The original buttons remaining are embossed in silver with roses on wooden foundations. The position of the pockets, the cuffs turned up, faced with pink silk, and formerly looped back, show that this coat can hardly be earlier than 1675. With regard to cuffs, they began to be turned up before the middle of the seventeenth century, in order to show the rich lace and lawn sleeves of the shirt, just as boots were turned down to exhibit their lace-lined tops and boot-hose. Such cuffs are the forerunners of those of the eighteenth century, which reached their greatest size about 1750; gradually dwindling, they are represented at the present day by the slight survival of braid, or stitched line on the cloth coat of 1894.

A somewhat similar buttoning buff coat to that last described is in the possession of Lord Saye and Sele at Broughton Castle; the fronts are faced inside with green baize, and the cuffs with green velvet; and two others, just like it, belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, apparently made for gentlemen in the second troop of the Guards, whose distinguishing colour was green at the coronation of James II. (1685), take us nearly out of the century.

On the entry of George I. in 1714, "a detachment of the Artillery Company in buff coats" formed part of the escort. In 1715 the Earl of

Manchester writes to the Deputy-Lieutenants of Huntingdon, to put the militia in good order, especially the horse. To save expense, "cloth coats all of a colour might be substituted for buff coats." The latter seem to have been soon after discarded by the standing army, and, as Mr. Planché says, abandoned before the following reign.

Any notes on buff coats would be incomplete without a reference to the number of Civil War examples, sufficient for a troop, that hang round the hall at Littlecote—the scene of the dreadful story—and to those at Hatfield of the time of William III. In the battle-pieces of the second half of the seventeenth century, notably those by Huchtenburgh, the buff coat in its latter days is vividly depicted, and many actual examples linger, often neglected, in old country houses, laid up in local museums, or, better still, sheltered by collectors and cherished by artists.

Need I track the historic garment any further; see it degraded to the uses of vulgar civilians, "torn in a scuffle" like any other old coat, or dismembered for base purposes? Rather let us now recall the memor-

able hour when serious and earnest figures, in picturesque costume, standing up in their places in the Commons and declaring what forces they would raise, Sir Harry Killigrew among them said: "Hee would provide a good Horse, and a good Buff Coat,



BUFF COAT.

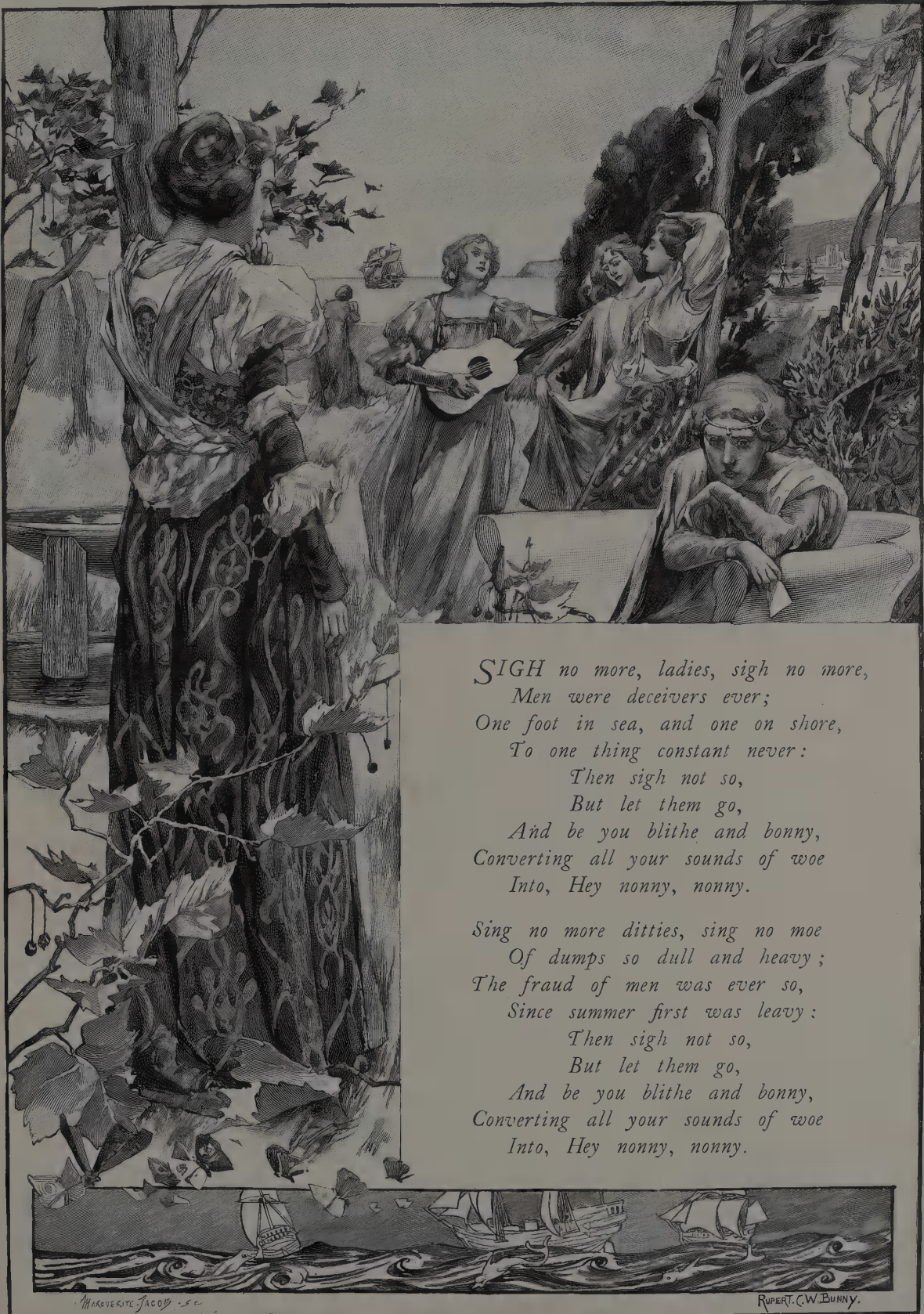
(In the Collection of the late J. Pettie, R.A.)

and a good pair of Pistols, and then he doubted not but that he should find a good cause." Many hundreds of brave gentlemen

"For the good old cause stood buff,"

in those fateful times, when "the dark stream of royal blood" was shed which floated Charles II. to the throne. And if evil days again arise in England, which Heaven forefend! may "the right side" find again as good a cause and as good a coat as Killigrew did in which to defend it.

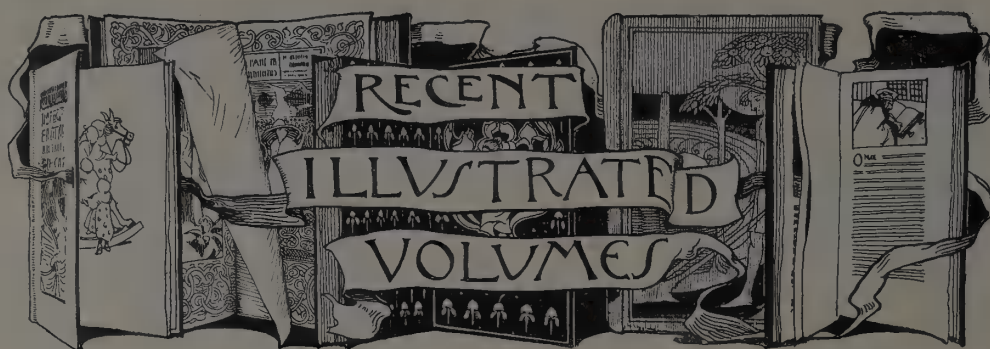




*SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

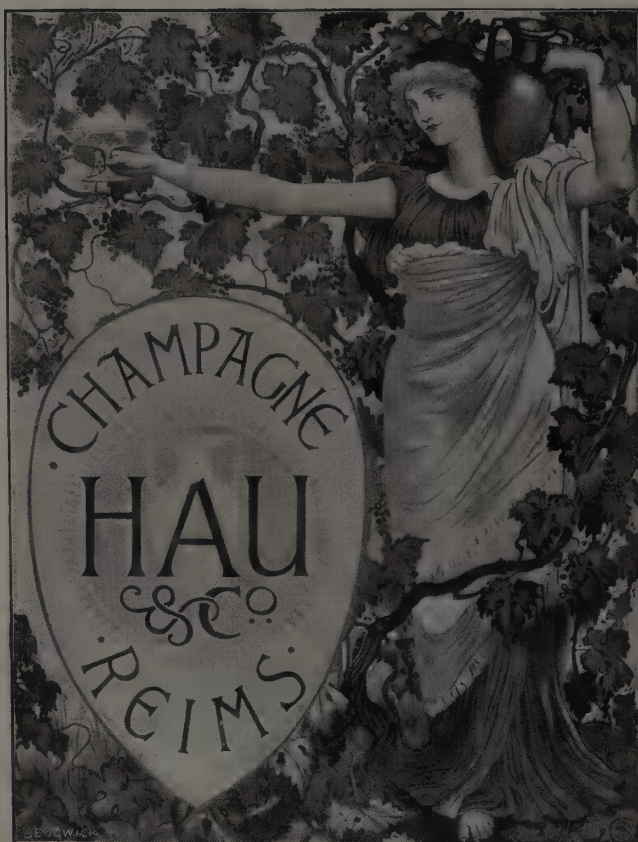
SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE: "SIGH NO MORE, LADIES."—*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING* (ACT II., SCENE III.).
(Drawn by R. C. W. Bunny. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)



THE cult of the poster is developing with amazing rapidity. Within the last few years numerous magazine articles have been devoted to the subject; and it has also been treated in volume form in France by M. Maindron, and has received the honour of a similar tribute in the United States. In this country Mr. Charles Hiatt has become its historian. His "Picture Posters" (George Bell and Sons), which lies before us, treats the matter fully, exhaustively, and intelligently. It is, of course, hardly possible that a volume which chiefly aims at giving reproductions—and very excellent ones too—of most of the more important acknowledged posters of the century, whether in Europe or America, could afford great variety in its literary pages. The now well-recognised rules of true poster-designing could but be laid down, and the merits of all the works presented discussed from that standpoint. Nevertheless, Mr. Hiatt has produced a work interesting as dealing with what is undoubtedly an important development of latter-day art—a sign, it is to be hoped, of the awaking of the popular conscience—and hardly less curious as setting forth the history of the hobby of an "heroic" few, as the author calls them, who have set themselves to collect these

works with the enthusiasm of the philatelist. From the hundred and fifty illustrations few important posters are omitted. Their extraordinary variety, it may be said, by appealing directly to the eye and the sense of fitness of the spectator, convinces him at once of the correctness of the artistic lines along which this important branch of the applied arts—which so nearly deserves a higher title at the hands of students of design—has been forced

by a few artists of perspicuity and genuine instinct. The blocks, as a rule, are well printed; but that by Monsieur Willette for "L'Enfant Prodigue" has been misunderstood, and has been "forced up" until all the original silveriness of the lithograph has disappeared. And we may add that the "Beggartaff Brothers" are Messrs. Pryde and Nicholson, not Simpson, as here given. Mr. Hiatt's book is likely to remain for a long while the standard work on the subject, so far as England is concerned.



DESIGN FOR A POSTER.

(By Walter Crane. From "Picture Posters.")

THE "picture-poster," as we have said, has formed the subject of two or three richly illustrated books; and of, perhaps, a few hundred collections. But never has it received such a charming tribute as in the volume entitled "The Modern Poster" (Charles Scribner's



DESIGN FOR A POSTER.
(By J. Sattler. From "Picture Posters.")

Sons), consisting of articles originally contributed on the French, English, American, and Italian poster and its history, by Messrs. Arsène Alexandre, M. H. Spielmann, H. C. Bunner, and August Jaccaci, to *Scribner's Magazine*. It is safe to say that never have process-blocks been produced, "worked" upon, and printed in such perfection—a perfection utterly unattainable in this country, and, we fear, for some time yet unapproachable. This working on the block, as here shown, is the greatest merit among many merits, for it is done with extreme intelligence and with no desire to make the block *look like a wood-engraving* when it is finished. Add to this that the paper and printing are not less perfect than the handling of the blocks, that the cover is as delightful as it is daring, and that the whole has been produced with exquisite taste, and you have a little volume which is a treasure to possess and a delight to look upon. It reflects the highest credit on Mr. August Jaccaci, the Art Editor of *Scribner's Magazine*.

IN "Etching in England," by that genial art-critic Mr. Frederick Wedmore (George Bell and Sons), we have an interesting review of the

men and women whom the author considers to be justly credited with all the work "wrought in England of the finer and truer kind." These distinctions are always risky; someone or other is sure to feel aggrieved at his own exclusion or at the honour given to someone else. Whilst Mr. Robert Macbeth, who is mostly known as a reproducer in etching of his own or other pictures, is honourably mentioned, Mr. David Law and some others we could name do not apparently deserve to be so distinguished, for no reference to them appears. The references to the work of the different etchers usually shows a very nice discrimination of their various qualities, though the praise accorded to Mr. Pennell is perhaps somewhat scant. The delightful book, which appeals strongly to every lover of true etching in its higher form, is illustrated with admirable reproductions of etchings by the various artists, a number of which have been borrowed from other publications; but Mr. Wedmore's publishers make no reference to this fact.



STUDY OF FIRS.
(Etched by Sir Seymour Haden. From "Etching in England.")

SPANISH PICTURES AT THE NEW GALLERY.

BY R. A. M. STEVENSON.

TO contest attributions, especially in the case of loan pictures, is an ungracious as well as a purely speculative business. Most of these questions are too easy to decide, or else too difficult, and

in thick pigment that admitted of a student's necessary correction and retouching. Why, suddenly and for once, should he paint like a mature and Italianised Fleming? Why should he prefer method

to research, system to seeing, thin shadows to solid ones? The Duke of Wellington's "Water Carrier" and "Two Boys" show the solid opaqueness of pigment found even in the darks of an early Velasquez, while, on the contrary, "Jael and Sisera" shows the work of a different mind—of one interested in little except method and draughtsmanship. The process here is sure and systematic, full use is made of undertones, and the whole picture floats in a thin brown and fluid vehicle. This serves for shadow almost everywhere, and it plays through the entire armed figure on the right. If you look there, you will see how neatly the method works; the lights of the helmet are flicked with a dexterous touch into the warm oily preparation, and in the shadows the armour has no independent existence. This is surely the work of a mannerist, at least, of one who has long practised a systematic tradition of style. It would throw a new light upon the nature of Velasquez if he had really posed for a moment as an aged practitioner of *chic*.

Passing much primitive work, a Velasquez or two, a sparkling portrait by Zurbaran, and two black, stiff Murillos, we reach the



SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL.

(By Murillo. By Permission of the Governors of Dulwich College.)

if the latter, one must have a wonderful regard for one's opinion to speak with certainty when painters have been themselves deceived by a forgery of their handiwork. But at the very beginning of the New Gallery catalogue we meet with "Jael and Sisera," a picture whose attribution to Velasquez puts a great strain on one's powers of belief. It is suggested that Velasquez painted this canvas when he was twenty-four, yet in work both earlier and later than this he seeks rather for truth than for style, rather for qualities of nature than for qualities of paint. He worked without process, dryly, directly,

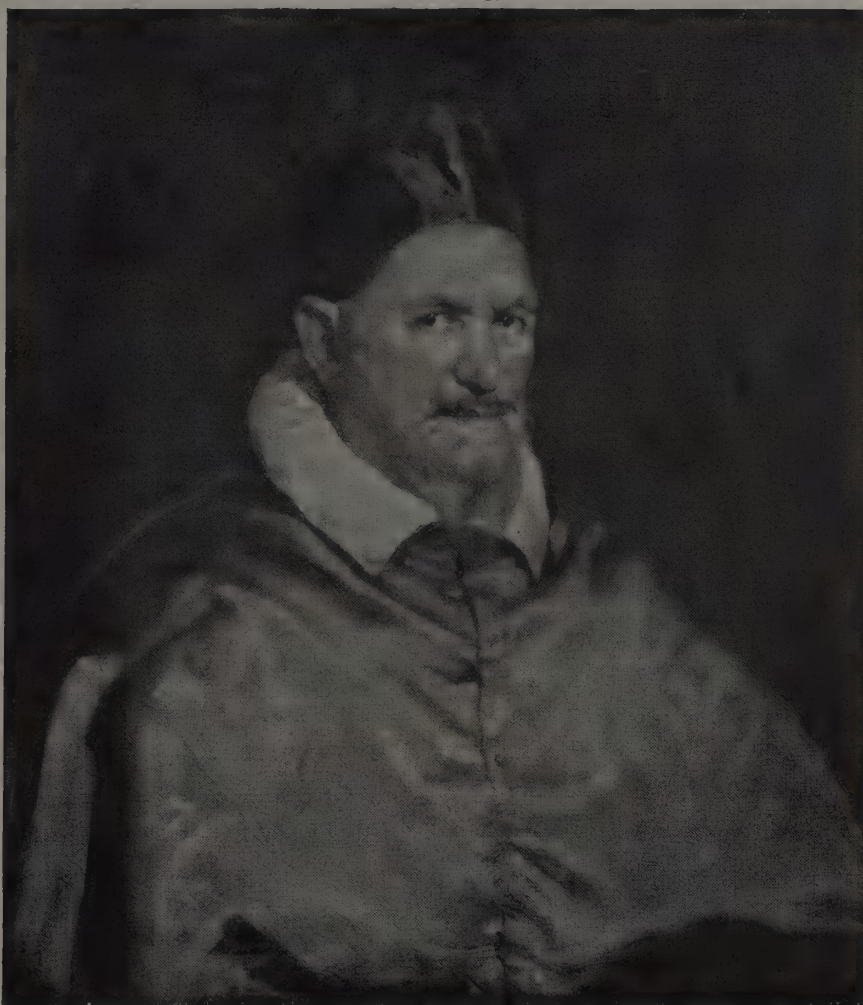
"Philip IV." from Dulwich College. Some consider this the Fraga portrait which Velasquez executed in 1644, while others feel some doubt on the matter. Certainly the head lacks the force and refinement one would expect at this date, but the richly ornamented dress, the dark hat, etc., are most sumptuously painted, with a beautiful feeling for colour and a splendid cleverness of technique. Then we pass interesting works by Velasquez, Murillo, Carducho, and Alonzo Cano, till we reach the superb head of "Innocent the Tenth" which looks very like a quick portrait from nature by Velasquez. The lively and

piquant brushing of this work of the second transition period is interesting in connection with the bust portrait of Juan de Pareja in the north room, which may be the very one executed by Velasquez for practice before he undertook the Pope's commission. Not far from "Innocent the Tenth" you may see a characteristic example of Greco, who died when Velasquez was about twenty-six; a freely handled "Partridge," by Herrera, the master of Velasquez; and, further on still, a small study of the nude by Velasquez himself, which reminds one of similar studies by Gericault and Thomas Couture.

The north gallery contains many interesting pictures besides those already mentioned—notably

seaweed style of tree which Europe admired at a later date. Indeed, if one remembers the landscape work of Velasquez, Murillo, J. B. del Mazo, and other Spaniards of the seventeenth century, one must admit that realistically-minded Spain was not behind any country in its perception of the beauties of landscape.

The pictures in the south room take us on through Goya to the present day. The trick of emphasis, the basis of both caricature and impressionism, Goya possessed in a very notable degree, as may be seen in his "Portrait of Madame Sureda." There is modelling enough all over this portrait, but no definition sharp enough to rival the impression



POPE INNOCENT X.

(From the Painting by Velasquez. By Permission of His Grace the Duke of Wellington.)

works by Velasquez, Greco, Murillo, Ribera, Alonzo Cano, Zurbaran, and El Mudo. Landscapes by Murillo should not be overlooked, especially the small one numbered 154. It is remarkable for delicate tree-painting, very different from the pressed

made by the eyes. Many portraits may show cleverer brushing, closer observation, finer drawing, but very few correspond so generally all over to the artist's valuation of the interest and importance of each part of the field painted. I feel much

the same about Goya's painting of the terrified crowd and the defiant bull in the landscape with figures called "Bull Attacking a Religious Procession." On the whole, the idea that one gets of Goya is that of a man not so much gifted as some other painters in the various elements of technique, but endowed with a high sense of the general artistic ordonnance of a picture, and a particular originality of vision. Fortuny, too, was original, and his influence upon art great, although it inclined to be pernicious. His "Mazarin Library," like some of

Murillo contrives to paint a smile without making a fixed and frozen-looking grimace. But for certainty and intimacy of modelling, for intelligent expressiveness of handling, this Murillo cannot compare with the portrait of the Pope by Velasquez, which is nearly as fine an example of this artist's portraiture as we have in England. We should make exception of "Philip IV., old," in the National Gallery; but certainly the bust of Innocent has more delicacy than the "Admiral Pulido" in that collection. The "Admiral" gives a bold, general



TWO BOYS.

(From the Painting by Velasquez. By Permission of His Grace the Duke of Wellington.)

Meissonier's work, seems a mere triumph of clever elaboration in water-colour painting—an elaboration which destroys the import of essentials, and makes a face of the same texture and force as all other objects. But we have only to look at his broader open-air water-colours, and his two large oils, to recognise his gift of personal seeing, and his grasp of those points which could make that seeing effective on the flat.

The illustrations to this article are taken from the "Flower Girl," by Murillo, and also from "Two Boys" and "Innocent the Tenth," by Velasquez. The "Flower Girl" is a very good example of Murillo's work, for it is neither one of those very dark and rather hard pieces of reality that he once painted, nor one of those flimsy, affected fancy-pieces that afterwards came to be associated with his name. Its pigment is sufficiently solid and its colour vigorous, while the type chosen by the painter is natural, pleasing, and not too much idealised. In this picture, as in so many others,

view of the whole figure of a man with a rough and savage personality; the portrait of Innocent shows a much more intimate treatment of the head of a very crafty and complex individuality. Whereas the brushwork of the Admiral's face is simple, even and sweeping, that of the Pope's is piquant and varied. It is curious to turn from this comparatively mature work, probably executed about 1650, to the "Two Boys," a canvas generally held to be a fair example of Velasquez's early manner. It is without any display of style, and its sober dignity comes from careful observance of values and the action of light. Nothing seems flat and ungradated here; everything is moulded or nuanced by light, and you can feel how truly the shapes of the jars are expressed, as well as their distance from each other. That power of rendering rightly the depth of a picture, which is so remarkable in his later works, may also be noted in the best specimens of Velasquez's first period.



FEBRUARY.

Holbein's "Ambassadors." IT would seem that Miss Mary F. S. Hervey has at last discovered the identity of the figures represented in HOLBEIN'S great picture of "The Ambassadors." In a letter to *The Times* this lady published a document—since presented to the National Gallery, and hung in the East Octagon Room—which apparently solves the mystery so long attaching to the picture. It is a MS. of the seventeenth century, containing the history of the picture "for the whole of the 120 years of its existence." It is written in French, and states that the picture represents "*Au naturel Messire Jean de D'Intevile, chevalier sieur de Polisy . . . qui fut Ambassadeur en Angleterre pour le Roy François Premier en 1532 et 1533. . . Est aussi représenté . . . Messire George de Selve Evesque de Lavaur personnage de grandes lettres . . . qui fut Ambassadeur pres l'Empereur Charles cinquieme . . . ayant des las susdicte année 1532 et 1533 passé en Angleterre par permission du Roy pour visiter le susdicte sieur de D'Intevile son intime amy & de toute sa famille & eux deux ayantz rencontrés en Angleterre un Peintre Hollandais l'employèrent pour faire iceluy tableau qui a esté soigneusement conservé au mesme lieu de Polisy insignes en l'an 1653.*" The MS. apparently is a portion of an inventory cut from the original, Miss Hervey suggests, to accompany the pic-

ture when it left Polisy. It was obtained from an antiquarian bookseller at Pré Saint Gervais, in whose catalogue it had been quoted, and up to the present its authenticity has not been contested. That it will remain uncontested is less incontrovertible. The ages of the personages duly inscribed in the picture—in one case on the dagger of one, over the head of the second—"exactly corresponds with the ages of the two ambassadors in the year in which the picture is dated—1533." Jean de Dinteville, Seigneur de Polisy, Bailly de Troyes, Chevalier de

l'ordre du Roi—the order of St. Michael which Holbein painted—was born in 1504, and was therefore in his twenty-ninth year. He became paralysed after serving as Ambassador to England twice—in 1533 and 1536—and retired to Polisy, where he spent the remainder of his life. This place is specially marked by Holbein on the globe which stands near this portrait in the picture. It must be remarked that Mr. Colvin asserted some years ago that this was the figure of Dinteville. George de Selve, Bishop of Lavaur, was one of six brothers who all attained distinction as ambassadors. He was born in 1508, was appointed Bishop of Lavaur at the age of eighteen, and it follows that in 1533 he was twenty-five years old—the age recorded by Holbein. His non-episcopal dress is explained by the fact that he was



THE SPIRIT ARMED.

(From the Painting by W. B. Richmond, R.A. See p. 160.)

not consecrated until the following year. The interesting feature of the MS. is the reference to the employments of the two friends contained in the picture, which, it will be recollected, is littered with books, mathematical instruments, etc. The earliest known account of Holbein's picture prior to this are those of the Rouen catalogue of 1787 and Lebrun's "Galerie des Peintres Flamandes" published in 1792, in both of which the ambassadors figure as MM. de Selve et d'Avaux; and Miss Hervey curiously suggests that the name of Dinteville became in course of

morning light as is rarely seen. The drawing is quite the gem of the exhibition. No oil-painting could possibly suggest such exquisite tenderness and beauty of light and atmosphere. The veteran GEORGE FRIPP is still showing some beautiful work, and many other members also are in good form, and help to strengthen a strong exhibition.

Exhibitions. MR. A. W. WEEDON, R.I., has been exhibiting at the Fine Art Society a charming series of drawings of Holland and the South of England. Many

of them were of great interest, and some—in which Mr. Weedon's mannerisms were not so apparent—really fine works. At the Clifford Gallery Mr. PERCY STURDEE has been showing the result of four years' artistic work in Japan, in which, while betraying the influence that the native art has had upon him, he succeeded in his effort to present the country and its people as they really exist. The works comprising Messrs. Agnew and Son's exhibition of twenty masterpieces of the English School—held for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution—it is needless to say, were worthy of the title. TURNER'S "Hel-



BURNING WEEDS.

(By Lionel Smythe. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.)

time by oral transmission converted into "d'Avaux," after the written record—probably this self-same document—was separated from the picture. An authentic portrait of George de Selve still exists at the Château de Villiers, near La Ferté-Alais, the property of the present representative of the family—and it will be interesting to see the result of the comparison Miss Hervey proposes to make by means of photographs.

Royal Water-Colour Society.

WITHOUT attempting to decide that the present exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours is as good as, or better than, exhibitions which have preceded it, one may say certainly that the members may be congratulated on having brought together a considerable number of interesting works. The winter exhibition was formerly one of "Sketches and Studies," and though this distinguishing characteristic no longer is mentioned on the title-page of the catalogue, it is evident that in the minds of many of the members there still lingers the feeling that this is what the winter exhibition should be. MR. EDWARD R. HUGHES, SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, MR. F. SHIELDS, MR. WALTER FIELD, and others send interesting studies in chalk and pencil which go far to make up the strength of the exhibition; but amongst the completed drawings those by MR. ERNEST WATERLOW, with their English subject and English atmosphere, and by MR. LIONEL SMYTHE, with their delicately broken colours and fine tone, take a high place. No one, however, understands the true vogue of water-colours better than MR. ALBERT GOODWIN. "The Tag Mahal Agra" is such a vision of

voetsluys," CONSTABLE'S "Cornfield—Valley of the Stour," CROME'S "Wood-Scene near Norwich," and RAEBURN'S "Lady Elibank," were perhaps the most interesting of them. Lithography has been well to the fore. Mr. Dunthorne exhibited work of all the best-known workers in England; while at the Fine Art Society MR. WHISTLER had a "show" of his own in which he once more proves his supremacy in this direction. We shall deal fully with the revival of this Art in an early number.

So few of the landscape-painters of the present day care to attempt any suggestion of poetry, or romantic interest, in their works, that we may justifiably praise the exhibition of pictures of Holland and Flanders, by MR. WILLIAM PADGETT, which was held during December at the Goupil Gallery. He is a painter who sees and treats his subjects with something of the earnestness of such masters as Daubigny or Rousseau; but he possesses at the same time sufficient individuality to save him from the reproach of being merely a copyist.

Another artist who follows in the wake of greater masters, but who also adapts their methods to suit himself, is MR. FRANK MURA, who about the same time showed at Messrs. Obach's gallery a collection of charcoal drawings. He proved himself thereby to have a notable command over a medium which is in this country less used for permanent art production than it should be.

A very interesting exhibition of landscape work is being held at the Dudley Gallery. The paintings are contributed by MESSRS. E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A., R. W. ALLAN, R.W.S., LESLIE THOMSON, R.I., T. HOPE McLACHLAN, A. D. PEPPER-

CORN, and JAMES S. HILL. Altogether there are one hundred and fourteen works, and all of exceptionally high merit. The work of the first five named is sufficiently well known to guarantee this, while the painting by Mr. Hill will come as a surprise to many. This artist is a regular contributor to the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, but no collection of his works has ever before been got together. They are strong and most delightful in feeling. The exhibition affords an excellent opportunity for seeing the position of the younger English exponents of landscape art, which must be adjudged eminently satisfactory.

It is some time since Professor **Reviews.** Ruskin spoke to us with the pen; that he still continues to appeal to us with the pencil is due in part to the loving solicitude of his own circle, and to the loyal enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. George Allen. The "Poems," the "Poetry of Architecture," and the "Verona" have already aimed at presenting to the public some notion of the beauty of Mr. Ruskin's work with pencil and brush, without the intervention of the engraver; and single plates have before now been reproduced in as close facsimile as was at the time possible. At length, however, in this beautiful album, entitled "*Studies in Both Arts*," ten of his most characteristic drawings have been produced, and for the first time they place faithfully before the reader examples of the beauty, the delicacy, and the subtlety of the Professor's artistic work. The plates are accompanied by passages from

held that they again illustrate Ruskin's constant bad habit of not finishing to the edges; and of the chromo-lithographs,



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

(By H. R. Milham. Awarded Gold Medal at Royal Academy Schools.)

wonderful as they are, that they necessarily lose a little of the transparency of colour of the originals. But there all criticism must end. We have keenly enjoyed the examination of these pictures, which are a perfect testimony to the value of photogravure intelligently used in the repro-

duction of drawings, whether with the point or brush, in facsimile. The delicacy and wonderful refinement of the "Naples, 1841"—like a perfectly-drawn Prout with the brilliant suggestiveness of Maxime Lalanne at his best; the poetic impression of "Vesuvius, 1841;" the magnificent thoroughness and perfection of drawing in "A Study for 'Stones of Venice'"; the fine exercise in colour in "Fondaco de' Turchi, Venice;" the excellence of draughtsmanship of the "Tomb of Castelfranco;" and more particularly of "Can Signorio, Verona" (in imitation of which the Duke of Brunswick's gorgeous memorial in Geneva was designed); the daintiness and insight of the "Münster;" and, leaving



A HAMPSHIRE STREAM.

(By E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.)

his writings, of which nothing need here be said but that they are well chosen. Of some of the drawings it may be

architecture for landscape, the swift water-colour memorandum of "Mountains of Lake of Annecy" (an extremely

characteristic example of Mr. Ruskin's colour)—all lead us up to the culminating drawing of the whole collection—"The North Side of the Valley of Chamouni." This drawing we do not hesitate to characterise as great; it

Co.), republished in a collected form, may lose just a little of the freshness that distinguished them when they appeared weekly in *Punch*; but they possess a distinct humorous merit of their own, and will be laughed at and enjoyed as long as "Ye Manners and Customs of ye Englishe" of Richard Doyle. They are well produced by the publishers, and a vigorous prehistoric Mr. Punch decorates the cover.

Under the generic title of "*L'Art en Suisse*," that distinguished young writer, Monsieur WILLIAM RITTER, is issuing a number of books, each dedicated to the consideration of a separate artist, the whole being intended to form an encyclopædic and critical history of the art of Switzerland from the earlier times. At present two numbers are issued—"Edmond de Pury" and "Arnold Böcklin" (Monruz, près Neuchatel). As might be expected of the author of "Ames Blanches," he gives us here no ordinary criticism. His analysis is not conceived primarily in the spirit of



AUTUMN.

(By Harold Speed. Awarded Prize at Royal Academy Schools.)

is the finest piece of mountain portrayal we remember to have seen anywhere, and recognise in this simple picture in grey and white an impressive and stupendous monument of Ruskin's artistic skill. It is a drawing to look and wonder at; its majesty, as much as its triumph, is continuously fascinating, and alone would render the volume a desirable—almost an indispensable—possession.

The republication of the late Mr. P. G. HAMERTON'S "*Imagination in Landscape*" (Sceley and Co.) is a happy idea, and a proper tribute to the memory of its distinguished author. Mr. Hamerton filled a position of great importance in the art-world; he was a sane critic given over neither to "fads" on the one hand nor to "hide-bound tradition" on the other; he was an artist of sensitiveness and of some achievement, and he was an attractive and interesting writer, temperate in tone, judicious in treatment of subject, and keen in discernment and appreciation. He belonged to the higher ranks of criticism, his writing being illustrated by, rather than illustrating, what he wrote. "*Imagination in Landscape*" is one of the most important inquiries to which he devoted himself. It is not, of course, nearly so ambitious in point of elaboration as his later "*Man in Art*;" but it is, as our readers are probably aware, an admirable and well-written essay on a fascinating subject, and in its present form it should find a place in every library which does not already possess it. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that FALCONER POOLE'S "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" should find a place among the illustrations, which are otherwise almost exclusively from the great masters, well reproduced and well printed.

Mr. E. T. REED has brought back to us some of the fun of our older humourists—some of the knock-about humour and "extravaganza burlesque" of the good old pantomime days. His "*Prehistoric Peeps*" (Bradbury, Agnew and

the critical dissector, of the scientific critic, but with the mind and heart of the poet. Monsieur Ritter's writing is often emotional; sometimes he develops nearly into rhapsody; but he is always interesting, always artistic in his writing, however impressionistic may be his literary methods, and he is always intensely sensitive in his appreciations. He is not less personal than sensitive, and a careful perusal of his books leaves us filled with the intended measure of realisation of his subject's art, though admittedly with a very incomplete notion of his whole work. They are books, these two little volumes, which do one good to read, apart from their particular subjects;



" . . . Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

(By Cecil Ross Burnett. Awarded Turner Gold Medal at Royal Academy Schools.)

they are prose poems which, while they deal with keen insight with the temperament and life-work of artists,

are not less charming as prose poems which reveal the interesting personality of their author.

The second volume—"The Book of Autumn"—of the "Northern Seasonal," called "*The Evergreen*," has been



DESIGN FOR A TOWN CHURCH—SOUTH ELEVATION.

(By Pieter Rodeck. Awarded Gold Medal at Royal Academy Schools.)

issued by Messrs. Patrick Geddes and colleagues, and in London by Mr. Fisher Unwin. That the work of Professor GEDDES and his friends will really tend, as they hope, towards a Celtic Renaissance we much doubt, even though it takes its way "through Decadence." The public who acquire it and like it will not look so deep; they will enjoy it as we enjoy it, and praise the effort, literary and artistic, as we are disposed to do; but that they will acknowledge or justify the lofty purpose or admit the success of its projectors we cannot believe. The literary standard in this new issue is higher than the artistic; but among the latter we must accord special mention to Mr. Robert Burns and Mr. Macgillivray.

The great practical advantage possessed by "*Les Maîtres de l'Affiche*" (Imprimerie Chaix) over all other publications devoted to the new cult of the poster lies not so much in the handsome folio size in which they are reproduced, as in their being rendered in their original colours by the distinguished chromo-lithographers who at the beginning made, and were made by, the father of the modern coloured poster—Jules Chéret. The first of the twelve numbers has reached us, and with the four posters it contains—by CHÉRET, LAUREG, JULIUS PRICE, and DUDLEY HARDY—promises well for the future.

"*Nursery Songs and Rhymes of England*" (David Nutt) is quite a good book of its kind. The little stories are pictured in black-and-white by Miss WINIFRED SMITH, a clever student of the Birmingham School of Art. It is a pity, though, that Miss Smith has not seen her way to get

some sort of daintiness into her children, and more beauty of form into her figures generally. A kind of loutishness is characteristic of them all. Caldecott's "Queen of Hearts" was a dainty fine lady as well as a cook; Miss Winifred Smith's is only a cook. It is unfortunate that the Birmingham school, while teaching its students to make good black line drawings, does not appear to care much about beauty or daintiness of form.

Another very good collection of the same kind is the "*Book of Nursery Rhymes*" set to music by JOSEPH S. MOORAT, illustrated by PAUL WORDROFFE (Bell and Sons). This is what in America would be called a really "high grade" book for a nursery presided over by a musical mother. The book is admirably produced.

A pretty book for a present is MILTON's "*Il Penseroso and L'Allegro*," illustrated by WILLIAM HYDE (J. M. Dent and Co.). The illustrations—thirteen in number—are of suitable landscape studies with a good deal of nature in them, reproduced with much delicacy and richness of tone by photogravure. They are of the kind which should appeal to a large constituency.

The republication of LESSING's "*Laocoon*" (Walter Scott), under the editorship of Mr. Rönnefeldt, is a distinct service to the art-student. "*The Laocoon*," indeed, is one of the most luminous and profound pieces of art-criticism in any language, written by a thinker at once brilliant and scholarly—though it may be complained that it shows a



DÆDALUS AND ICARUS.

(By F. D. Wood. Awarded Gold Medal at Royal Academy Schools.)

little too much learning and classical attainment. But, for our part, we would place the book in every student's hand, the acknowledged companion of Reynolds's "Discourses."

No art-student should be without Mr. A. P. LAWRIE'S "*Facts about Processes, Pigments, and Vehicles*"

Macmillan). We do not admit that the portion of the book relating to processes is in its place in such a manual, nor do we consider that its accuracy justifies its inclusion. But Mr. Lawrie is thoroughly in his element in dealing with



CENTRAL PANEL OF CANOPY OF CARVED OAK BEDSTEAD.

pigments and vehicles; and no painter who values his palette should fail to read this little book, even though he be already provided with the more elaborate researches of Captain Abney and Professor Church.

The important Romanes Lecture delivered by Mr. HOLMAN HUNT on "*The Obligations of the Universities towards Art*" has been published by Mr. Henry Frowde. The dominant notes were the insistence on the sacred importance of art and its healthy cultivation for a people's life, and a warning against "modern influences" of a dangerous sort. Choice of subject, sincerity in execution, respect for the "highest traditions," have always been Mr. Holman Hunt's articles of creed; and his powerful denunciation of the realistic—chiefly the foreign—school cannot fail to have considerable effect within the University of Oxford, where it was delivered. The pamphlet contains some epigrams, too: such as "Art is the handwriting of a nation."

A "*Guide to the Establishment and Equipment of Art Classes and Schools of Art*" has been prepared by Mr. R. G. HATTON (Chapman and Hall, Limited). It is an excellent book for its purpose, and contains a mass of useful information, including estimates of the probable cost of fitting up an art-school. The tenth volume in the Amateur Photographers' Library (Hazell, Watson, and Viney, London) deals with "*The Lantern and How to Use It*." It is by C. GOODWIN NORTON, and thoroughly covers its subject.

Miscellanea. SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., has been honoured by the bestowal of a peerage. This is a unique distinction for an artist, and we heartily congratulate the President upon his elevation to the House of Lords as the first created artist-peer.

The picture reproduced on p. 155, "*The Spirit Armed*," by Mr. W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., has been on view at the Goupil Gallery, and is being offered for sale for a hundred and fifty guineas for the benefit of the Home Arts and Industries Association. It has been given for this purpose by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., who takes a deep interest in the welfare of this Association. The work is without question one of Mr. Richmond's most beautiful and subtle

exercises in colour, and is a worthy possession for any collector.

Messrs. Hewetson, Milner, and Thexton, Limited, have been showing a magnificent specimen of old oak carving in the form of a bedstead, portions of which we reproduce. It was discovered in an old house near Tonbridge, Shropshire, where it had been for a hundred and fifty years, and at the time of purchase was covered with sixteen coats of paint. It is a solid structure with a canopy, the whole being covered with most elaborate carving.

We publish in these pages the principal prize-work for the year of the Royal Academy students. The "Historical Painting" competition was rather disappointing—many of the pictures being decidedly weak; but the gold medal sculpture design is exceedingly good. Mr. HAROLD SPEED demands special mention. His design for the decoration of a public building—which was awarded the prize of £40—is a beautiful piece of work both in design and colour; while the series of sketches executed during the term of his travelling scholarship give promise of a highly successful career.

Obituary. THE death of Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA removes one of the best known figures from the Metropolitan journalistic and artistic circles. For many years he was the art-critic of *The Daily Telegraph*, and wrote extensively during his journalistic career upon matters relating to art. In his early life he practised as a draughtsman; but it must be said that his critical faculty



FOOTBOARD OF CARVED OAK BEDSTEAD.

(Exhibited by Messrs. Hewetson, Milner, and Thexton, Limited.)

was hardly up to the standard required in later years. At the same time his influence on art was for good and for a healthy development; and, at least, he could always interest the public on artistic subjects, which was in itself enough for us to be grateful for.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(By E. R. Hughes. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.)

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

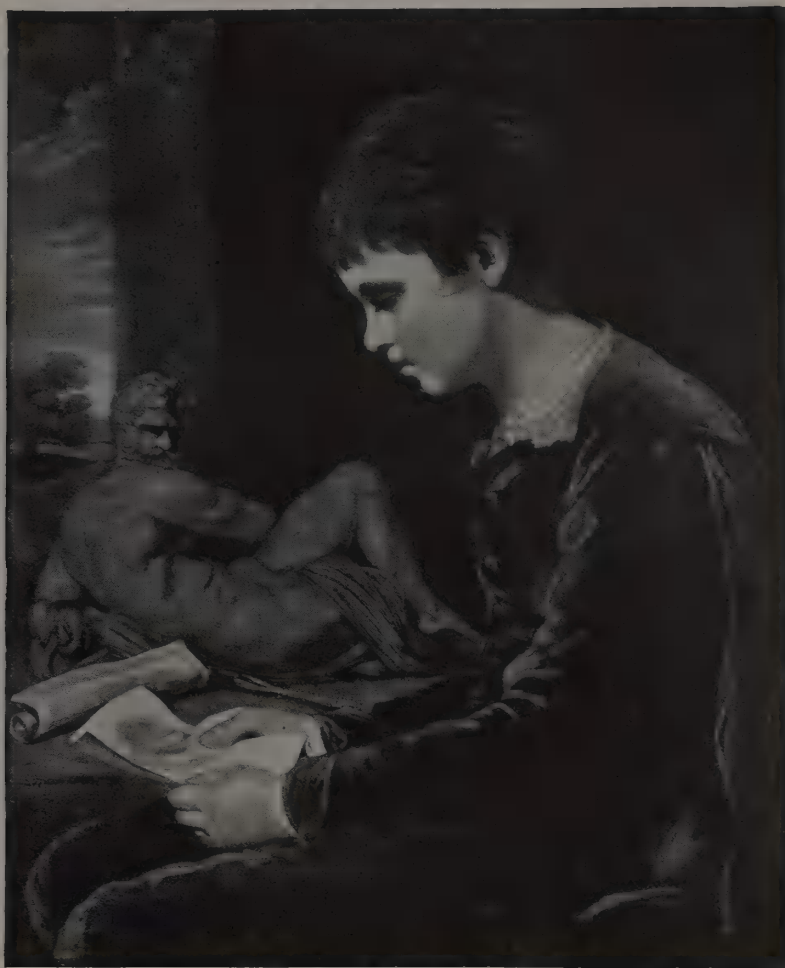
By LIONEL CUST.

THE twenty-seventh exhibition of works by the Old Masters at Burlington House is remarkable in two ways: for the collection of pictures by deceased French artists, and for a collection of plate and other objects illustrating the sculptor-goldsmith's art. The latter collection reveals the influence of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., who so happily combines the artist and the craftsman in his work, and who has taught us, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, has been trying to teach us, that within the province of an artist's skill lie the setting or elaboration of a jewel as well as the embossing or modelling of a wine-flagon or race-cup, the delicate joints of a lady's necklace, as well as the gigantic proportions of a colossal statue.

The exhibition is noteworthy in another way, which is of equal interest although less deserving of commendation. In forming the collection for this exhibition the Royal Academy shows a strong disinclination to walk in any path of its own, and is content to follow those of other exhibitions, and glean from them, or from the auction-rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, or the exchange and mart of Bond Street, any material which may come to hand, trusting apparently that in this way there may be no need for any special effort on the part of the Royal Academy itself.

The recent exhibitions at the New Gallery of early Italian and Venetian art, that of early Ferrarese art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the recent exhibition of College Plate at Cambridge University, the magnificent permanent exhibition of pictures at Grosvenor House, which, thanks to the generosity of the Duke of Westminster, may almost be regarded as a public collection, the Lyne Stephens and other sales of the preceding summer, all have contributed to form the present exhibition at Burlington House. If the authorities of the Royal Academy

are content for the future to serve up nothing but *réchauffés* from recent feasts, to follow where they should lead, it is a pity that they should not co-operate with those bodies on whose work they show this



THE STUDENT.

(By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.)

tendency to depend, so that, for instance, it might not be necessary for the public, or that section of it who may be more correctly described as amateurs, to have to make a separate journey from the New Gallery—where this winter an opportunity has for the first time been given for studying the art of Velasquez—to Burlington House, in order to study the two specimens of his work there.

It must not be supposed that these criticisms reflect in any way at all upon the quality of the works of art in this exhibition. Year by year there are shown on these walls masterpieces of painting,

such as in these days can only be, and seem destined to become, possessed by millionaires.

The works of Sir Joshua Reynolds form, as usual, one of the chief attractions of the exhibition. Gainsborough, Romney, and Turner also contribute as before, to the delight and ecstasy of the spectator. Perhaps this will prove the last time that so many of Reynolds's delightful pictures of children—"The

if in their female portraits they show their grace. Such portraits by Gainsborough as that of himself—the importance of which suggests its most suitable destination—and that of Mr. Hilbert of Chalfont, give a very high idea of the painter's art, which sometimes seems to expend itself, as if fatigued, in the long lines and curves of a lady's bosom, or the interminable folds of her silk dress.

Turner is well represented by the two fine examples which the Earl of Rosebery is lucky enough to possess: a seapiece by him, from the collection of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, shows a curious leaning to the Dutch manner. The great landscapes of Constable look unaccountably fidgety and suggest a doubt as to their durability. The interesting early Hogarth, "A Conversation at Wanstead House," is ill-placed in the first room for the notice which it deserves. The well-known little picture of "The Wolf and the



BALL UNDER A COLONNADE.

(From the Painting by Watteau.)

Children in the Wood," "Felina," "Mercury as a Cutpurse," "Cupid as a Linkboy," "Boy with Cabbage Nets," "The Student"—will meet upon these or any other walls. Some of these pictures and others in this exhibition—as have many in former years—seem here but *pour prendre congé*, with the intimation that they have come up from the country for the season, address at such and such a hotel in Bond Street, *en route* for America. If this be the case, we are grateful to the Royal Academy for the opportunity of bidding them farewell, although it seems futile even to murmur inwardly the wish *au revoir*.

It is difficult to find anything new to say about works of the four artists mentioned. The "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" of Reynolds, and "The Blue Boy" of Gainsborough, are as familiar to the London public as the dome of St. Paul's. It is satisfactory to find that some appreciation is being made of the work of these artists in their male portraits. It is here that they show their strength,

Lamb," by William Mulready, from Buckingham Palace, shows how Mulready and his contemporaries tried to imitate the *fijnschilderij* of the Dutch *genre*-painters, and how completely they missed the simplicity, luminosity, and power of concentration, which was so characteristic of their predecessors.

The pictures of the Dutch school are this year conspicuous by their absence, those of the Italian school are few in number and still fewer in interest. The exquisite early Correggio, "Christ Taking Leave of his Mother," was fully brought to notice at the Burlington Fine Art Club's exhibition of Ferrarese art, but is none the less most welcome here, as is Mr. Benson's other interesting picture, the "Circe" of Dosso Dossi. Mr. Humphry Ward has made a fortunate acquisition lately in the fascinating "St. Catherine," attributed by him to Luini, but surely, if recent art-education goes for anything, to be credited to the hand of Giampetrino. The two Titians from the royal collection are not of the

first quality, and the authenticity of both of them has been called into question.

The Spanish school is well represented by the two pictures of Velasquez, the "Don Balthasar Carlos" from Hertford House, the charming little "Infanta" from the Lyne Stephens sale, and the great Murillo of "Faith Triumphant" from the same collection. These would have excited greater interest could they have joined the other works of Velasquez and Murillo at the New Gallery. It is galling to think what the nation has lost by the dispersion of the Lyne Stephens collection, which might have become its property but for the stiff-neckedness of a hard-pressed Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Flemish school shows one work of surpassing interest, the pathetic figure of "Our Lord bidding Farewell to his Mother," attributed to Hugo van der Goes, and fortunately the property of the National Gallery of Ireland. The German school also excels in the famous and masterly portrait of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein, belonging to Mr. Huth, which excited so much interest at the New Gallery Tudor Exhibition a few years ago.

The pictures of the French school have been kept to the last, as being the real chief object of interest in this exhibition. It is sufficient to call attention to the two great, in merit as in size, pictures by Claude Lorraine from Grosvenor House, the two beautiful Watteaus, "The Ball under a Colonnade" and "The Repast in a Wood," from the Dulwich Gallery (a collection with which every Londoner should be familiar, and so few are). It may be regarded as a practical joke that a darkened Italian picture by Gaspar Dughet, or Poussin, should have been hung on the same wall with the works of Courbet, Decamps, and Corot. The great name of Nicolas Poussin is absent from the catalogue, and more the pity; for the names of Claude, Watteau, and Poussin represent about the sum total of French art, as taught hitherto in England, and of these only Watteau is really French, and his work is not represented in the National Gallery. The age of Louis XV. is well illustrated by the famous portrait of Mme. de Pompadour, by Boucher, and the engaging likeness of Mme. Sallé, by Tocqué. The

pictures of the modern French school, though but scantily represented, yet serve to exemplify the different phases shown by the school during its progress through the nineteenth century. We have the classical leanings of the Republican era in David and Prud'hon, the frigid routine of Ingres, the academic history of Delaroche, the Algerian and Egyptian scenes of Decamps, Marillhat, and Fromentin, the impetuous and unequal art of Delacroix, the fervent outburst of poetic love for nature, *plein air*, naked and unashamed, shown in the landscapes of Daubigny, Corot, Rousseau, and Diaz, the pathetic earnestness of J. F. Millet and Bastien-Lepage, the founder of what may be called the *saboteuse* school,



SIR THOMAS MORE.
(From the Painting by Holbein.)

whose motto is "*Laborare est Orare*," down to the microscopic creations of Meissonier.

It is a promising sign that these works should have been admitted, even in a somewhat inadequate manner, to the walls of the Royal Academy, and it is to be hoped that the lesson they teach will not have been thrown away.

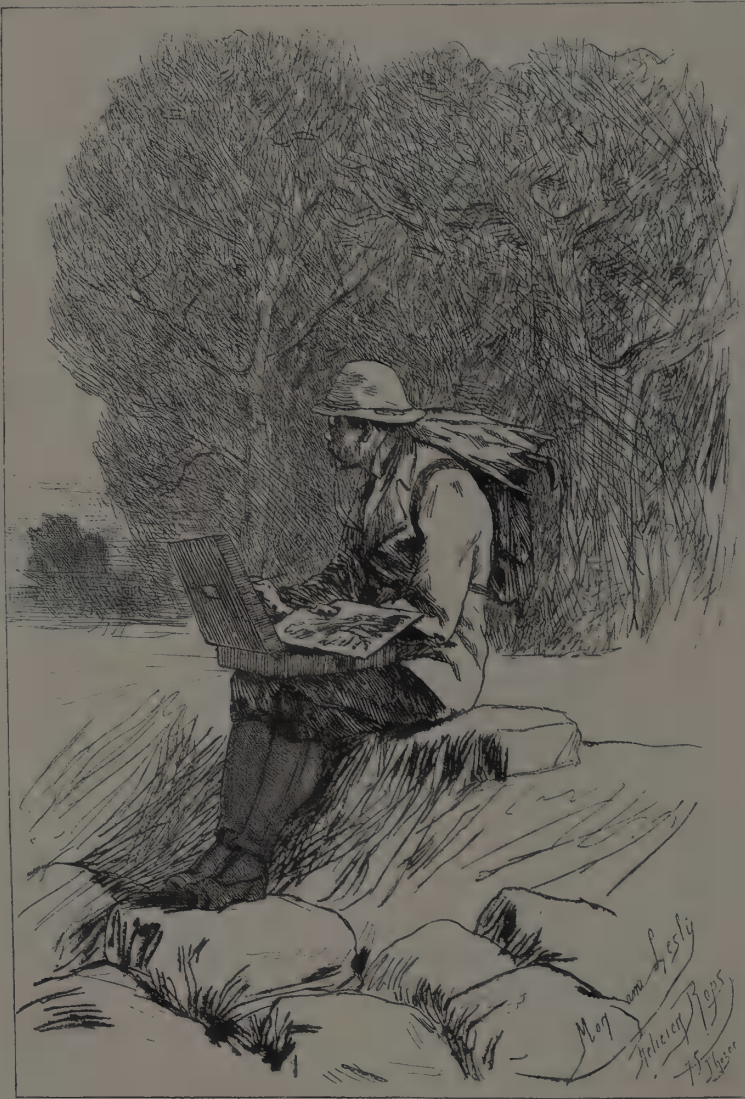
FELICIEN ROPS.

BY EMILE VERHAEREN. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ROPS' WORKS.

HIS studio window, high up, ever so high, among chimneys without number and the geometrical perspective of roofs, looks out on the yawning space

By birth a Belgian, a native of Namur, he first drank of Flemish springs; but, though he has never quite shaken off the influences of his youth, he says, in speaking of himself, that never till the day when he arrived from distant travels, and found himself in the midst of fevered Paris, had he really felt how little he knew, how enormous was the task he aimed at, and, on the other hand, how genuine was his aptitude for expressing modern life in its intensity, its passion, its fractious unrest. It was Paris that gave him a conception of the frenzy of a vicious career, recorded in so many of his prints.

And it must be noted from the first, that there may be no mistake as to the purport of his work: Rops is not an artist to amuse his public; he is the dramatist of vice. The lighter follies, the suggested evil, which are so often hit off with a touch in the illustrated papers of the Paris boulevards, are not his concern. He has found a greater attraction in monstrous crimes, in dark and deadly sins, in irredeemable damnation as lurid as hell itself, in the terrors and epilepsy, in the stress and storm of evil with its sublime and sulphurous horrors, the thunders that fell on Babylon, on Sodom—on Paris. The unique qualities of his art, its depth and power, separate him widely from the foul ruck of obscene daubers, the vendors of corruption at so much a sheet. He gazes horrified at debauchery: he is its judge—apart from it, but unrelenting; a Christian—cynical perhaps, but sin-



FELICIEN ROPS.

where stood the old Opéra Comique, now burnt down. Rops, as he works, can hear the hollow, distant roar, the never-ceasing hum of the great arteries through which flows the blood of Paris. For the last twenty years he has lived in the heart of the swarming, busy city, the better to apprehend its life, to breathe its spirit and atmosphere. This is the inspiration—always bold, sometimes sinister, which has prompted his most striking and characteristic work.

cere—watching it in its progress down the ages, seeing Satan as he stands over cities and nations, their implacable and immortal foe.

Of the average soul, compounded of normal qualities, Rops knows nothing. His spirit is akin to those fierce natures of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries who fell into the hallucinations of the Wizard's Mass. Intellectually he is a contemporary of the alchemists and exorcists, the zealots and

reprobates, the witches and mystic saints. He has interpreted their ardours, frenzies, and follies; their dreams possess his soul. His work is like a cathedral, full of shapes, temptations grinning from the cornice, obscene imps clinging to the capitals; the rigid columns full of symbolical meaning, the base of the altar resting on the deepest foundations of primordial earth and chaos and the foul beginnings of life. For this is the outcome of Rops' work as of that of Baudelaire. The poet and the artist are one on this point, as on many others. They both have muttered "Satan's Litany," and illustrated it in poetry and in art. When Baudelaire says that the charm of horror intoxicates none but the strong,* we are reminded of the "Sataniques" of Rops. When Rops draws "Death Dancing," we remember Baudelaire's "Danse Macabre." What one puts into words the other sketches.

* "Le charme de l'horreur n'enivre que les forts."

Those who know anything of the aesthetic life of Paris are acquainted with the studio in the Place Boieldieu, where Rops on Wednesday afternoon receives his friends, and

chaffs and dazzles them. I know no more vivid or rapid talker. He has travelled a great deal, but his fancy can go much farther than his steps have taken him. He calls up distant lands: now in the North—Löfföden; now in the East—Herzegovina; again in the South—Biskra; and he depicts in two words, as sharply as if he had drawn it, this or that strange type of humanity he has met with.

Rops has made many experiments in art. He tried lithography; then etching tempted him. He is an enthusiast for the soft varnish process. In an article published about six years ago he gives an account of his experiments. I know of one aquatint by him; and his latest efforts, based I fancy on a flattering dream, were directed to a method of reproduction on aluminium plates.



THE BREWER'S APPRENTICE.



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

Before entering on an examination of the works of Rops, a few words may be said of his caricatures, which are hardly ever mentioned. While still young and preparing himself at Brussels for his removal to Paris, he, in conjunction with some literary and artistic friends, founded the famous journal,

the utmost, who said of himself that he was always bent on perfection, learnt his craft in the *Uilenspiegel*. It is in this periodical, moreover, that we detect who his masters were: Gavarni and Daumier, each in his turn. In my opinion these are the men who formed Rops as an artist, who first influenced him so that he afterwards followed in their track in the study of modern character, modern manners and habits, and of the modern lines and forms and airs of woman. They set him the example of exaggerating to the verge of deformity; thus he lost all fear of breaking the accepted standard of beauty and adopting a truthful type: the type of the time.

It is not possible to classify Rops' work by dates and periods. His productions can only be divided into groups, and each phase determined by its characteristics. After his worship of Gavarni and Daumier he fell under the charm of the archaic simplicity of certain lives and homes. He illustrated the "*Légendes Flamandes*" of Charles de Coster, collaborating with the powerful Belgian writer in the great historical poem, "*Uilenspiegel*," to which he contributed three fine prints. He even helped to preserve from oblivion the "*Légendes Nationales*" of Madame Clémence Michaëven, by the first illustrations perhaps that he ever executed.

The characteristic of this period is a striving after quietude and perfect peace of life and scenery. In some of these prints we feel the silence that holds both men and things. In the illustrations to the "*Légendes Flamandes*" the execution is vehement and un-



DEATH ON THE PAVEMENT.

Uilenspiegel. This weekly paper flew at every game: politics, science, and art. Rops was the soul of it. His inexhaustible spirit was displayed in drawings and mottoes, making game of the citizen class and its absurdities, inventing typical personages—for instance, that of Van Coppernolle—and allowing himself no rest till all the laughs were on his side. Rops held his own by incessant work and constant practice in invention and rapid execution. The man who, at a later period, could never be induced to think a thing finished, who would elaborate it to

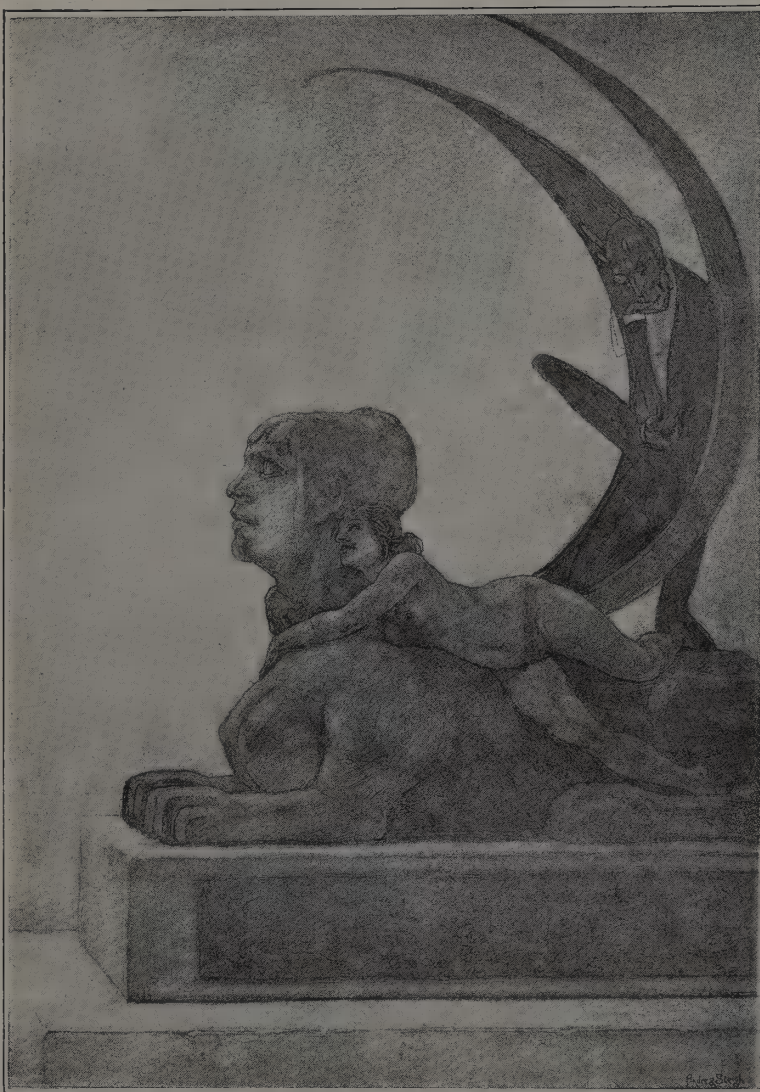
equal; he is as yet inexpert, and strong contrasts of black and white give a spurious boldness of effect. In painting interiors his manner grew more moderate and calmer. He embodied what survives of the past in Belgium, and annexed a province in art of which Bruges is the capital. But his excursion in the past was but brief; he soon came back to modern subjects, the study of modern life and manners, and then produced "*La Buveuse d'Absinthe*." In this, for the first time perhaps, he showed himself independent of all influence. He

created a type of evil woman: vehement, wilful, and perverse, with nothing classical or conventional about her; a woman seen in the street, no doubt, but filled out to a synthesis. She stands leaning her elbow against a pillar covered with gaudy advertisements, staring before her, gloomy but terrible. She is grotesquely smart, extremely thin, with long sinewy hands, and square bony shoulders. There is something worn out and desecrated in her appearance, and yet strong and enduring. The title, "Buveuse d'Absinthe," does not convey the true purport of the picture. The subject is vice, mortal vice. It suggests death—some strange death, cold and final; such a death as looms at the end of a career of sin; a death voluntary, indeed, but without impulse, without madness, without volition—slow and accepted suicide. There is nothing lyric here. When the artist, revelling, as has been said, in the study of the past, threw himself, not only into the scenery, but into the mind of the Middle Ages, he was, no doubt, led to reflect on the wickedness ascribed to woman by the scholiasts. He adopted their ideas both as to woman and as to the devil. This print is the first evidence he gave of this state of mind.

At this period—1864–1875—books were the chief subjects which Rops studied and synthesised. Poulet-Malasses, and subsequently Gay, gave him commissions for frontispieces: all the series of Alfred Delvaux' publications—"Les Cythères Parisiennes," "Les Cafés et Cabarets de Paris;" the "Jeune France" of Théophile Gautier; "Les Épaves" of Baudelaire; then Gay's pocket editions—"Amusements des Dames de Bruxelles," "La Sainte Chandelle d'Arras," "Catéchisme des Gens Mariés," "La Sphère de la Lune;" "Œuvres Badines," by Grécourt; "Le Fer Rouge," by Glatigny; the heading of the magazine *L'Artiste*; Théodore Hannon's "Rimes de Joie." To this period must be assigned "The Brewer's Apprentice," here reproduced.

In 1875 a serial was begun, entitled "Cahier d'Études d'Eaux Fortes," under the patronage of

the Comtesse de Flandre. She herself contributed examples. Felicien Rops was appointed editor. He organised the work on an international footing: among the contributors were Bracquemond, Desbouts, Storm de Gravesande, and Israels. To give a cosmopolitan air to the concern, Rops



THE SPHINX.

adopted various foreign pseudonyms. The "Pallas" is signed William Lesly, the "Ariette" bears the name of Niederkorn; Lesly and Niederkorn were Rops. The portrait accompanying this paper, "William Lesly, my Friend," is a likeness of Rops by himself. The volume, which has a tail-piece, also by Rops, representing a sphinx, is now very rare. Most of the copies are in France.

After the failure in his own country, for the publication was intended to continue for an unlimited period, Rops withdrew to Paris. This was

in the beginning of 1876. At Paris Rops first learned to estimate his power. By nature a fertile and lavish artist, a piercing and clear-sighted

day prove himself all the more confident and the greater. He worked steadily. It was at this time that he produced "La Mort au Trottoir" (here reproduced for the reader) and "Death Dancing," two studies of unmistakably Baudelairean origin. And while still devoting himself to the austerities of self-discipline, and at the same time preparing, by these pictorial renderings of Baudelaire, for the production of "Les Demoniacques" and "Les Sataniques," he was working under Cadart or Evely at supplying frontispiece title-pages to certain volumes published by Gay.*

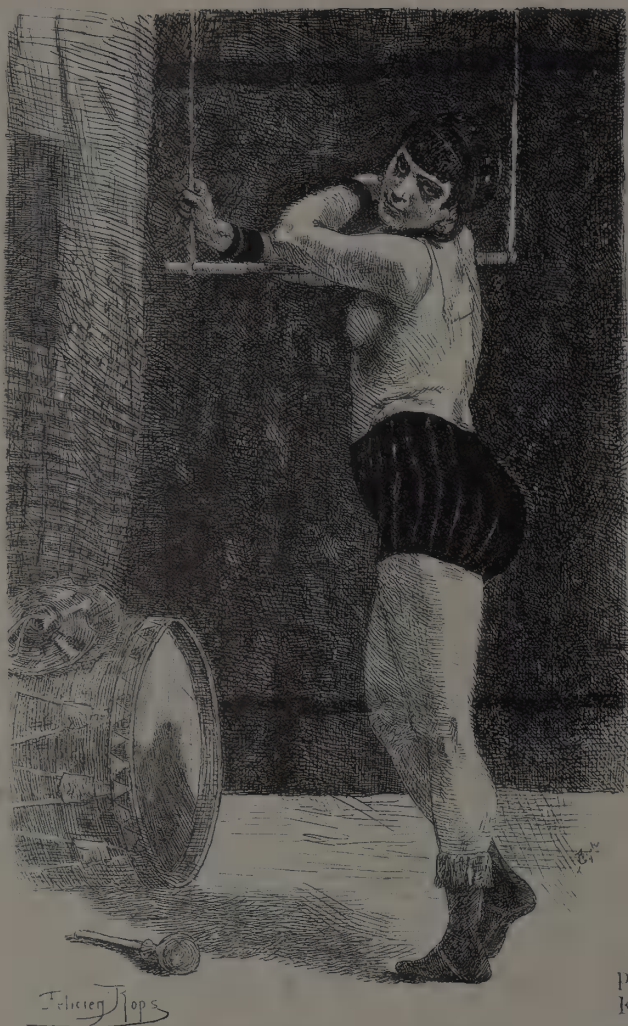
The "Album Noilly," containing a hundred sketches, also afforded him a constant motive for industry and endeavour. On the death of Monsieur Noilly—a careful book-collector with a mania for novelty—this album was priced at 15,000 francs (£600). It was not sold. The volume is now broken up and sold piecemeal to amateurs.

Three more important water-colours, however, claim our attention. First, "La Tentation de Saint-Antoine," in which, in the place of Christ on the Cross, we see a laughing and insidious woman, passionate and inviting, to the terror of the holy anchorite kneeling before her with wild looks and horrified eyes. Another is called "Pornocrates," symbolised by a woman wearing nothing but black stockings and a hat; she is walking blindfold along the parapet of the Academy, led on her way by a pig. The third is "L'Attrapade," women quarrelling on a narrow staircase, where the dreadful hags defy and insult each other—a scene pre-eminently Parisian, but of daily occurrence. From these three drawings we see what Rops had learnt in Paris. They are executed with a freedom, decision, and power which he could never have gained but by a course of severe and patient toil, with the model before his eyes. His works thenceforth are masterpieces.

This brought him to his definite and final phase, marked by the publication of "Les Diaboliques" and "Les Sataniques." But this stage has been varied by studies in water-colour, by several plates of erotic subjects, and frontispieces to the works of Péladan, Uzanne, and Villiers. To these may be added the frontispiece to the "Notes d'un Vagabond," by Jean d'Ardennes.

The singular composition called "Vice Regnant" is well known. A horrible figurative couple stand on a plinth of stone, of which the panel bears

* It was when working for Cadart that he brought out "La Femme au Trapèze" and "L'Affuteur," here reproduced.



THE WOMAN WITH THE TRAPEZE.

observer, and a born colourist, he at once perceived that the technical accomplishment, the facility, or, if you will, dexterity, of which every Parisian has enough and to spare, was to him altogether lacking. Baudelaire, whom he had previously met at Brussels, had no doubt infused into him that care for form and respect for drawing which had in all ages been neglected in Belgium. Rops was so shrewd and wise as to perceive that to make his mark he must be able to draw as well as the severest artist of them all. But he was as yet the slave of chance and incompleteness.

So he began his apprenticeship again from the beginning. He frequented Jullian's studio, set himself tasks, studied elementary drawing, made himself a child among men, only that he might one

a bas-relief of the She-wolf of Latium, lean and bloodless, suckling a sinister pair of twins. The man is in evening-dress, the woman in a ball-dress; both skeletons. He carries his head under his arm like an opera-bat; she stands in her coffin set up on end, insinuating and audacious still. That "Finis Latinorum," which the writer analyses, has been seized upon by the draughtsman—synthesised, embodied, and displayed. The man—the skeleton dandy, the play-going journalist—might be a showman leading forward Death: the courtesan, that is to say, the woman of the streets. And this simple allegory, which in the hands of an ordinary artist would only be fit for a grim page in some illustrated paper, is, in fact, worthy to compare with the great works of Dürer, and might be a page borrowed from Holbein's "Dance of Death."

The poems of Mallarmé have a wonderful frontispiece by Rops, the most synthetic invention, perhaps, that he has ever produced.

It is unfortunate that the erotic character of the separate plates executed by Rops in the years 1880-88 preclude us from dwelling on them. Most of them are remarkable for their power, their spirit, and their pessimism. They have the beauty of certain figures by Michelangelo, and often the force of Delacroix; some show the grotesque perversity of Leonardo. We will go on to the "Diaboliques" and the "Sataniques." These are his great works—the monument which crowns the mountain of art he has climbed.

"Les Diaboliques" illustrate the book by Barbey d'Aurévilly. Fresh from Baudelaire, Rops at once found himself at home with Barbey. Here is reproduced the plate entitled "Le Sphinx." The others are not less perfect, but this is the most full of purpose. A woman reclining on the monster's back rests on her elbow as she talks to it. The Devil, in evening dress, with a glass in his eye, under shelter of its folded wings, is listening and considering; and woman as the instrument of evil, inspiring or inspired by the Sphinx, under the watchful eye of the Devil. Satan's attitude is ironical; the woman is passive;

the Sphinx portends fatality. The whole is grand but sinister, awful and silent.

"Les Sataniques" form a series including "Satan Sowing Tares." The plate here produced is the fifth. The landscape represents Paris at night; Nôtre Dame and the river Seine can be discerned. A strange figure, a skeleton in wooden shoes, strides with an easy step over the roofs and domes. He is sowing seed. The night is as black as though it were never to end, streaked with lurid and ominous light. The city is asleep. The apparition is grand and startling. In vain we call it a dream, in vain we try to believe that it is an allegory or a symbol;



SATAN SOWING TARES.

the scene is rendered with such vital truth that it seems to be authentic. Only genius can impress the brain with this kind of authenticity.

MR. HUMPHREY ROBERTS'S COLLECTION.

THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

IN this, the last of these notices of the collection of the generous owner whose name heads this essay, I have to consider one of the most valuable

examples of all the leading moods and classes of subjects to which this extraordinary man devoted his skill, poetic sympathies, and profound sense of

humour, except such as illustrate the sardonic and pitiful phases of his genius, of which there are, I regret to say, no specimens at Kensington to be commented upon here. Nevertheless, there is much to write about in a gallery which embraces technical triumphs so consummate in colour and the rendering of light as "The Farm Outhouse" by this painter, which, in respect to an old oak chest, wicker baskets, tubs reminiscent of washing days, a pile of firewood, and a time-worn brick floor, rivals Venetian colour, the wealth of Rembrandt's tones, the massiveness of Velasquez, and the finish of a master. Close to this hangs a *chef-d'œuvre* of the choicest coloration, and the most exquisite imitation of form and colour, such as of yore Mr. Ruskin—to whom this jewel owes its existence—taught his acolytes to regard as the *ne plus ultra* of pictorial workmanship. In this case these charms are to be found in a group of "Mushrooms" of divers colours, from the rosy flesh-like under-growth of the fungi to the whiteness of their leathery caps and the amber, mars-orange and purple hues which unchallengeable art has combined out of the humblest materials. Among Hunt's figure-subjects no class is more attractive, artistic, and instructive than the following, all of which are simply specimens of immortal powers employed in themes such as most painters would be likely to vulgarise. First of this group is the famous "Negro Boy," seated on an old basket and, with distended cheeks, blowing the fuel of an iron stove into a glow, the ruddiness of which is growing intenser in the very heart of the metal. Then comes "The Student," an English country boy holding a book behind a candle and reading, so that we see the light reflected with delightful art upon the



THE PIPE-BEARER.

(From the Drawing by J. F. Lewis, R.A.)

and numerous gatherings of its kind in private hands which London can boast. Apart from Turner's, the most original, resourceful, and interesting personality among the varied group of vigorous painters here in question, is that of William Henry Hunt, who has been justly styled a great master in small. Mr. Roberts possesses capital

youngster's face, which is a perfect study of character and expression. "A Mid-day Meal" is more important than either of the above because under its naïveté and comeliness the sympathetic observer finds the deepest pathos and that devout submission to the Law which is the abiding and elevating spirit of all prayer. The subject proper



CORFE CASTLE.

(From the Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.)

bigger, could not be greater or nobler. A more famous and popular, because more easily understood, Hunt than the last, is "Jim Crow," in which we have a lively negro lad seated on an old washing tub, and warming his hands at, so to say, the very throat of an iron stove pipe, which the blood-red heat within has turned from its blackness and purple to a fiery, cherry-like hue. The boy grins with delight, but, as in

is simply an old time-, toil-, and weather-beaten farmer seated—wearing a white embroidered smock-frock, lifting his bared head to the light that falls full upon it—at a rough deal table, with bread, cheese, and a red jug of beer at his side, while the expression of his ruddy face, enclosed by white and flossy locks, tells us that he is silently saying grace before the meal. I believe this is a portrait of Hunt's neighbour, or host, at Bramley by Basingstoke, where the painter often abode—probably a relative on his wife's side. The old man's fine head and "wholesome" aspect, hale and simple as they were, often served Hunt's turn as a model. Apart

all the other examples, there is not the least trace of vulgarity to offend the most fastidious of observers.



ON THE FRENCH COAST.

(From the Drawing by R. P. Bonington.)

from this, it is, though measured by inches, a picture which, were it made ten times merely

The next Hunt is known as "Preparing for the Soirée," and represents the homely *toilette* of a

cottage girl. Much could be said in praise of the fresh humour of the situation; the girl's heroic submission to the older operator's handling of the hot tongs, the former's lifted shoulders, stiffened arms, and half-clenched hands, with eyes full of delight in anticipation of the coming pleasures. To

fore to say that the smaller version gives in perfection the kindly indifference of the tall damsel in yellow and orange, who half-leads and half-supports the tottering steps of the earthward-bending figure in black, an aged woman, who nears the all-comprehending, the last haven of rest, close at



THE BLUE LIGHTS.

(From the Drawing by Alfred W. Hunt.)

use a Ruskinian phrase, the tale of the recent past is revealed by the red pan upon the floor, the apurtenances of the bed-room, and the very dresses of the females. The fineness of the painting, the veracity of the representation of the interior light, and the fidelity of the textures and local colours of the picture's numerous accessories are remarkable. Upon these the all-skilful hand and nature-loving eyes of the consummate and labour-devoted painter lingered as if they could never tire.

From the devout pathos of "A Mid-day Meal," and the abundance of homely humour in "Preparing for the Soirée," let us turn to the sad and suggestive "Haven of Rest," by Fred. Walker, of which Mr. Roberts possesses an admirable version in water-colours, differing in some details, especially of the local colours, from the large picture in oil, but not the less autographic and original than that great example of modern art at its best and noblest mood, which is of the tenderest pathos all compact. The design of this immortal piece is too well-known to need description here; suffice it there-

hand for her. Nor is the drawing less happy in respect to the strength, energy, and grace of the stalwart mower on whom the younger woman's regard is mainly, if half-unconsciously, bent, while he, in turn, is by no means unconscious of her notice. The sentiment of this picture is recognisable by all. Many capital works of art have, with great success, rendered the same very precious element of modern design; but, in my opinion, not one has surpassed Walker's masterpiece in this respect, nor in the massive breadth, luminousness, and noble colour-scheme of the work before us.*

"The Blue Lights," by Mr. A. W. Hunt, illustrates

* Mr. Roberts thinks so highly, as, of course, I likewise think, of the opinion of the writer of the following note upon this capital picture that I gladly give room for it here:—"The Harbour of Refuge' has always seemed to me the best water-colour drawing extant. In dignity of subject, in beauty of colour and technique, it seems to attain the highest summit of art, and, as far as I can see, is likely to stay there as 'king of the castle,' for though the work of Turner in the same material is as wonderful, yet the two men cannot be compared, and the realising of a completely beautiful subject is an achievement of a higher order than (as in Turner) the suggestion of it.—ALBERT GOODWIN."



THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS. (SEE "PIGRIM'S PROGRESS.")
(From the Drawing by Albert Goodwin, R.W.S. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)

that admirable landscapist's peculiarly true, delicate, and intense feeling for light, vapour-surcharged air, and the movements of water. We have the full moon, as pallid as Death is fabled to be, seen through the wan and quickly driving mists of winter, and the denser spray of the waves that, surging and resurging, break furiously upon the timbers of the then half-finished pier at Tynemouth. The ghastly lustre of the satellite is in full contrast with the vivid blue of the beacon lantern. No reproduction can hope to do more than suggest the energy of this superb design, with its weird splendour of colour, the formless horror of the sky, the half-seen pallor of the distant cliffs upon which the lofty tower of the once great Priory, the now forgotten hope of the mariners of five hundred years, looms so grandly still.

treasury of broken colour, dashes of half-subdued lights and shadows, diversified yet homogeneous, and filled with deftly drawn details of rocks, smaller stones, pools, attenuated herbage, and starved grasses. A drawing known to represent Whitby and that venerable schooner the *Crazy Jane* comes next, and demands more room than I dare give to it. The old craft lies aground in the estuary of the placid Esk, while the swiftly moving flush of sunset touches the distant buildings of St. Hilda's ancient town with the Scandinavian name which has given way to another one still older. Flocculent clouds take the day's last glow, and attest the exquisite craft of the draughtsman, who paints skies as few indeed, except his great model, Turner, ever dreamed of painting them. "Naples Bay" is another gem



RICHMOND.

(From the Drawing by David Cox.)

"A Welsh Moorland" aptly displays the same poet-painter's view of desolation and its hopelessness by means of a shallow, stony pool, the long vista of a darkening vale, the loftier peaks on either side of which now appear and now disappear in the slow vapours that, as if they were half-alive, drift past them, while, athwart the mid-distance, a wan gleam seems to have lost its way. Here that great rule which demands simplicity in all fine composition—a rule which no one understands better than the painter—has been illustrated and developed with those nearly parallel lines of massed light, shadow, and colour of which the picture is composed. The foreground is, contrarily to these masses, a very

of air, land, sky, and water painting by the same hand, which, with "Durham," a study of the finest sort, I must needs be content with thus barely commending to lovers of nature and choice art.

Our next master is Turner, the very prophet, though not the patriarch and inventor, of poetic landscape, and Mr. A. W. Hunt's guiding light and leader in every respect. The great Academician's noble and austere "Corfe Castle" is a small drawing of the ruin aloft upon its guardian knoll, built up, so to say, in silvery and olive hues, warmer ivory, and greys innumerable, and set in the palest of turquoise skies. A gem of harmony and perfect breadth, it is instinct with the graver, less ambitious

spirit of the artist. "Sallenches" is another and renowned Turner, due to that which is aptly known as the painter's golden olive period, exquisitely graded, with, in the distance, a wilderness of mountain-tops, some clad in snow, others being barren and crenellated to their summits. In respect to pure draughtsmanship even Turner, great as he was, never surpassed Mr. Roberts's wonderful "Sallenches."

By Henry Moore, R.A., Mr. Roberts has a highly

upon the river and its pools, a marsh in front, clouds tinted like dun smoke, and over all the pure blue firmament. David Cox's "Richmond" shows how at the time it was executed that fine and sterling painter stood half-way between Turner and George Barret. "On the French Coast" reminds us happily of Bonington's long and profitable sojourn at Calais. "The Pipe-Bearer," by J. F. Lewis, is not Mr. Roberts's chief possession by that admirable



SUNDAY MORNING.

(From the Drawing by George Clausen, A.R.A.)

characteristic, energetic, and learned study of the sea breaking upon a nearly level sandy shore, with boats tossing at their anchors, and a finely drawn and solidly modelled sky. He is almost equally fortunate in possessing several of Mr. A. Goodwin's capital works, including, first, that most conspicuously excellent example which is here engraved, "The Delectable Mountains," a romantic but not spiritual or suggestive view of a fine Welsh or Devonshire landscape; second, a view of the sea from near Ilfracombe, with lovely bands of ashy purple and green upon the "creeping" surface of the ocean; third, a masculine and powerful view of the sea breaking furiously in a cove of the North Devon coast after a wreck, with a man who, by means of a rope-ladder, has descended from the cliff-top to save wreckage cast upon a table rock; and the fourth gives us "Lincoln" in lucid twilight

draughtsman. He owns the much more famous specimen of Lewis's work, the superb "Greeting in the Desert"—a brilliant, pure, and solid instance, showing travellers with camels meeting in bright sunlight and a limitless waste of sand; Sir J. Gilbert's "Battle of Marston Moor;" Turner's "Sleaford, Lincolnshire," "Valley of Chamouni," and "Kirkby Lonsdale Church;" Mr. Boyce's "Dovecote at Streatley;" Mr. Briton Riviere's "Orpheus in the Wood;" "Flitting," and "A Frugal Meal" (for which, see the woodcut), by Heer Israels; a charming example of Mrs. Allingham at her very best; George Barret's "Classical Landscape," and at least a dozen more fine instances do not exhaust the treasures of Mr. Roberts's mansion, to describe which has been among the present writer's greatest pleasures.

[NOTE.—The copyright of each of the pictures reproduced in this series of articles is the property of Mr. Humphrey Roberts.]



THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A. 1878-1896.

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

AN ARTIST IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

IF Mr. J. G. Millais is not destined to succeed to the position of Mr. Joseph Wolf as "the greatest of all animal painters," he at least bids fair to establish his reputation as the best and merits of Mr. Millais' first book; in his second, "A Breath from the Veldt," the same virtues are even more apparent and vastly more entertaining. This volume, even handsomer than the first, con-



EXTRAORDINARY ATTITUDES OF A BUSTARD.

(Drawn by J. G. Millais.)

most conscientious natural history draughtsman of his day, especially in relation to wild animals. No trouble, no risk is too great if at the end a truthful sketch is to be obtained; and no sketch is worth anything when obtained if it has not been conceived in a scientific spirit and worked out with transparent honesty. Therein lay the chief

tains the result of what he has seen during a long hunting and sketching trip in South Africa, and the whole is a service rendered to science and to art. Fearlessness as a hunter, keenness as an observer, skill as a sketcher, intelligence and loyalty as a man of science, together with a strong sense of humour and an irrepressible curiosity—these are the qualities displayed in Mr. Millais' sketches, to say nothing of the bright unconventional charm of his vivid text. But it would be unjust to withhold

* "A Breath from the Veldt," by John Guille Millais, F.Z.S., with illustrations by the author, and frontispiece by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A. (London: Sotheman and Co., 1895.)

merit from Mr. Millais as an artist. Denied the advantage of artistic education by a solicitous father (who provides, by the way, a powerful dramatic drawing, entitled "The Last Trek," as a frontispiece to this volume), he taught himself to draw when his first youth had past rather, it is true, with a view to the depicting of natural history than the production of pictures; but to the artist his clever, unsophisticated drawings will be as welcome as his text to the literary critic. Lions and antelopes,

portraits and similar interesting facts, but motions, movements, and manœuvres, closely observed and happily portrayed—these, with hunting scenes and

pictures of camp-life, reinforced by a few well-handled photographic reproductions, combine to form one of the most valuable and most important contributions to the study of animal life of recent years. It is to be observed that Mr. Millais has caught many animals literally "on the hop;" and in some of his reproductions he has often

given us pictures as quaint in feeling as are to be found in the Coburg chronicles.

given us pictures as quaint in feeling as are to be found in the Coburg chronicles.



A DYING LEOPARD.
(Drawn by J. G. Millais.)



ATTITUDES OF SPRINGBOK.
(Drawn by J. G. Millais.)



FALCONRY.—PART II.

By J. E. HARTING, F.L.S.

IN approaching the important subjects of painting and engraving, I feel more than ever embarrassed at the wealth of material which exists for examination and the difficulty of selecting examples on which to comment. Within the narrow limits of a magazine article it is scarcely possible to do more than make the briefest allusion to the widespread influence exercised by the art of falconry on the work of the great masters, whether painters or engravers. We might almost place the engravers first, for since the discovery of the art of printing in 1441 they have had the largest share in disseminating pictorial representations of falconry as practised in Europe. Paintings of merit have always been in the hands of a wealthy few, or enclosed within the walls of public or private galleries, beyond the daily gaze of the majority of mankind. Engravings, on the other hand, dispersed in the printed books which they were designed to illustrate, have by this means been brought more prominently before the eyes of those for whom the artists intended them.

The introduction of falconry into Europe, or at all events the spread of its popularity amongst European nations, may be said to be due, in a great measure, to the Latin treatise, composed by the Emperor Frederick II. in 1247, to which allusion has been already made. Based to some extent upon Arabic MSS. of an earlier date, this celebrated treatise was copied by various hands, partly (though not entirely) translated into Italian, German, and French, and from these languages into English, until at the present day it is possible to trace many a precept of the falconer's art in its modern English dress back to the days of Elizabeth, when George Turbervile, in the preparation of his "*Booke of Falconrie, or Hawking*" (1575), borrowed from the earlier French and Italian writers, who, in their turn, had copied from predecessors who had based their treatises on the original Latin work to which I have alluded. As these various adaptations successively

found their way into print, the services of the wood engravers were enlisted to illustrate them, and it is most instructive to trace the rise and progress of art in this direction, noting the peculiarities of the different schools, and the gradual development of truth in design as well as the improvement in execution, according to the opportunities which the artists enjoyed for learning the details of the sport which they illustrated.

The paintings and engravings which serve to illustrate the history of falconry may for our present purpose be divided roughly into two classes: (1) portraits of celebrated falconers by celebrated painters, and (2) pictures which provide us with details of the sport as practised in different ages and by different nations.

As noteworthy examples of the former class I may point to the following:—Titian's "*Nobleman of Cyprus*," in possession of the Earl of Carlisle at Castle Howard. It is a portrait of the brother of the Queen Catherine of Cyprus, as appears by an inscription on the back of the picture, and a good engraving of it by Skelton will be found in Forster's "*British Gallery of Engravings*," published in 1807. A mezzotint of "*A Falconer*," by Reynolds, from a picture by Northcote (said to be a portrait of the painter himself), was evidently suggested by Titian's picture. The attitude of both man and hawk is copied, and even the dog by the falconer's side has been introduced. Holbein's portrait of Robert Cheseman, falconer to Henry VIII., which hangs in the Royal Gallery at the Hague, is a noble example of this artist's skill. A reproduction may be seen in "*Bibliotheca Accipitraria*," where some account of this falconer is given (pp. 243, 244). Cheseman, who was in his forty-eighth year when this portrait of him was painted in 1533, is depicted with a gerfalcon upon his fist.

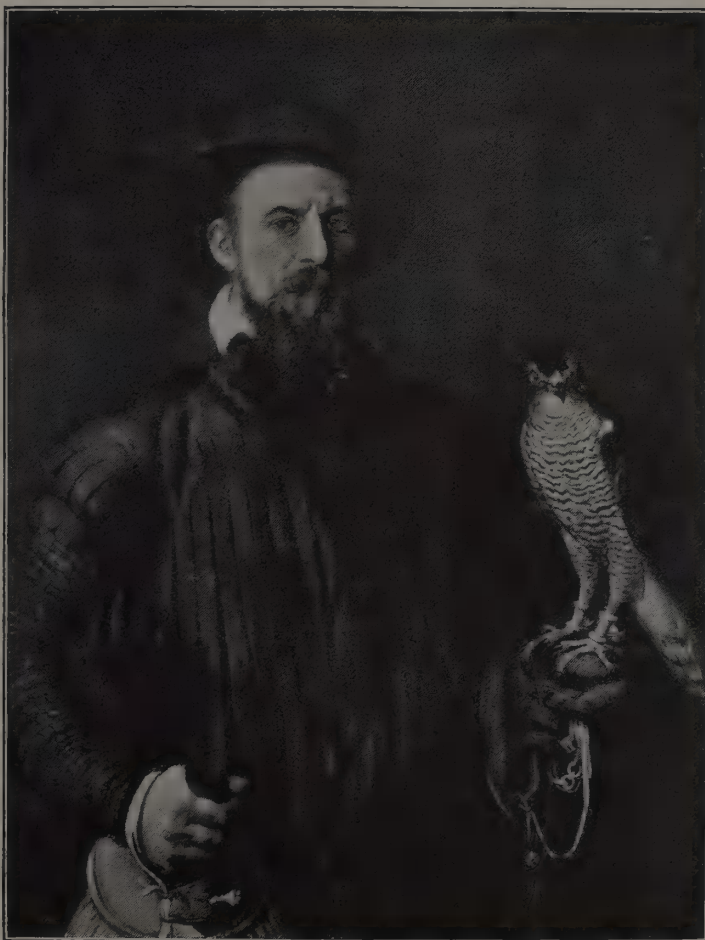
A panel portrait of Sir Ralph Sadler, grand falconer to Queen Elizabeth, attributed to Marc Gerhardt, deserves notice, more on account of

historical associations than for its merit as a painting. While in the possession of the late Sir John Astley it was removed from the Manor House at Everley, Wilts (where Henry Sadler, the third son of Sir Ralph, once resided with his falconer, the celebrated Simon Latham), to London, where it was for some months on view at the Grosvenor Gallery in the "Exhibition of Sports and Arts." It has been reproduced in colour by Griggs, and forms a frontispiece to the "*Bibliotheca Accipitraria*," wherein some account of this celebrated statesman and falconer may be found (pp. 241, 242). The portrait of James I. by Vandyck should not pass unnoticed in an enumeration of great falconers painted by great artists, for no English monarch ever did more than he did to promote the sport of falconry in this country. An earlier portrait of him, engraved by Raddon from the original in possession of the Earl of Dartmouth (Stuart Exhibition, 1889, No. 57), represents him as a youth with a sparrow-hawk upon his hand. A portrait of the Hon. Lewis Latham, falconer to Charles I., and a brother to Simon Latham (falconer to Mr. Henry Sadler, of Everley), who wrote "*The Falcon's Lure and Cure*" (1615), is in the possession of his descendant, Mr. F. A. Holden, of Hyattsville, Maryland, U.S.A., through whose kindness the writer was lately enabled to publish a collotype reproduction of it ("*Bibliotheca Accipitraria*," 1891, p. 22). As a painting it has little merit, but from its historical associations it is of considerable interest. A portrait of another of Charles I.'s falconers, Sir Alexander Abercromby, with a hawk upon his glove, is in the possession of the present baronet, Sir Robert Abercromby, at Forglen House, Turriff, Aberdeenshire. There is a good picture of an Elizabethan falconer, Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farley, Wilts (1574), in the collection of Sir R. Hungerford Pollen, of Rodbourne, near Malmesbury, which has been engraved for Sir R. C. Hoare's "*History of Modern Wilts*." It is a half-length portrait, representing him at the age of forty-two, bare-headed, and with a falcon on his glove.

For the purpose of illustrating this portion of my subject I have made choice of a remarkably good painting of a Dutch falconer of the sixteenth century by Franz de Vriendt, commonly

called Franz Floris (1520-70), which hangs in the Brunswick Gallery. It is a fine example of that artist's work. Who the falconer was cannot now be ascertained, but there can be little doubt that it is a portrait, and a good one, of some enthusiast of the day. The bird also, a goshawk, was evidently painted from the life.

Of modern portraits I do not call to mind more than one which deserves notice here—namely, a portrait of a celebrated English falconer, Colonel Thomas Thornton, of Thornville Royal, Yorkshire, who died in 1823. The original is in the possession



PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH FALCONER.

(From the Painting by Franz de Vriendt.)

of the Earl of Rosebery, and hangs in the library at Durdans, Epsom. A tolerable engraving of it forms the frontispiece to Vol. I. of Thornton's "*Sporting Tour in France*" (1806).

Of pictures and engravings which belong to the second category above mentioned, and illustrate the practice of falconry in more or less detail, a long list might be furnished. But attention may with

advantage be confined to a few only of the most characteristic examples in either art by artists of knowledge and renown.

For picturesque grouping, quality, and colour, "The Halt of a Hawking Party," by Wouverman, in the Adrian Hope Collection, deserves especial mention. Although the general effect is good, the details from the falconer's point of view are conventional,

pose and outline of the hawk which she carries upon her glove.

Coming to more modern times, in some of the sporting pictures painted by Saurey Gilpin at the end of the last century for Colonel Thornton, and notably one of "Heron-hawking" (engraved by Morris in 1783), in which the colonel is depicted as alighting from his horse to take up a falcon which has struck down a heron, we see the marked effect upon the artist's work when the technical details have been supervised by a master of the sport represented. We often see a good picture marred by the inaccuracy of its details, arising from want of personal acquaintance with the subject treated, and it is too often forgotten that one of the qualities upon which the excellence of a painting depends is not only execution, but truth in design. Even so great a master of animal painting as Sir Edwin Landseer has erred in this direction, and several of his pictures, which in other respects seem to satisfy all the canons of art, fail to please the sporting critic, who detects some blunder in detail. In his charmingly painted picture of "Highland Nurses," so familiar to the public as one of Thomas Landseer's best engravings, we see a wounded stag, attended by two hinds, lying on the brow of a hill. The grouping is excellent, the drawing admirable; but every deer-stalker knows that a wounded stag would never lie down on high ground where he could at once be detected by his pursuers, but would hide in some hollow amongst heather and bracken, or even in some pool, where he might have the best chance of escaping observation.



A FALCONER UNHOODING THE HAWK.

(After an Engraving by Ridinger.)

and not altogether accurate. In this respect we find greater merit in a picture by David Teniers, "La Chasse du Heron," which hangs in the Louvre (No. 520). In this picture two falcons are depicted "stooping" at a heron in the air, while two others are "binding" to a heron on the ground: a falconer on the right is running to take up the hawks, and on the left three mounted falconers are following the flying heron. There is much vigour in the treatment of the subject, and as a good illustration of falconers and hawks in action the painting is a valuable one. In the same gallery hangs a "Portrait d'une Petite Fille" (No. 91), by Philippe de Champagne (1602-4), which is chiefly remarkable for the skill with which the lace cap and apron and damask skirt of the wearer are painted, and for the natural

In his celebrated picture of "Eagles Attacking a Swannery" the eagles are seizing their quarry with the beak, while every falconer knows that a bird of prey invariably seizes its victim with the feet and kills it with the beak. So, in the charming picture we have selected as an example of Landseer's skill in delineating a hawking scene, we have an otherwise admirable painting marred by a want of accuracy in detail; for no falconer in his senses would dream of flying his hawk at a heron going down wind (as may be inferred by the direction of the waving sedges), across a lake beyond which he could only reach his hawk by a gallop perhaps of many miles. Ansdell has painted a falconer flying a hawk without jesses and from an ungloved hand. F. G. Turner, in 1839, painted a set of four

pictures representing heron-hawking for the Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, the Duke of St. Albans, every one of which is full of technical blunders. A hawk in the air is attempting to seize the heron's neck with her beak, and in so doing is nearly turning a somersault; while, notwithstanding an imminent "kill," a falconer is throwing out a live "lure." The hawk is flown with a hood on, and the eye nearest the spectator is seen to be looking through the eye-piece of the hood! The falconers, who are mounted, wear their gloves on the wrong hand, and the drawing of the birds is execrable.

The fourth picture of this set represents a falconer in the act of holding a captured heron on the ground and forcing it to disgorge the fish it had previously swallowed; whereas everyone who is acquainted with this bird's habits is aware that the first thing a heron does when pursued by a hawk is to throw up of its own accord all the fish or other food it has taken, in order to lighten itself for flight. On being captured, as in this picture, it would be empty! So in the picture of Arab falconers by

by three mouse-hunting kestrels! Such errors of detail as these are not so often detected in the works of the old masters, whether painters or engravers:



PARTRIDGE HAWKING.

(From an Etching by Howitt.)

probably because, living nearer, as they did, to an age in which falconry was one of the most popular of sports, they enjoyed better opportunities for correctly observing its details.

Compare, for example, some of the engravings of Hans Burgkmair which illustrate the life of Maximilian I. in "Der Weiss König" (1514), especially Pl. 34, in which the emperor is represented heron hawking; the almost classical illustrations of falconry by Antonio Tempesta (1622); the excellent etchings by W. Hollar, which include three hawking subjects from paintings by our own Francis Barlow (1671); or the vigorous though much later work of J. E. Ridinger (1760), of which a specimen is here given, "Ein Falconier den Faleken abbaubend," in all of which we see evidence of a spirited and truthful design well executed.



A HAWKING SCENE. [EXAMPLE OF FALSELY-REPRESENTED SPORT.]

(From an Engraving after Landseer.)

Fromentin, of which a charming photogravure by Goupil and Co. is given in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for October, we see a spirited design marred by the unfortunate suggestion that a hare has been killed

from a painting by J. Howe, of Edinburgh (1811), of old Mr. Fleming, of Barochan, Renfrewshire, on horseback, carrying a hawk, and accompanied by his falconers, John Anderson and George Harvey,

is worthy of note, as illustrating a transition from the old-fashioned to the more modern method of representing sport in action. Nor should we pass over the excellent work of Howitt, whose engravings of wild animals and sport in almost all its branches possess a charm for every sportsman who is also a lover of art. Amongst the number of works which he has engraved I need only refer to four which illustrate the sport of falconry, and one of these, depicting partridge-hawking, is here reproduced as a specimen of his peculiar style.

Amongst more modern illustrators of this old-fashioned sport I am not unmindful of the charming water-colours by Frederick Tayler, of which several have been engraved, though this artist, in my opinion, has erred in attempting to paint his details too much from imagination and of too theatrical a character as regards costume.

stands in no need of support from my pen. From the time when as a youth in Germany he made careful water-colour studies of all the living creatures he encountered in his rambles, to the time when he rose to fame as the most skilful animal painter of the age, illustrating the "Transactions" and "Proceedings" of the Zoological Society, and designing engravings for all the best books on sport and natural history, he has lived for art, and has done more than any other living man by his pencil and his brush to educate those who care to learn in the correct delineation of animal life in all its strangely various forms. In regard to falconry, his best works (some of which were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1889) repose in private collections, but many splendid drawings by him of falcons the size of life may be seen, and will not fail to be admired, in Schlegel's grand "Traité de Fauconnerie" and Gould's magnificent folio work in five volumes, "The Birds of Great Britain."

In the accompanying illustration, for the reproduction of which from the original painting we are indebted to Lord Lilford, in whose possession it is, we have the *beau-ideal* of a hawking picture. Not only is the grouping and colouring a triumph of the painter's skill, but from the falconer's point of view the design, with all its details, is as perfect as art can make it.

The scene represented is one which, alas! can no longer be enjoyed by English falconers, for this particular quarry—the kite—once so common on all our heaths and wastes, foraging in our farmyards, and even coming boldly into the streets of London to carry off such offal as might be found, is now (so far as England is concerned) well-nigh as extinct as the dodo, so terribly has it been harassed in the rage for preserving game at the expense of every bird and beast of prey which comes within reach of trap and gun.

Turning from painting to sculpture, we experience far less *embarras de choix*. Sculptors generally have not been inspired by the falconer's art, and comparatively few examples are to be met with which seem to



HAWKS AND KITE.

(From the Painting by Joseph Wolf, R.I. In the Possession of Lord Lilford.)

I bring these remarks on pictures to a close with a reproduction of the work of a living artist—Joseph Wolf—the merit of whose compositions

illustrate it. For the moment I do not call to mind more than three statues of this class, all of which are modern, and in two of which at

least the general effect is marred by want of accuracy in details. Taking them in order of date, "The Falconer," by Carew, of which an engraving by W. T. Fry lies before me, is of the classical type. The figure is nude, the pose and general proportions good; but on the uplifted hand which carries the hawk we see, not a falconer's glove, but an archer's guard put on upside down! The bird, which from its relative size to the falconer must be a merlin, is credited with a feat which it could never perform, for in the drooping right hand the falconer carries a dead heron, which could only have been killed by a larger falcon. In "The Falconer," by Mr. George Simonds, a mediæval design, the falcon, well modelled, is properly carried upon the upraised gloved hand, the attitude of the falconer, who has the hood in his right hand, indicating that he is in the act of what is technically termed "hooding off." The general effect is good, but would be better if the costume were more in accordance with the requirements of the sport.

The latest attempt on the part of a sculptor to model a falconer is to be seen in the fine equestrian

statue by Mr. G. Watts, R.A., of Hugh Lupus, *le gros veneur*, an ancestor of the Grosvenor family, which stands in the courtyard of Eaton Hall, Chester, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. Grandly conceived and ably executed, like everything that emanates from this artist's studio, it fails, like so many of the paintings we have noticed, for want of accuracy in detail. Mr. Watts knew that the bridle-hand is the left hand, but did not consider that it is otherwise with English falconers, who invariably take the reins in the right hand and carry the hawk upon the left. He has accordingly made the mistake of placing the bird upon the wrong hand, and has committed the further error of casting off the hawk down wind and behind the falconer, instead of in front of him—in other words, in a direction in which it could not be seen by the owner without turning the horse.

These remarks may to some appear hypercritical, but they support the principle which we have sought to illustrate, that a work of art, to be successful, depends not merely upon originality of conception and perfect execution, but also upon truth in design.

SOME RIVERS OF LAKELAND.

BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN. ILLUSTRATED BY A. F. MUCKLEY.

IN Lakeland there are innumerable running waters, as must needs be in a region where that formidable fact, the English rainfall, is at its maximum. Down all the great mountain-sides wayward streams chatter the year round, hastening to combine their forces in the gracious valleys through which they carry their tributes to the lakes, and at last to the sea. It is not, as a rule, to see the rivers that the tourist comes; the lakes and the mountains are bigger and afford facilities for climbing and boating. Yet only a very prosaic traveller will depart without some memories, and those among his pleasantest, of the singular beauties of these unpretentious waterways.

From the standpoint of the practical person they are of little value. No rich argosies ride their shallow waters, and their utmost industry is to turn mill-wheels here and there for the convenience of some local crafts too limited in scope to make patches of hideousness in the region of beauty. Some day, when all the lakes have been banked up and utilised (like Thirlmere) for the drinking and washing and engine-feeding of far-off dirty cities "in their million-throated thirst," it will be possible to say more as to the utility of the Lakeland rivers, even if the mechanical genius of our age does not further

prostitute for profit the "power" of their swift, impetuous currents. At present their energies are almost entirely employed in the service of the beautiful. It is they that have made the loveliest region in all England what it is. Their waters have carved and fretted the mountain-sides, modelled the valleys, spread wide the smiling beauty of the plains, filled the land with the glory of verdure, and made the gleaming expanses of lake and tarn. The streams and rivers, then, rightly considered, have made and maintain the Lake District, and therefore they deserve all the tributes of affectionate respect paid to them.

They have not been neglected. If no other poet had sung their charms, the single voice of Wordsworth would ensure their continued fame. He "loved the land whose mountains and whose streams are lovelier for his strain," and many a poem is dedicated to the beauty of rivers and streams which he knew as few men, not anglers, have known them. I assume that Wordsworth was not a fisherman; I should as soon suspect Dr. Johnson of pursuing the "gentle" craft in whose calendar Izaak Walton, Professor Wilson, the Emperor Nero, and Mr. Andrew Lang, figure as chief worthies. Yet the bard of Rydal knew the waters of his native country with an

angler's, more than an angler's, fulness of knowledge. Throughout that great part of his long life which was devoted

"To reverent watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine,"

her rivers and streams seem to have had a first place in his sedate affection. It could not well be other-

to safeguard the lake country from the worst outrages of commercialism. After his eighty years of noble life, Wordsworth's laurelled head lies at rest close to the banks of his loved Rotha :

"Rotha remembering well who slumbers near,
And with cool murmur lulling his repose."

Many are the tributes that have been paid to his



THE RIVER COCKER AT KIRKGATE, LOWES WATER.

wise, since there is nothing in all inorganic nature so near to a poet's love as the river, so full of life and movement, so apt an allegory of human existence. Wordsworth's topographical utterances are not all on his highest plane of achievement; there is some ground for the sneer of that amusing author, the late M. Taine, in his critical masterpiece which is a sort of Mark Twain's "New Pilgrim's Progress" through English literature. Thus M. Taine: "We imagine we hear him say, 'Yesterday I read Walton's Complete Angler; let us write a sonnet about it. On Easter Sunday I was in a valley in Westmorland; another sonnet. Two days ago I put too many questions to my little boy and caused him to tell a lie; a poem. I am going to travel on the Continent and through Scotland; poems about all the incidents, monuments, and adventures of the journey.'" There is just enough truth in this to make it peculiarly false as a description of a body of verse which includes some of the noblest lines, images, and thoughts in English poetry, which will avail, if anything will,

memory since, but none is more notable than the incomparable elegiac poem from which these lines are quoted. William Watson, too, in virtue of it will rank as one of the great singers of the Lake District.

The Grasmere stream has not employed Mr. Fairfax Muckley's graceful pencil, but he gives us two pictures of the Cocker and two of the Derwent, rivers which join their waters at the little market-town, Cockermouth, where, a century and a quarter ago, Wordsworth was born. The Cocker, despite its arithmetical name, is an irregular and pleasingly various stream which wimples down from three of the western group of lakes: Lowes Water, Crummock Water, and Buttermere. Not the loveliest, yet they are each in individual fashion lovely in obedience to the all-pervading enchantment which distinguishes the English lakes from all similar regions in Great Britain. The two lakes last named are most usually visited from Keswick by way of Honister Pass, or Whinlatter Pass, or by the even more impressive

road through Portinscale and the Vale of Newlands. An exquisite experience is, however, missed by those who have not journeyed to Crummock Water beside the Cocker, up the Vale of Lorton—a continuing panorama of loveliness whose superior it would be hard to find. Mr. Muckley has chosen as subjects a charming grouping of trees at the point where the Cocker flows out of Crummock Water, and an exquisite rustic scene at Kirkgate, Lowes Water, in the foreground of which is one of those quaint arched bridges characteristic of the district. Another very typical example of bridge architecture is shown in the view at Newby Bridge on the Leven, where in quiet unpretentious beauty the extreme southern verge of the hill country of Windermere gradually declines to the utter flatness of Morecambe sands. To the south of the beautiful and too little visited region of the Cocker there tower the grandest mountain groups in the Cumbrian district. Through these the solitary Liza hurries westward by Gillerthwaite to Ennerdale Water, amid wild scenery dominated by the stupendous Pillar mountain, which, until seventy

over the mountains into Ennerdale Valley—and a most magnificent walk it is.

The only excuse for those who neglect the western lakes and valleys is that the classic ground of Lakeland is about the long line of lakes which begins with Windermere at the south and is continued by Rydal, Grasmere, and Thirlmere to Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. If it were only permitted to follow one route through the country, this is surely that which should be taken, though lingering glances would be turned aside in the direction of Ullswater, which the lugubrious dramatist Cumberland considered fairest of all, and of Conistoun with its two noble Old Men—the stately mountain at the head of the lake and he of Brantwood. Starting from the shore of Morecambe Bay you see an enchanting panorama of distant peaks which reveals itself gradually in a continuing and glorious crescendo of loveliness as you travel on by the quiet

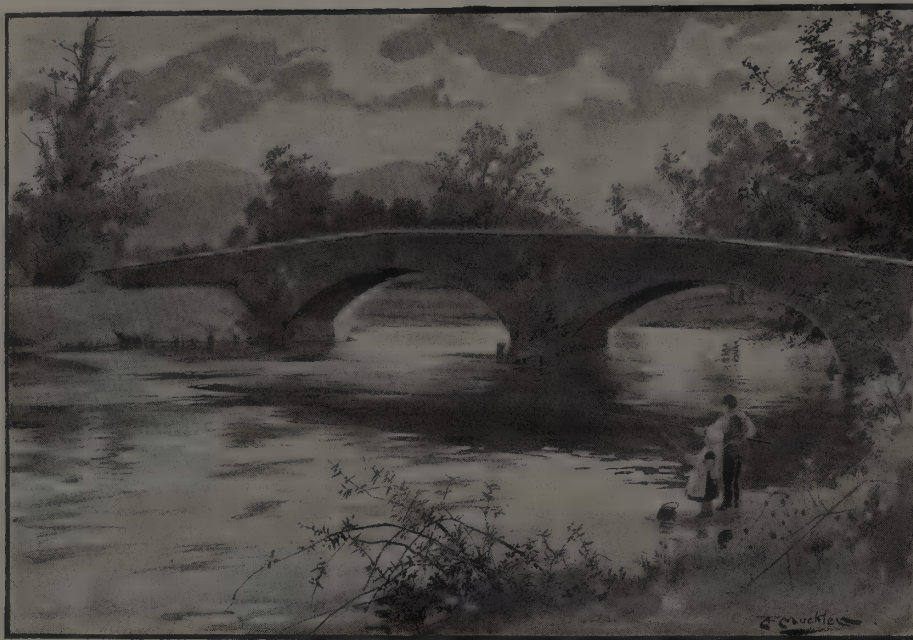


THE RIVER COCKER FLOWING FROM CRUMMOCK LAKE.

years ago, defied the climber, and even now takes toll of lives from time to time. To see the Liza you must travel round by the west coast of Cumberland, unless you are a good enough pedestrian to walk from Scale Hill Hotel, below Crummock Water,

Leven, up Windermere to Ambleside, thence over Dunmail Raise, past the mighty sides of Helvellyn, past poor drowned Thirlmere, and still on till you come to Keswick. Even the British tourist and his "charabanc" cannot destroy the enchantment. At

Keswick, still retaining much of its old quaintness in spite of "improvements," you are at the centre of all poets," to use Charles Lamb's irreverent phrase. Here is Greta Hall, where Coleridge dwelt—where



THE RIVER DERWENT, CROSTHWAITE BRIDGE.

that is best in Cumberland. Here, too, you may afterwards dwelt Southey, that admirable man of whom the vagrant Coleridge wrote that he might

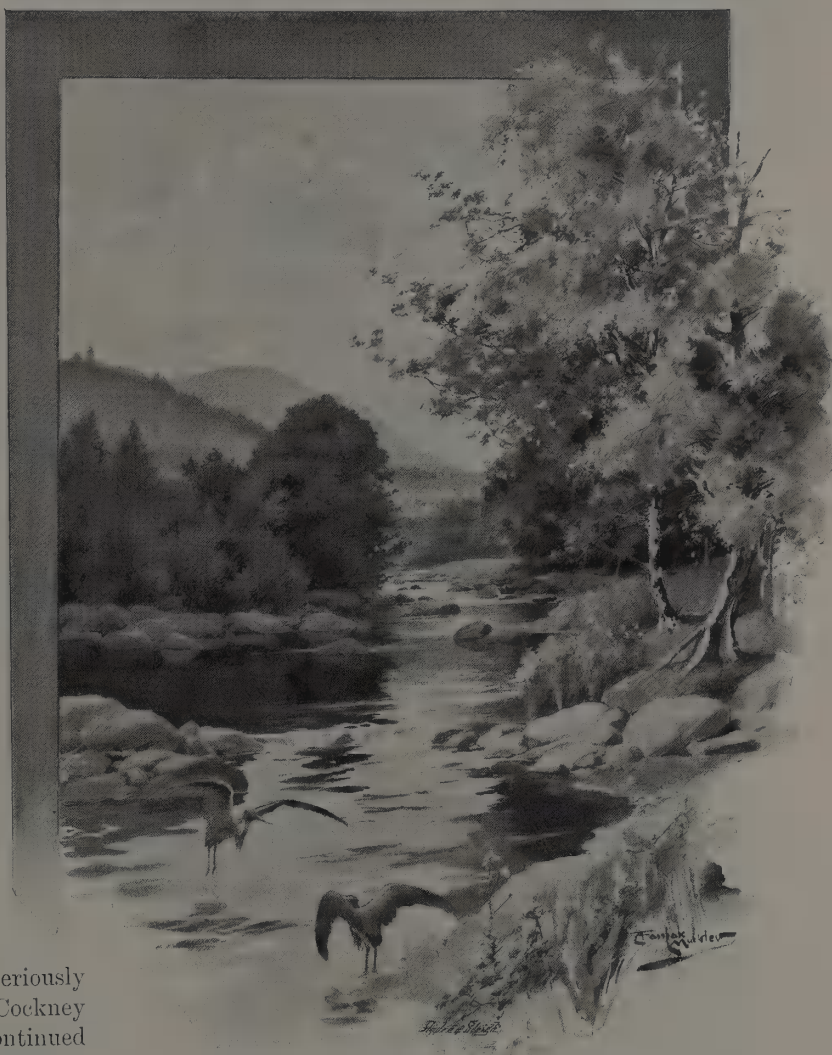


THE RIVER LIZA, SILLERTHWAITE.

be compared to an ostrich—"he cannot fly, but he has such other qualities that he needs it not." Here are memories of De Quincey, of Lamb, of Shelley, of others scarcely less notable, and all now gone long since to rest. The only poet I ever met in the Lake district was that absurd caricature, the great Close, King Popple's laureate, with whom I once beguiled an hour or two at Bowness. We sat in the ramshackle little shed where he sold his "works," and talked of himself and his greatness—he was just as sure of this as ever Wordsworth was of his, and he was very hopeful of the succession to Tennyson. From an eighteenth-century point of view he was just the man for laureate, being ready at a moment's notice to execute orders for poetry "while you wait;" and he was equally felicitous in hymning the death of the Prince Imperial, Cope's tobacco, Meggit's prime bacon, and Mrs. Tompkins' "lodgings to be let, with a view of the lake." Unfortunately Close did not last long enough, so successive governments have been left in the lurch, and the age of prose shuffles along with another laureate.

Southey lies at rest in Crossthwaite churchyard, near the bridge over the Derwent pictured here. They considerably put his "handsome" marble effigies out of sight of the grave, inside the quaint, sturdy, heavy-looking old church. The church is doubtless ugly enough to those who do not associate it, as I do, with some of the pleasantest memories of childhood. It was in crossing the bridge after a primitive morning service in the old church that a brother and I, habited in the Scots boy's customary juvenile tweed suits of kilts, were seriously regarded by a ruddy-faced, portly Cockney and his wife; who afterwards continued their scrutiny to my father and mother, and only vanished from ken after observing in the hearing of an elder brother lagging behind with a comrade—"Dear me! who would have thought that such very respectable-looking people would have their children at a charity school!" The time had not yet come for golf and kilts and Scots whisky to enlighten and regenerate the Southerner.

In those days I so often came near drowning myself in the Greta and the Derwent, that I cannot trust myself to speak of them dispassionately. They are for me now and always rivers of Paradise—the Paradise at whose gates manhood stands Peri-like, forbidden to enter; scarcely permitted even to peep through the bars, unless by such enchantment as that of the beloved Tusitala, who set down in a book for the delight of exiles many tender pictures of the wonderful region whose inhabitants may sing—



THE RIVER GRETA BETWEEN KESWICK AND THRELKELD.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I think we should all be as happy as kings."

Yet even without prepossession, can anyone see without emotions of delight the magical scenery which unfolds itself to the view as one approaches Keswick from the east past St. John's and Threlkeld? Too



NEWBY BRIDGE, LEVEN.

few see it now as it should be seen—the railway robs the tourist of so much. Before the iron horse came snorting through the lovely valley, you had at Penrith to take to one of the few remaining stage-coaches and to travel the eighteen miles by road. The pace was relatively slow but absolutely rapid—all “the glory of motion” through the glory of nature was yours; and, as you rattled into Keswick over

the petrified kidneys of the pavement, with horn blowing and horses smoking, and drew up at the “Royal Oak,” you were full of a rapture denied to the happiest of railway travellers. These, however, have compensations, such as a station hotel, a park, postal facilities, early arrival of newspapers, and other pernicious but attractive luxuries which were willingly dispensed with in the

early sixties. Otherwise the town is not so greatly changed as one expects a place to be

when the masterful “cheap-tripper” has obtained access to it. In time he will no doubt work wonders here as elsewhere—wonders calculated to make the simpler, better tourists of the olden time turn in their graves.



RIVER DERWENT: KESWICK IN MID-DISTANCE.

OF THE INFLUENCE OF ARCHITECTURAL STYLE UPON DESIGN.—II.

By WALTER CRANE.

THE fusion of classical and Oriental feeling with Christian mysticism in Byzantine architecture, which came in with the use of the round vault and dome, opened a new field for that most splendid material, mosaic, that became, *par excellence*, the principal means as well as the glory of the interior decoration of Byzantine buildings.

In the churches of Ravenna and St. Mark's it dominates or takes the place of all other decoration, its impressiveness being largely due to this; and one feels it to be sufficient in itself. The concave surface of the vaulting affords a peculiar appropriate field for the most effective use of the cubes of coloured and gilded glass, by means of which the designs are built up. The very method of mosaic work harmonises it at once with the craft of building, of which it becomes a part. It is a constructive method of surface decoration entirely in harmony with architectural construction, capable of the utmost splendour, and yet full of solemnity. The nature and conditions of the material seem to place natural limits upon its graphic or pictorial range, which, curiously enough, it appears to be in the nature of the evolution of any art (or perhaps of artists) continually to attempt to overstep.

One has only to compare the decorative effect and architectural feeling of the Byzantine mosaics with the late Roman attempts to reproduce Renaissance pictures at St. Peter's to be convinced of its true artistic province and treatment, and to be left in no doubt as to which influence—that of architecture or of painting—has proved the most

beneficial and inspiring to the mosaic designer and worker. We have in our own time, in recent years, returned to the old method of working glass mosaic as an architectural decoration, to working it on the surface, and *in situ*, as the only means of obtaining that richness and variety of surface

and play of light impossible to be attained by the mechanical method of making flat slabs of tesserae on the back of the cartoon in the workshop.

The most important piece of modern mosaic work of our time and country is that upon which Mr. W. B. Richmond is now engaged at St. Paul's Cathedral. Personally I am not in favour of modern artists decorating a building of a former age—at least, in the present condition of art and craftsmanship, I should put new wine into new bottles, and artistic interest in those places most bare of it; but I think, nevertheless, that Mr. Richmond and his able assistants,



EMPERESS THEODORA.
(From the Mosaics at Ravenna.)

the mosaic workers of Messrs. Powell, are carrying out a very fine, thoughtful, and splendid piece of work, full of ability in design and conception and technical skill, governed by the architectural feeling of a decorator, even though that feeling may compel him to mask some of the characteristics of the building he is decorating. But there comes in the modern difficulty. From the mosaic point of view one might wish St. Paul's had been a Byzantine building.

Notable characteristics in the design of Byzantine mosaic are the simplicity in the design and arrangement of masses. They are in some instances almost heraldic in their ornamental effect, and there

is no doubt that the silhouette of figures or groups, as thrown upon a gold ground, is the most important consideration in the case of design intended to be seen from a long distance and in subdued or half light, and upon the concave surfaces of a dome.

·GOTHIC· DESIGN·



·CARVED· BENCH· ENDS·
·DENNINGTON· CHURCH·
·SUFFOLK·

As subsidiary to its chief decorative splendour in mosaic, Byzantine sculpture shows a certain restraint, reserve, and a linear feeling in its design, though with considerable richness of detail, as in the carving of the characteristic cushion and basket-like capitals and screen panels of open work, which also suggest wicker and rope-work motives. This linear feeling and lattice, wicker and rope-work motive can also be traced in the typical carved ornament of Romanesque work generally—as, for instance, in the mouldings of Norman arches and the caps of the shafts. These characteristics may perpetuate the tradition of the construction of the primitive buildings, in this country, of wood and wicker.

In Norman ornament the use of recurring line and repetition of unity is very marked, and its peculiar character and richness is due to this. The zigzag moulding itself is an illustration of the principle, and simply repeats itself in varying proportions and projections. Some of the outer rings of Norman arches and arcading simply repeat the leading constructive form of the semi-circle of the arch itself.

This is still more observable when we come

to the architecture of the pointed arch and the gable, where the mouldings surrounding the window and door heads repeat in projection the lines of the window and door in serving their original office of keeping the rain from the window and wall, richness of effect being gained by the variety of the alternating concavities and convexities of the section.

Gothic work generally illustrates the opposite principle in the use of enrichment to that we noticed in the Greek, inasmuch as *the ornamental emphasis is generally thrown upon the constructive points themselves* rather than on the interstices.

We get the clustered and filleted shaft, the ornate foliated capital in endless variety; the richly-moulded arch, the cusped arch, the window tracery, the moulded ribs of the vaulting, their junctions marked by richly-carved bosses, and if a corbel or bracket is used the opportunity is seized by the sculptor for a head or a winged angel, but worked strictly in accordance with the size and joints of the stonework, and therefore always showing the controlling architectural influence. The exterior of a Gothic building is almost equally



expressive of its construction. The buttress is made an important decorative feature and a source of variety and light and shade, often crowned with a pinnacle, and, in its flying form, supporting an apse (as at Wells), extremely elegant in design.

The door and window heads are moulded, the spring of the roof is often marked by machicolations, and the

parapet battlemented or pierced. The gables are crested, towers are pinnacled and spired, and tipped with vanes. This emphasis of the constructive features gives an expression of organic life, directness, and strength which is characteristic of all Gothic design.

Interstices are, of course, extensively used as well as the tympanums of porch arches, and niches,

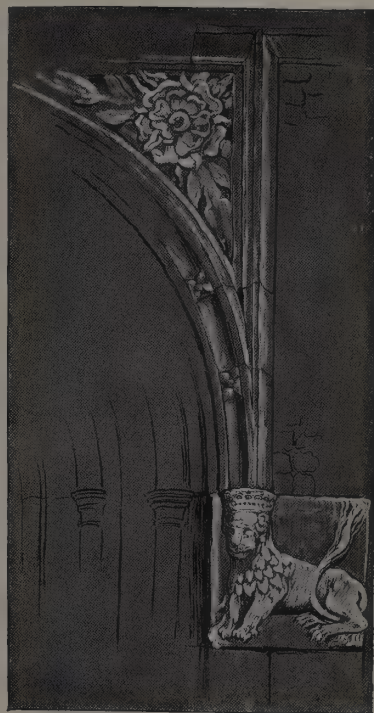
through these, massed together, superimposed and filled with figure sculpture, as in the west fronts of many cathedrals, appear to be inseparable parts of the structure, and they aid, in the lines and general feeling of their design and treatment, the general structural effect, just as we have seen the sculpture of the Greek temple did, though in a different way.

At the time when design was emerging from Byzantine tradition, or perhaps adding to it by fresh and simple inspiration from nature, and acquiring technical freedom, in the thirteenth century, Gothic sculpture appeared to reach a grace and vitality which relates it to the best Greek work. English Gothic sculpture has suffered so much from the destroyer and defacer that it is difficult to find complete examples to compare with Continental work. The west front of Wells Cathedral is, I suppose, the only important façade of Gothic architectural sculpture remaining in England, although there are many interesting and beautiful monuments and effigies, both early and late, scattered throughout the land, remarkable no less for their character and truth than for their ornamental beauty and architectural feeling. But perhaps we have nothing of quite so fine a quality as the French cathedrals show: as the sculptures of the

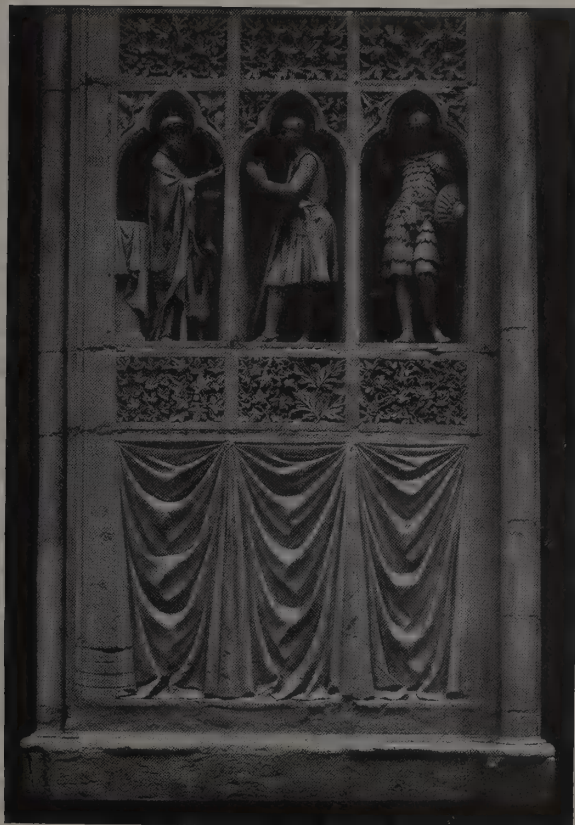
porch of Amiens, for instance; nothing of that wonderful, delicate, pathetic beauty of the early Renaissance sculpture of Italy—such as the figure of Ilaria di Carretti of Lucca displays.

But among the recumbent monumental effigies scattered about in the churches and cathedrals of our own land there is plenty of fine work closely corresponding in feeling with the characteristics of the contemporary architectural design of the same dates. We get in the thirteenth century the recessed and richly-canopied tomb, as that of Gervaise Alard at Winchelsea, where the design is part of the wall itself, and where architectural detail forms a large part of the interest, but yet appropriately leads up to and frames the dignified figure of the knight reposing beneath. The idea of the recessed tomb might possibly have been derived from the mediæval bed recessed in the wall—the “shut-bed” of Mr. Morris’s romances, the use of which still appears to linger in Brittany.

The shadow gained by the recess certainly gives solemnity and impressiveness to the sculptured effigy. The effigy is frequently sculptured upon an arcaded tomb, shields with the bearings of the family filling the panels between the arches,

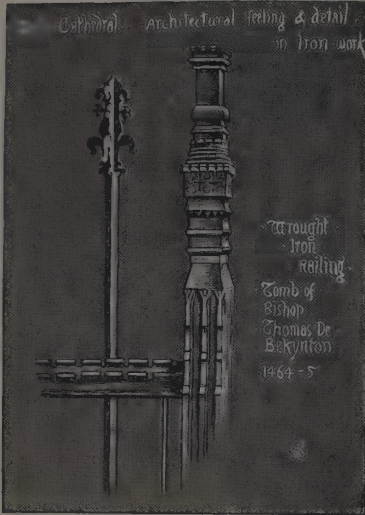


CORBEL AT SOUTHWOLD.



INTERIOR STONE-CARVING, REIMS CATHEDRAL.
(*French Sculpture of the Thirteenth Century.*)

which are made to subserve by their more formal masses and vertical lines the freer and more horizontal ones of the sculptured figure. Architectural design and sculpture are in these works inseparable.



The later Gothic tombs take the form of shrines built clear from the wall and overhung with rich tabernacle work, buttressed and sometimes enclosed with wrought-iron railings, in the design of which may again be seen the prevailing architectural influence of the

time, as in an example of late fifteenth century date, from Wells Cathedral, showing the buttress and battlement, used ornamentally in the principal supports, the intermediate irons being hammered into finials of a *fleur-de-llys* form. We find the same principle of the re-echoing of architectural detail, and its adaptation to iron-work in later time, as in this bit of the altar-rail at St. Thomas's Church at Salisbury, where we get the form of the Elizabethan gable and volute cresting the principal standards, which below are treated as pilasters of open work. Even in the extremely free and fantastic iron-work, like that of the porch gates of St. Lawrence at Nuremberg, we may still see an acknowledgment of certain architectural and structural lines and limits; or where, as in the free and flowing scroll of a handrail from a church at Rothenburg, it seems to escape from all structural trammels, we feel that the scrolls are designed with a view to fill the panel with an evenly dispersed grill of curves, and in strict though not formal relation to the angles of the enclosing rails.

Not less instructive for the evidence they give of architectural influence are mediæval brasses in the treatment of the figure, the enclosing borders, and the use of inscriptions. More especially remarkable in design and draughtsmanship are the Flemish brasses of the Gothic period, where the full-length portrait of the personage or personages commemorated occupy the principal space in the panel, not cut out in silhouette and inlaid on the stone slab as in English brasses, but relieved upon a rich diapered background. The ecclesiastical ones are often richly canopied, the borders full of smaller subjects, and resemble in arrangement and feeling the typical stained-glass canopied window of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The broad vertical and simple treatment of the draperies is very marked, and the character drawing is often very fine. With the attempts to gain more surface qualities, with the use of greater complexity of shading lines, when, in short, what is commonly called the pictorial element comes in, with a desire to escape from the architectural control, design, ornamental effect, and draughtsmanship all decline.

It is the same in other branches of design, such as stained glass, which at its best shows such close relationship to the architecture of the building it enriches. With the evolution of the window from



Fresco in the Church of S. Agostino, San Gimignano. Early life of S. Augustine.

(By Benozzo Gozzoli.)

the small round-headed loopholes of the Byzantine, through the simple lancet-pointed lights separated

by solid masonry, to the foliated tracery and transomed mullions of the later Gothic, the splendour of mosaic gave way to the splendour of the stained glass window—at first a jewelled web of geometric lead thrown across the light—the form of the simple or cusped-points of the tracery influencing the lead lines they enclosed, and the long vertical lines in the figures of saint and angel re-echoing the long lines of the narrow-pointed light, into which ascended later the pinnacles of the canopies. Up to the end of the fifteenth century each light was still generally regarded as a separate panel, but with the large windows subdivided with light tracery and thin mullions, it became feasible to consider the design as filling the whole window.

The next step was to consider it as a transparent picture, to represent architectural perspective, which in this direction was a form of architectural influence distinctly injurious to the beauty of glass. We may imagine

that the stained-glass window represents a thin, flat transparent screen (however varied by quality of colour or broken in panels by the lights), continuing the walls in another material, and thus preserving the idea of shelter and seclusion we always want in a building. Anything which interferes with this feeling or contradicts it in design, which shows an effort to escape from the necessary conditions of the material, leads one astray. A kindred feeling determines the treatment of the wall, and, perhaps, nowhere is the necessary architectural influence more felt than in mural decoration. Anything which disturbs the general flatness and repose is out of keeping. We may gain a certain accidental or naturalistic interest, but at the cost of decorative repose and richness.

Giotto and his school and the Italian fresco-painters of the early Renaissance thoroughly understood this, and though in details naturalism was

carried quite far, as in the beautiful frescoes in the Riccardi Chapel at Florence, by Benozzo Gozzoli,* in spite of all their richness and variety they remain essentially wall paintings, as completely mural as the finest Arras tapestry, such as these splendid Burgundian specimens at South Kensington, which, while absorbing much of the new splendour and detail of the early Renaissance, remain Gothic in spirit.

The great principle in the design of these tapes-



FRESCO AT SAN GIMIGNANO.

(By Ghirlandajo.)

tries, as of early wall painting, was the exclusion of sky spaces and atmospheric planes, which necessarily, in proportion to the illusive degree with which they are represented, must throw the wall out of the perpendicular. There is an instance of a sky and distance having been introduced at a later date in an example at South Kensington Museum, quite spoiling the effect. We don't want to think we are out-of-doors while in a room, so that all successful mural decoration never forgets the wall—it acknowledges, in short, the architectural influence. The

* While in his frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and, still more notably, in those at the church of S. Agostino at San Gimignano (see illustration), Benozzo Gozzoli shows a very marked love of architectural motives and a sense of the value of the vertical and horizontal lines and sweeping curves of the round arch in combination with figure design, Ghirlandajo, also (see illustration), makes a great point, in his fresco at San Gimignano, of the architectural lines of the recessed early Renaissance reredos in the centre of his composition, flanked by the characteristic towers of the Tuscan town.

same principle is to be traced in other textile design, in the geometrically planned and heraldically treated silk hangings of Sicily, and the Venetian and Genoese velvets and brocades, with motives derived, from Eastern sources, which would fall naturally into the lines of the edifices they decorated, and which frequently repeat the geometric foliated forms of Arabic and Gothic architecture, as in the brocade from an Annunciation of Memline. We see the value they are to the painters and designers in affording rich backgrounds of definite recurring masses of pattern to oppose the varied outline and relief of their figures.

• HANGING •
• PATTERN •
• MEMLINE •



There remain still vast provinces in design we have not been able to traverse in our search for the architectural influence which, in times of living artistic traditions, closely associated arts and crafts, and an organic architectural style springing, as it were, from the very soil of the country, was paramount throughout art.

Furniture and wood-work, one might say, has an architecture of its own, pressing into its service painting, carving, and metal-

work, and has often formed part of the building itself. In detail and enrichment furniture constantly re-echoes the detail and enrichment of the prevailing architectural style of its period, from the graceful lines of the classical couch, chair, and lamp standard, which have reappeared in our own century, to the massive and simple oaken bench and trestle table of mediæval times, or the richly carved and canopied seat. The arabesque panelled pilaster and classical cornice enrich Italian cabinets and coffer; the turned chair or table leg of the seventeenth century onwards constantly repeats in varying proportions the features of the classical column; the broken pediment surmounts the Chippendale bookcase, while Greek refinement of line and feeling for delicate carved surfaces reappears in English chair-backs of the same period, and excesses of the later French Renaissance break out in the curly legs and dissipated scroll-work of—I regret to say—the current trade furniture.

Historic costume, too, has the strictest relation to architectural style, from the simple and con-

stantly varied folds of classical tunic and toga, the hood and peaked headgear, and heavy vertical folds and figured stuffs of mediæval times, through the periwig and long-skirted coat, to our own day, when, “in spite of all temptations,” the chimney-pot hat remains in strict architectural relation to the chief architectural feature of our cities!

In jewellery, metal-work, pottery, inlays, in the spacing of the book-cover, the distribution of its tooling, in the arrangement of the book-page and its decoration in the form of choice type—everywhere in beautiful art we may find the architectural influence, that poetry of the constructive sense which is the common-sense of art, and adapts itself to all manner of useful things, giving to each its particular and ornamental value, and insuring it harmonious place and relationship in the great household of design.

I believe that in any period or country, where exists anything like a distinct and living architectural style, we shall find its influences coming out in all sorts of ways, harmonising and controlling invention, and bringing all the arts of design—which really owe their existence to architecture—into relation with itself. In countries like Japan (which, perhaps, owing to liability to constant earthquakes) have no stable or noble monumental type of architecture, it is noticeable, in spite of extraordinary artistic skill, there is a tendency towards triviality in the design of accessories; but even here it is remarkable how the form of their main constructive material—the bamboo—constantly reappears as an element in design.

It is curious to note the lingering traces of architectural relation still clinging about such unrelated art as much modern sculpture (or statuary) and easel painting—I mean, in the pedestal and the frame moulding essential to completeness in both cases. Both sculpture and painting have set up or support independent existence—have gained, perhaps, a decree of judicial separation from architecture, if not a decree *nisi*—but it has only been for the sake of convenience and to meet certain commercial conditions; and thereby it becomes a grave question with artists—with all who care for beauty and harmony in art and life—how far a unified art is possible under the rule of the huckster and the speculator. It is certain, in any case, we shall never be able to build up a noble style in architecture, and bring about a harmonious unity in all the arts of design, without sympathy and co-operation, without some mutual understanding of each other's work and aims on the part of artists, whether their work is constructive or graphic; but I think of late years there are not wanting signs of a strong and growing feeling in this direction which is beginning to tell upon contemporary work.

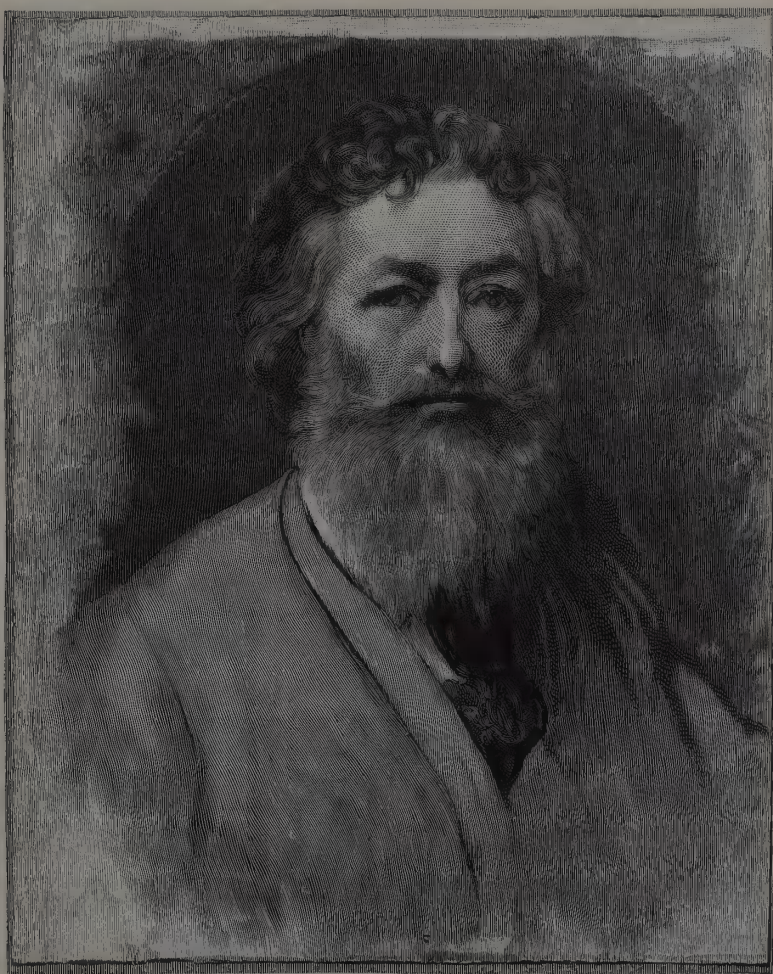


THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS AS APPLIED TO PEACE.
(Fresco at South Kensington.)

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A., D.C.L., LL.D.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE blow, long feared, has fallen, and the Royal Academy has lost the greatest of all its Presidents, and the country the noblest and most picturesque Representative of Art it has ever known. "The cloud which has hung over me hangs over me still," he said, when addressing the students of the Royal Academy at the last Prize-giving (10th December, 1895), in apology for not delivering the discourse which was due. "The cloud" has descended and enveloped him. The optimistic reports of his recovery were false, as we knew them well to be, and, after but a brief respite, he has been seized by death, for which, indeed, he was well prepared, and for which he had no fear. Nor had he made a secret of it. When his physician warned him a year or more ago that on his abstinence from all stress and strain depended health, and even life itself, he at once made known the facts to his colleagues of the Royal Academy, and placed in their hands the presidency and all that it meant to him, in token that he could no longer discharge the onerous duties of his office. But they, appraising his worth at its proper value, and anxious to convey to him the strength of



LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

(From the Portrait by Himself, in the Kepplestone Collection. Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)



HELEN OF TROY.

(By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co. U.S.A. Copyright, M. Knoedler and Co., 1879.)

proffered resignation; and, while specifically relieving him of all the more serious burdens that might weigh upon him, besought him to retain, both in name and fact, the position in which he reflected so much honour on the institution and so much credit on himself. Thus it was that he was granted leave of absence from last year's annual banquet, though assuredly it was accorded without much hope. Indeed, I had the sad fact from Sir John Millais at the time that it was not deemed likely that the great President would ever again be present at another Academy festival. Similarly he was relieved, as has been said, from the severe task of preparing his biennial discourse, which, he has told me, cost him more time and labour, more expenditure of thought and research, and far greater strain as well, than the painting of one of his larger com-

positions. The kindness and sympathy evinced to him by his colleagues, he said, were greater than he ever could repay, were more valued than he could find words to express. But there was a sad ring in his voice as he confessed that his journey abroad had not done that for him which his physician and his friends could wish. It clearly had not relieved his own mind as to the near future. He spoke of these things on the platform of Paddington station when on his way to Windsor Castle to lay before the Queen in person, as in duty bound, his statement in respect to the Royal Academy, of which she is the private patroness and the autocrat. His appearance almost belied his words; but that he was not without mental failure or suffering was suggested by a slight though significant incident. He paid for his railway-ticket, but left it in the booking-clerk's hands, and had not noticed the oversight until I called his attention to it as he entered the train. Three days later—at the prize distribution—his appearance had changed greatly for the worse; his mien was not less dignified than of old, and his pluck and enforced gaiety of manner hid from the students what his words unwillingly

confessed; but in aspect he was, I thought, greatly aged, and his step was less elastic and firm. As he retired amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the sympathetic students, and, followed by the procession of grave and thoughtful Academicians, moved towards the Council Chamber where his annual election was to be submitted formally to the vote, a sense of sadness seemed to haunt the whole assembly, and what was then in most men's minds is now on every lip. Time had dealt kindly with the aspect of the man, laying his blanching hand tenderly upon the handsome head, silvering the flowing locks and curling beard, writing his name in unmistakable though in delicate characters on the fine, intellectual face—imparting by his long-delayed interference an added beauty to the dignity of years. The figure was

erect, and as shapely as of yore; but as it vanished up the staircase into the apartments of Old Burlington House it typified, in a sense, the passing from the scene of the Royal Academy—and of that he seemed not less conscious than those between whose ranks he walked.

I have not hesitated to speak of Lord Leighton as the greatest President who has ever controlled the destinies of the Royal Academy. That Sir Joshua Reynolds painted better, none would have admitted more cheerfully than Leighton himself. That Lawrence was the smarter courtier, he might

these dual capacities Lord Leighton splendidly vindicated the dignity of his profession, raising the status of the artist and the standard of our Art; and maintaining at its highest level the tone which inherently belongs to all great art, he compelled the approval of his fellow-craftsmen and the admiration of the world. It is hardly by his achievements as an artist that a President may be appraised—it is primarily by his qualities as a man of the world, in the widest interpretation of the word, that his merits can be measured; for business capacity alone, without high artistic appreciation, would ob-



ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

(Engraved by A. Bellenger.)

equally have conceded. But it is as the standard-bearer of the arts and as an administrator that a President must be judged and criticised. In

viously be worth but little. Thus adjudged, Leighton's superiority over his predecessors asserts itself—he is incomparably the greatest of them all. He had

not, it is true, to found and foster a new institution as Reynolds had; he had not to defend it against the formal assaults of Royal Commission and Parliamentary Inquiry, like Eastlake and Shee. On the other hand, in a time of unusual difficulty and distress, he carried out the duties of his office with firmness, skill, and masterly tact. He never had to resign, or threaten to resign, like Reynolds, West, Wyatt, and Shee; he never blundered as Lawrence did; never served as a mere figure-head like Martin Archer Shee or Francis Grant. He was a strong and wise man with a strong and enlightened policy, and knew, with that extraordinary tact that was with him an instinct, how to obtain his end, by persuasion, if not by force, and without sacrifice of dignity or loss of influence. The delicacy and difficulties of the office to-day are perhaps greater than ever—analogueous in a sense to the ever-increasing exigencies attendant on the Speakership of the House of Commons. To maintain harmony within doors is itself a formidable task with which few—who know the composition and the temperament of the General Assembly of the Royal Academy when any matter of high politics is afoot—might deal with hope of uniform success. But when a President, himself entertaining enlightened views and keenly alive to the necessities of the hour, favouring extensive schemes of reform, finds himself called upon to guide the destinies of a house divided against itself, while the whole Art world is clamouring for reform, and the public is taking up the cry and shrieking it from the housetops—then all his resources of tact, courage, and skill are put severely to the test. In such circumstances, at one of the most anxious periods of the Academy's history, did Lord Leighton prove his power and his *finesse*, not only with credit but with triumph—pressing his views gradually in spite of stout resistance, and obtaining, one by one, nearly all the reforms for which he contended. So remarkable was the impression made by Lord Leighton upon those who watched him closely, that, in the words of Mr. G. F. Watts—one of the most dispassionate and discerning of all the Academicians—"he has made it impossible for another President to follow him with equal *éclat*."

But the office is a wearing one, far beyond the suspicion of any who are not familiar with a President's duties. Council and other meetings, schools, lectures, and a thousand other details attendant on the governing of this Senate of the Republic of the Arts, require constant attention and supervision, and involve a continual strain. Above and beyond are the calls of Society, the unceasing flow of outside demands and applications which are, naturally enough, levelled at the man who for the

time fills the presidential chair; the making of speeches, the heading of Art movements, the advising of young artists and disappointed painters; and the responding to all appeals to his wisdom, his good-nature, his counsel, his pocket—even this represents but a part of the liabilities that belong to the official head of Art in England. These taxes, sometimes outrageous in their character and their impudence, Lord Leighton bore well enough, with kindly courtesy and imperturbable good humour. But the stress of work began to tell, and the hope that the time would come when he could lay aside the chain of office and seek well-earned repose in the evening of his life—the honourable ambition of his later years—was destined never to be fulfilled.

How brilliant and how honourable that career has been is known to all who have followed the progress of Art in England during the past half-century. Young Leighton made his first appearance in the Royal Academy just forty years ago, and since that time the failures were few indeed that marked a halt in his steady advance up to the highest point to which ambition could aspire. He was born on the 3rd of December, 1830, in Scarborough, where his father, a doctor and the son of a doctor, died only a year or two ago. For the sake of Mrs. Leighton's health, the family went, in 1840, to Rome, where as the child declared his passion for Art and announced his determination to be an artist, his father (who was not best pleased at the prospect) allowed him to be taught drawing, and himself instructed him in the principles of anatomy. From Rome the family proceeded to Dresden, and thence to Berlin, where the boy was admitted as a student in the Royal Academy. So good were his drawings by this time, that to these classes, Lord Leighton told me—playfully expressing mock repentance and remorse—he obtained entrance by a wicked misrepresentation as to his age, and became a student a fortnight before the regulations permitted it. A winter followed in Florence that meant much to the young enthusiast, for, according to the well-known story, when Dr. Leighton consulted Hiram Powers as to whether he "should make his son an artist," the American painter informed him that "Nature had done it already." Thus the matter was settled, and the boy was sent forthwith to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, where he was watched with delight by the professors. Indeed, he was there instructed so thoroughly in all the mannerism and gross conventionality with which the school of Florence was at that time tainted that it required his subsequent periods of study at Brussels, Paris, Frankfurt, and Rome, to eradicate some of the faults he



Lord Leighton. P.R.A. pinx.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographische Co. London W.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.



THE STUDIO.
(Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by W. J. Palmer.)

there assimilated. It was under the stern rule of the great Steinle, his be-



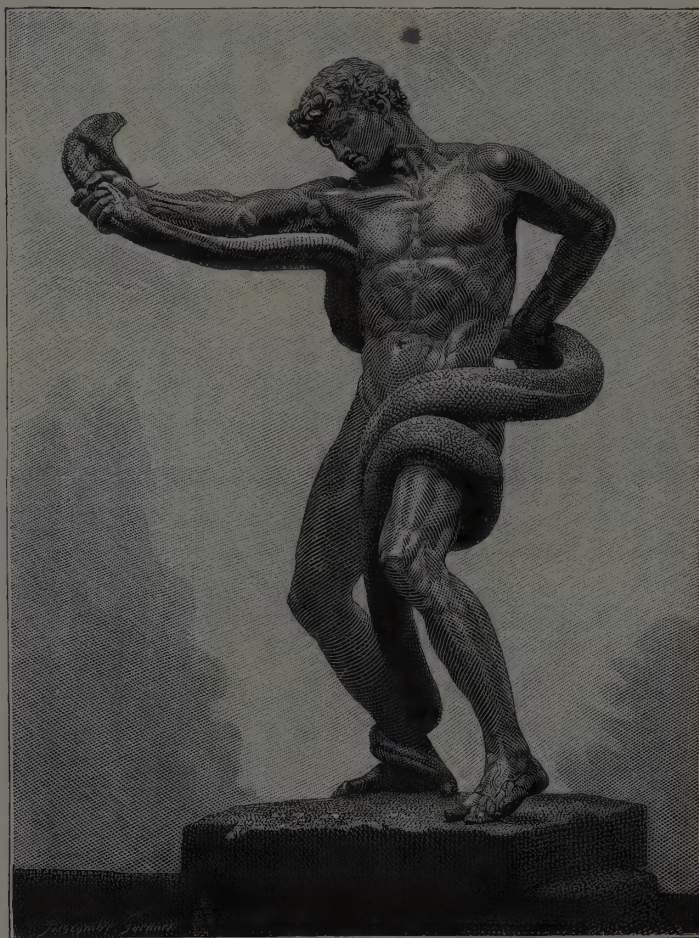
STUDY FOR "THE BRACELET."

loved master at Frankfort, the President told me, that he at last succeeded in freeing himself from the corrupting influence of Florentine flesh-painting; but it has always appeared to me that he never did sufficiently free himself from it, and that his rendering of flesh, which at the end became more imperfect than at any time during his middle career, reproduced in his age the evil training of his youth.

In 1852 young Leighton, having meanwhile visited England in order to learn the current of Art in London, returned to Rome, and it was there that Thackeray had seen his work and had uttered his historic word of warning to his friend Millais: "I have met in Rome a versatile young dog named Leighton, who will run you hard for the presidency one day." History and historic genre have absorbed Leighton's attention from the very beginning; and his efforts were now concentrated in the picture with which he was to make

his *début* in the Royal Academy, and to burst upon the world with a brilliancy of success which has since been achieved by no newcomer so far as I am aware, from that day to this. It was a great picture and a great *début*. The work was no other than the celebrated "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," which divided with Millais' "Rescue" and "Autumn Leaves" the honours of the exhibition of 1885, and easily carried off the palm in the estimation of the public. The Queen purchased it forthwith, and in due time hung it up in Buckingham Palace, where it still remains. Professor Ruskin, in the first of his "Notes" on the Royal Academy, dwelt at length upon the beauties as well as on the defects of the work. "This is a very important and very beautiful picture," said he; "it has both sincerity and grace, and is painted on the purest principles of Venetian art." After condemning the opacity and feebleness of the colour in parts, he proceeded: "It seems to me probable that Mr. Leighton has greatness in him, but there is no absolute proof of it in this picture; and if he does not, in succeeding years, paint far better, he will soon lose his power of painting so well."

The brilliant success of the celebrated work directed popular attention to the picture contributed by the young artist in the



ATHLETE STRUGGLING WITH A PYTHON.
(Engraved by Biscombe Gardner.)

following year (1856); but when the public found that in his work, representing "The Triumph of Music," Orpheus was portrayed with a violin instead of with a lute or a lyre, their disappointment was loudly expressed. Leighton accepted the condemnation with philosophic lightness of heart. In 1860 he contributed "Sunrise, Capri;" in 1862, "The Star of Bethlehem" and the beautiful "Odalisque;" in 1863, "Girl feeding Peacocks;" "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "Dante going forth into Exile" in 1864—the last named a work remarkable for refinement of drawing and nobility of conception; in 1865, "David," "The Widow's Prayer," and "Helen of Troy."

Then came, in 1866, "The Painter's Honeymoon" and the important picture of a

"Syracusan Bride Leading Wild Beasts in Procession to the Temple of Diana," which attracted the public much as the "Cimabue" processional picture had

drawn them years before, and which secured his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy. In 1867



MORETTA.

(From the Painting in the Possession of Joseph Ruston, Esq. Engraved by M. Dormoy.)

there followed the brilliant "Venus Disrobing for the Bath" and "The Spanish Dancing Girl"—pictures which proved that the artist was nearing the height

of his power; and in 1868 "Jonathan's Token to David." So consistent was his excellence now, that he was kept no longer waiting for his election as full Academician. This took place in 1869, and the same year he contributed to the exhibition his beautiful "Dædalus and Icarus," "Helios and

"After Vespers," the notable "Condottiere," and one of the most popular and most beautiful in its way of all Leighton's compositions—"The Summer Moon." This was one of the pictures selected for the American Centennial Exposition of 1876, where it aroused enthusiasm hardly less than that which it had awakened at home.



STUDY FOR "CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE."

Rhodos," "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon," and "St. Jerome in the Desert"—the last-named being the diploma picture on his election as Member. In 1870 appeared "The Nile Woman," and in 1871 "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis," a work which hardly bears out its painter's later theory that art should take no heed of violent passion. The following year, 1872, brought

executed from that time onwards—nervous, vigorous, and strong in colour, masculine in feeling, and masterly in handling) there appeared what has been called one of the greatest pictures of the century, "The Daphnephoria." This splendid representation of the great Theban nonennial feast of the laurel-bough is unquestionably a miracle of classic grace and of painter-like dexterity. It was seen not long ago

"Weaving the Wreath" was the chief contribution of 1873, and of the following year "A Moorish Garden: a Dream of Granada." The year 1875 was more eventful, including—besides the "Interior of the Grand Mosque of Damascus" and the picture of which Mr. Ruskin sarcastically wrote "There is another beautiful little one [English maid], by Mr. Leighton, with a purple drapery thrown over her that she might be called Fatima, who would have been quite infinitely daintier in a print frock and called Patty"—the work which drew forth so much lively discussion at the time—"The Eastern Slinger." The mystery and dim lighting of the scene were fine, the drawing of the figure learned and anatomically correct, no doubt, the subject interesting and, as an illustration of customs, curious: but the whole was ugly; so that we are half disposed to agree with Ruskin's petulant declaration that we "find, on near approach, that all this grand straddling and turning down of gas mean, practically, only a lad shying stones at sparrows."

The year 1876 was the year of a great triumph. Besides "Teresina" and "Captain Burton" (unquestionably the finest male portrait the artist



A BACCHANTE.

(By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co. U.S.A. Copyright Henry Graves and Co., 1892.)

in Messrs. Christie's sale-room. Time had dealt kindly, even bountifully, with it, and it was even more admired in the severe test conditions of its surroundings than when it hung on the Academy walls, and drew all London to wonder at its elegance and beauty.

The enormous impression made this year and in the preceding year upon the public and upon the art-world in general left little doubt in men's minds as to what was to be, in course of time, the ultimate relation of the painter to the Royal Academy which he so strikingly graced. When, in 1877, in addition to a study, Mr. Leighton contributed "The Music Lesson" and his first exhibited sculpture, "An Athlete Struggling with a Python," what doubt there might have been was quickly gone, and it was clear that Thackeray's prophecy was destined to be fulfilled. It was not that the craftsmanship of the painter surpassed that of certain of his fellow-artists, nor that his conception of his art was necessarily more elevated than that of one or two of his contemporaries; it

was rather that his glowing artistic temperament made itself more completely felt, that broader



STUDY FOR "FLAMING JUNE."



A CORNER IN THE SMALL STUDIO.

artistic interests came naturally within his wider purview, that his mind—not narrowed down to any contracted professional view, but expanded, on the contrary, by a full sense of the nobility, the loftiness, the power, and all-embracing divinity of Art—impressed itself vividly upon painter and public alike as that of a true master of art, of a born statesman, a scholar, and a gentleman, ideally fulfilling all the conditions demanded in a perfect President.

Beyond the point thus achieved, Lord Leighton can hardly be said to have gone, though he maintained his standard of excellence, for the most part, with a consistency which even tended at times to become tedious. Now and

again he would miss his aim (it is hardly necessary here to refer to his better known partial failures, such, for example, as the recent "Rizpah"), but the manner in which he would recover himself with a striking success filled even his detractors with admiration. It was now the year 1878; Sir Francis Grant had died, and Leighton's only serious rival declined to enter into competition with him, so great was his admiration for his friend. Leighton was therefore elected to the office of President by an overwhelming majority—there being no serious opposition—and in due course he received the honour of knighthood. In this year the new official chief of art in England exhibited his two well-known pictures, "Winding the Skein," and "Nausicaa awaiting the Return of Ulysses," the former belonging to that series of graceful compositions whose very eloquence, suavity, and harmony of line, and gentle glow of soft but sometimes complex colour, delight the eye of the public by their distinction, while now and again they irritate the critic through their Carlo Dolce-like sentiment, and their lack of vigorous contrast and forceful handling.

"Elijah in the Wilderness," 1879, was a work designed expressly as a foil to the amiable exercises to which I



THE FRIGIDARIUM.

(By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co., the Owners of the Copyright.)

have just referred to; but while there was vigour and dignity in the design, there was comparatively little in the colour. In 1880 came "Psamathe," the nude back of a sitting female figure, seen on the golden sand against a background of the rich blue sea; while in the following year, more interesting and excellent than the "Idyll," was the President's portrait of himself, painted for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. Then followed his great "Cymon and Iphigeneia" (now in the possession of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter), in which, amid a strange mysterious glow of light, the peasant Cymon comes upon the sleeping maid, and, as Dryden tells, his dull senses slowly quicken to the power of love.

Of the painted work of the late President since that time, these pages have diligently kept note, so that there is little need to refer fully to them here. One picture, however, demands special mention, the large work, "Captive Andromache," exhibited at the Academy in 1888; for it illustrates the painter's later thought and method too usefully to be passed over. This picture, which had been thought out and entered for execution a quarter of a century before, in all particulars essentially the same (in accordance with the painter's usual habit of

long-planned work), thus realised the post-Homeric scene, imagining the enslaved Andromache awaiting her turn to draw water at "clear Hyperia's spring"—the meanest of all menial offices. The scene is the stony path leading to a fountain. In the centre is the stately Andromache, her eyes red with weeping, and clad in black draperies—the one sad, sombre note in the whole bright scene. The rest of the slaves, girls and women of every degree of grace and

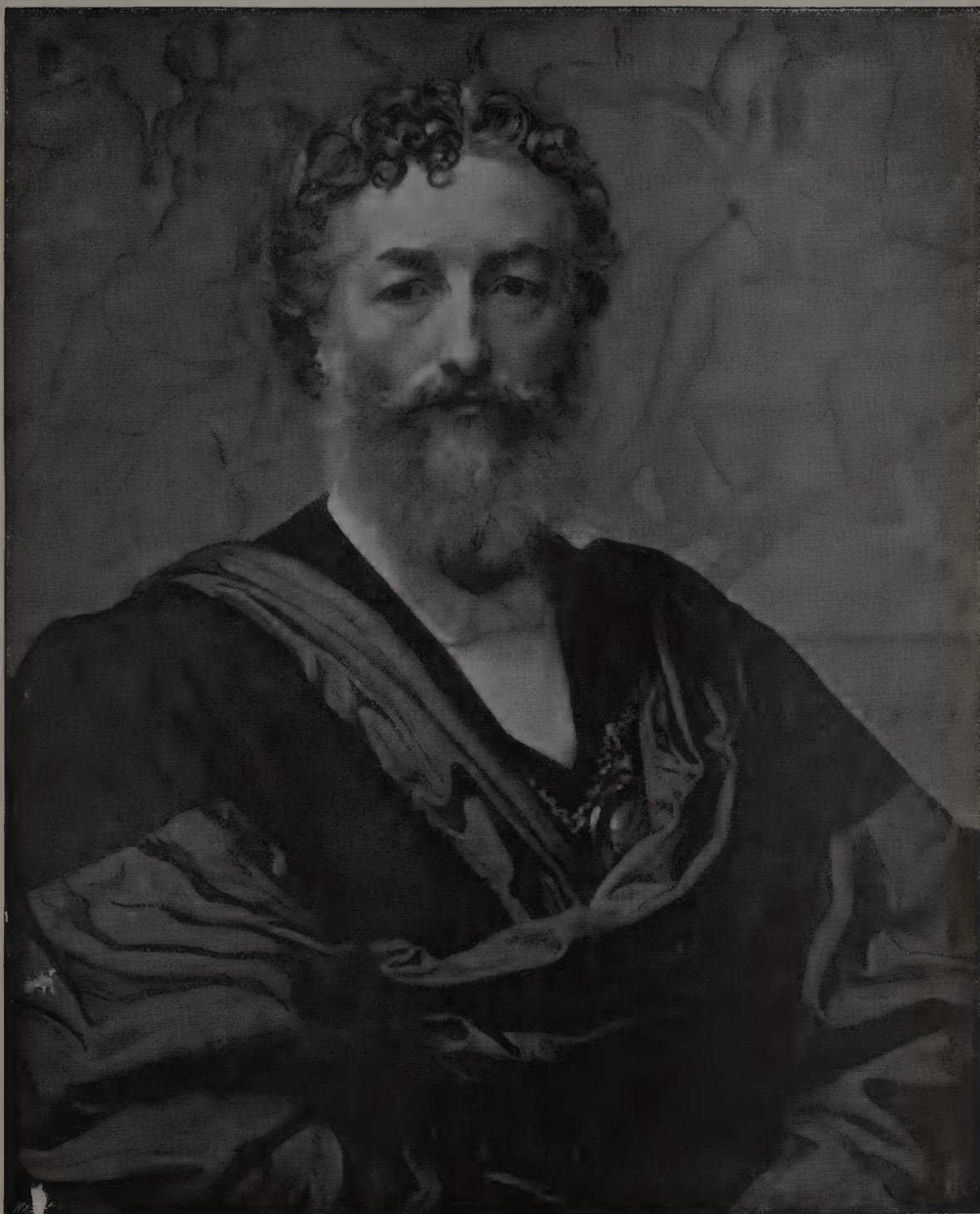


STUDY FOR "SOLITUDE."

beauty, precede and follow her. She has set her hydria at her feet, and stands with patient dignity, overwhelmed with grief and shame; when, raising her eyes, her glance falls on a happy group of father, mother, and child, and, with rushing memories of her own happiness, now for ever gone, her tears burst forth afresh. In front, "some haughty Greek"—a soldier, maybe, back from the wars—points over his shoulder at the unhappy woman whom he has seen and recognised, exclaiming to his young companion as he scans the noble face,

"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!" The blue sky is laden with heavy cumulus clouds, which are designed to accentuate the note of disturbance in the fair summer scene, and perhaps, too, the distress of the sympathising gods. It was in such words as these that the President, with the fluent ease and graceful modesty that sat so well on him when discussing his own work, described to me the meaning of his picture. He said nothing of the elaborate thought and scholarly learning displayed in working out this theme—qualities hardly less conspicuous than the high seriousness of its aim. Nor was it to be expected that he would dwell critically upon its merits or defects. In studying the work, however, one becomes aware how every line and every detail, even to the smallest fold or touch of colour, are the result of careful thought and deliberate plan. The main fault of the picture is that which Ruskin commented on in the Cimabue picture three-and-thirty years before—that the whole composition was made up of a series of pictures not sufficiently bound together into one harmonious whole. It may further be observed that this picture illustrates its painter's view as to the part that archaeological accuracy may legitimately play in the execution of a picture. His knowledge of classical antiquity was perhaps hardly less than that of Mr. Alma-Tadema; but he had long laid it aside as an aid to painting, convinced that what is so charming a merit in Mr. Tadema's art was only out of place in his own. He held that an anachronism in a work not definitely and deliberately historical and illustrative is no fault when it does not directly offend the eye or outrage the sense by its impropriety. But in his "Andromache" he steered a middle course, with full knowledge of the concession he was making to Art. There the girls are all clad with some appearance of historical correctness, but all in such a manner as to secure a sense of harmony with subtle line and varying tint. Thus it is that while some of the maidens appear with the simple gown of the Parthenon frieze, others are clad in the shift, vest, and loin-cloth of Greek archaic life.

The painting of oil-pictures, though the chief, was not the only artistic exercise of the late President. He recognised that decoration and design in the larger sense were on a higher plane. He had sounded all the shoals and depths of such design from the lowest to the highest, from book-illustration up to fresco, and imported it, too, into all his work. His designs for Dalziel's "Bible"—the great work that was never to be issued as it was planned—showed his power of mind and his greatness of style; and if he preferred to use the hair-pencil in the execution of them, it was not because he could not use the point. His marvellous pencil



LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

(From the Portrait by Himself in the Uffizi Gallery.)

drawings of Italian well-heads challenge comparison with anything that has come from any hand; while his famous study of a "Lemon-tree" is a study so

"Wise and Foolish Virgins," exemplifies not less his inexhaustible fertility of conception than his versatility and his natural instinct for the fitness of things. In later life, however, he had become more enslaved by his materials. "I tried the other day to draw a head for Hamerton," he told me a few years ago, "and I attempted it in the manner he asked for—black on white. But the result was so utterly bad, so miserably childish, that I tore it up and had to go to my own material that I am used to—black and white chalk on brown paper; for the artist must always adhere to the material to which he is used, and which suits him best."

The most important works in fresco executed by Lord Leighton are, of course, the two great decorations in the lunettes of the South Kensington Museum—"The Arts of Peace" and "The Arts of War." As compositions, they are among the purest and most skilful of their kind in the country; but while in colour they are weak, in subject they lack vigour. Criticising "The Arts of War," the gentle Ford Madox Brown—who rarely spoke strongly of any-one or anything—ex-



A NOBLE LADY OF VENICE.

(From the Painting in the Possession of Lord Armstrong.)

miraculous that I know of none to equal it, ancient or modern. [I may here state that the artist informed me, but a few weeks ago, of his great distress, that this priceless drawing was lent by him—with his usual readiness to oblige—to a certain applicant, for reproduction in the pages of a journal, but that he had not succeeded in obtaining its return.] His illustrations to "Romola," drawn on the wood-block itself, emphasise the bigness of his power of design; and his fresco in Lyndhurst Church (1866), of the

claimed against the opportunity that had here been lost. "Why," he wrote to me, "has not the President taken advantage of some such historical incident as 'Michael Angelo fortifying Florence,' instead of designing a pack of sleepy youths apparently trying on arms and costumes for a fancy dress ball?"

No such lack of purpose could be urged against the underlying motive and sincerity of the design for one of the sections of St. Paul's dome—"And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it." This

design, Lord Leighton often told me, was the favourite of all his works. When he had repeated it in oil on a smaller scale for the Royal Academy exhibition, he declared that he would be content to rest his reputation on that picture for the judgment of posterity; and when Mr. Tate agreed to accept it for his National Gallery of British Art, as the typical example of the artist's work, his gratification

The latest of his public schemes of decoration introduces one of the gracefulest of his acts. When the embellishment of the Royal Exchange was decided on, he undertook (as has already been explained in these pages) to execute, as a free gift, the first of the pictures: not only, as he explained to me, that he might testify his respect to the City of London, but in order that he might set up



"AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT."

(From the Painting in the Tate Collection.)

was complete. It was, therefore, with a feeling of "grave disappointment" that he subsequently found that the original arrangement was abandoned.

a standard of conception and treatment, to which the other artists might be expected to conform.

No branch of painting did Lord Leighton leave

untouched. Though historic and classic genre was for many years his principal occupation, landscape, marine, portrait, and animal painting were all practised in their turn. In his figures, the delicacy and purity of his outline, the correctness of his drawing, the grace and elegance of his forms were never lacking; and that his flesh-colour was not so poor as many thought was sufficiently revealed when, as in recent years, his French counterpart, Monsieur Bouguereau, exhibited his canvases in the Academy in friendly rivalry. The relative excellence of Leighton's paint

to mention, was always held by Lord Leighton: that in female portraiture the shadows should always be painted red, and never black, even in the nostrils and the ears. "It is not true to *fact*," he would say, "but it *is* true to *nature*; for if you paint black shadows into women's faces and hands, you rob them of the grace you *feel* to be there, but which you may not see."

Equal with Leighton's sense of style was his sense of form, so that it became a puzzle to many why he waited for so long before he sought to express him-



ACROPOLIS OF LINDOS, WHERE STOOD THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA POLIAS (v. PINDAR, VII. OLYMP.).
(Study in Oils.)

was thus unexpectedly vindicated. As a colourist he was not so successful as in the other departments of his art, and, for all its charm, his palette was neither limited nor pure. His sunsets were sometimes brassy, even when in order to secure a glow he painted on a golden ground, but his strong sunlights showed few of his faults, while the numerous oil studies that lined his studio—many of which he had lately lent from time to time to the annual exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists "to mark his appreciation of the self-devotion of Mr. Wyke Bayliss to the duties of his presidential office"—present qualities of colour which may be sought in vain in the finished landscapes. In portraiture he was not so happy in his later years, save in the portraits of women. But they always have this saving grace: that his portraits of men are all gentlemen, and of his women all ladies—a merit which, according to Sir Walter Scott, was the distinguishing characteristic of his predecessor, Sir Francis Grant. One opinion, it may be of interest

self in the sister art of sculpture. So much did his feeling for form exceed that of colour, or, at least, so powerfully did he communicate the sculptural quality to the spectator of his works, that almost from the beginning of his career did captious criticism compare the figures in his pictures to sculptures "modelled in wax and coloured like life." How close, indeed, is the connection, was seen when Professor Amendola translated into the round the President's little *chef-d'œuvre* known as "Wedded." It was, indeed, a proof of Leighton's comprehensive love of the Arts that architecture and sculpture appealed to him as strongly, or nearly so, as painting itself. His excursions into sculpture, therefore, were not so much a digression as a natural doubling of parts.

His first serious attempt was when, in the year 1861, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died. He had in Rome been the valued and warmly-welcomed friend of Robert Browning and his wife; and his first expression in sculpture was the design for her sarcophagus, with its *bas-relief* portrait, that serves



A CONDOTTIERE.

(From the Painting in the Birmingham City Art Gallery. Engraved by C. H. Baude.)

to mark her resting-place in the Florentine Campo Santo. Later, for his friends Major Templeton Orr and Lady Charlotte Greville, he performed like labours of love; but not until he was designing his great "Daphnephoria," and was helping himself by modelling all the principal figures and groups as an aid to composition, did he attempt anything ambitious, or at all in the direction of ideal work. After that time, however, it became his frequent habit to supplement his brown-paper studies with sketches "in the round," rather from simple delight

In spite of his general trend towards sculpture, Lord Leighton completed and exhibited but three important works in the art. They all, curiously enough, were the result of fortuitous circumstances rather than of deliberate purpose and design. The "Athlete Wrestling with a Python" originated in an accidental pencil flourish no bigger than your thumb, jotted down half-unconsciously in a notebook, the lines falling well and suggesting the subject to the vivid imagination of the artist. Having clay at hand, Leighton modelled the group thus



STUDY-MODEL FOR "THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES."

in the work than from any clear necessity. In this way he modelled "Elijah in the Wilderness," the better to see how lights and shadows fell; while all the figures in "Cymon and Iphigeneia" were extremely highly finished in plaster. These statuette were cut elaborately into pieces—dismembered, so to speak—so that they might the more easily be draped in the little garments carefully made for them. To a further point would Leighton carry this rehearsal in sculpture, as in the case of the picture "The Invocation." No living model could maintain the attitude of the upraised arms so fixedly that no movement of her muslin veil should disturb its calculated folds; and no lay figure could be made to assume the attitude of grace, nor display behind the diaphonous drapery the form, half concealed, half revealed, of which the painter stood in need. He therefore wrought in clay a highly-finished statue from the living model, and over it arranged his draperies that could rest without fear of disturbance until the picture was completed.

simply evolved a few inches high, but thought no more about it until Professor Legros, catching sight of it, exclaimed, with the emphasis of conviction, "Voyons, mon cher; il faudra en faire une statue!" The hint was taken, and the statue modelled in a studio placed at the President's disposal by Mr. Brock. After destroying the first *ébauche*, as the proportions appeared incorrect, the artist completed the work in due course, and had it cast in bronze. Among all but naturalists the group created a *furor*, and its success was so widely acknowledged that Mr. Jacobsen of Copenhagen forthwith commissioned the artist to have the work reproduced in marble, in order that he might present it—together with the rest of his "Glyptothèque"—to his native country. The original work was purchased in 1877 under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest for £2,000.

"The Sluggard" owes its existence to circumstances not less accidental. The model who had been sitting to him fell a-yawning in his interval of rest, and charmed the artist not only with the



PHŒNICIANS BARTERING WITH ANCIENT BRITONS.

(From the Fresco in the Royal Exchange.)

exceptional beauty of line and display of muscle, but also with the artistic contrast of energy and languor. And so the statue came to be made. But that he might not lay himself open—as the President told me with a smile—to the likely charge, by petty moralists, that the work was a mischievous



(From the Photograph
by W. and D. Downey,
Ebury Street, W.)

John Ruskin

glorification of indolence, the sculptor made concession to what was perhaps after all an artistic suggestion, and placed under the yawner's foot—

"the glorious wreath of laurel-leaves,
Heel-trodden and despised."

The third work, a bronze statuette entitled "Needless Alarms," representing a little maiden shrinking in terror from a toad, was similarly suggested by the action of a tiny model. This dainty little work was (at the second attempt, alas! the first work being spoiled) cast by the waste-wax process, and now decorates the landing of Sir John Millais' house.

It was not surprising that a man of so many attainments and such high accomplishment should have achieved with ease the success he so honourably deserved and won. Created a baronet in 1886, the President was by announcement raised to the peerage on the 1st of January last, although unhappily he was not vouchsafed the time to take his seat in the House of Lords, nor—what was of more concern to him—to complete the three pictures for the Royal Academy. Other honours were his in abundance. His "Bath of Psyche" (suggested by the "paper-knife picture," as he called it, which he painted for Mr. Alma-Tadema's wall-screen) was acquired for the Chantrey collection in 1890. The artist received his degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford and LL.D. from Cambridge, and, in 1884, of LL.D. from Edinburgh, and, later on, D.Litt. from Dublin. He was on the Standing Committee of the British Museum, a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, a Commander of the Legion of Honour, an Associate of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, he wore the Prussian Order "Pour le Mérite," and was honoured equally with high distinctions in Paris, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and the other chief cities of the world where Art is cared for. The esteem he won as an artist is not to be measured by exhibited work in the galleries. This, indeed, amounting in all to about 260 works—of which 164 were contributed to the Royal Academy—could have been excelled in respect to its numerous qualities by few, if any, of his contemporaries.

It was the many talents of the man which won him the admiration and respect of the world, as his private virtues endeared him to friends. A brilliant orator and linguist; a scholar, erudite and polished; a man of the world, tactful and energetic, genial and kind; a courtly gentleman, a patriotic citizen, a staunch and loyal friend—his name shines not in the world of Art alone. He is to be reckoned one of the great men of his day and race, whose equal we are little likely to see again. He was beloved by his friends, who regarded him with that devotion and respect his magnetic nature compelled; and he returned their affection with all the fervency of his kindly disposition; and when the end was near, as he sank back from pain into death, he whispered his last farewell, "Give my love to all at the Academy!"

SIR HENRY LAYARD'S PICTURES.

BY HORATIO BROWN.

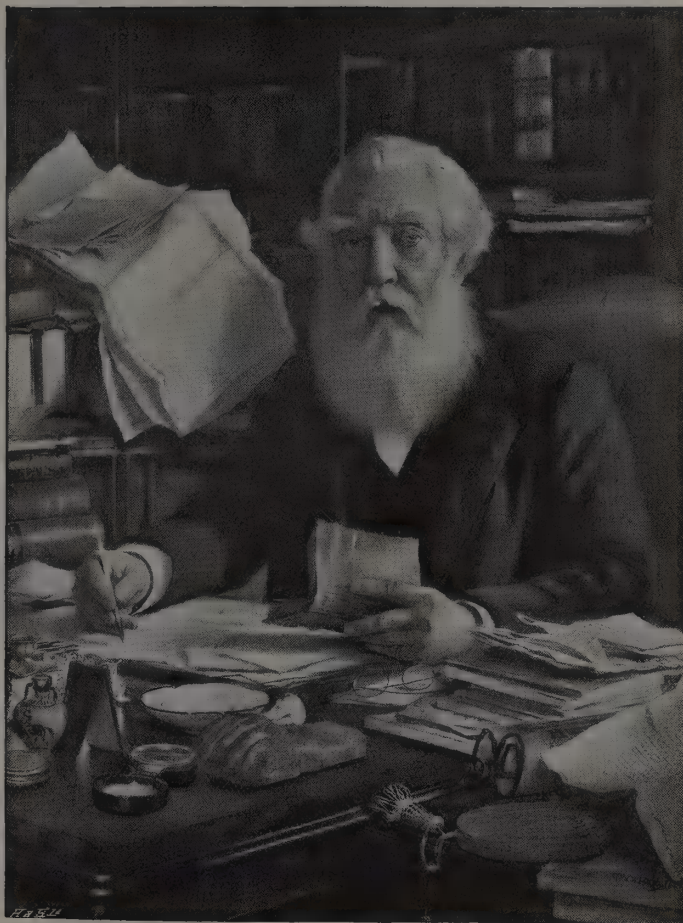
AT the angle formed by the Canal San Polo and the Grand Canal at Venice stands Ca' Capello, a large two-storeyed house, with the advantage of two façades and the enjoyment of much sun, thanks to its position upon two wide waterways. The house belonged originally to the noble Venetian family of Capello—the same that gave the famous Duchess Bianca to Florence, though this is not the Capello house from which she took flight. Ca' Capello was built some time before the year 1500, for it is clearly indicated on "Jacopo de' Barbari's" great plan of Venice, which bears that date. Here the late Sir Henry Layard, towards the close of his active and varied career—after Nineveh and the East, after London and Parliament, after the Legation at Madrid and the Embassy at Constantinople—gathered together that admirable collection of pictures which it was his delight to show to his guests, and which, thanks to his generosity, are eventually to become the property of the nation.

Sir Henry Layard was the intimate friend of Signor Giovanni Morelli—Ivan Lermolief—the famous connoisseur, and he enjoyed the advantage of Morelli's advice in the purchases he made. The collection is almost entirely composed of works by Italian masters, and is remarkable for the excellence of the specimens it contains.

Historically, and perhaps artistically, the most striking picture in the gallery is the portrait of the Sultan Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, painted by Gentile Bellini.

Tradition says that the Venetian Republic desired to strike a medal of the Great Sultan, and Giovanni Bellini was commissioned to make the necessary studies. Giovanni refused the order, but suggested that his brother Gentile might be employed in his stead. Accordingly, Gentile journeyed to the East, and the Layard picture and many others are the results of his sojourn there. In the right hand corner is a date, "MCCCCLXXX. DIE XXV. MENSIS NOVEMBRIS;" in the upper part of the picture are six pointed crowns, like the crown of China, and the pointed crown is repeated again in the rich piece

of jewelled tapestry which drapes the window out of which the Sultan is looking. He is dressed in a fur cloak, with a turban on his head. The nose is extraordinarily long and thin, the eye cruel; the



SIR HENRY LAYARD.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Luigi Passini.)

mouth cynical. Beyond a doubt, the medal was struck from this picture. On the obverse is the Sultan's head, with the following legend: "Magni Sultani Mohameti Imperatoris;" on the reverse, the three pointed crowns and the legend: "Gentilis Bellinus Venetus eques auratus comesque palatinus, F." The picture at one time belonged to Cardinal Paolo Giovio; through what other hands it passed we do not know; but the story is that Sir Henry one day, when leaving his house in a hurry to catch a train, was stopped by a man with a parcel under his arm who said he had a picture for sale. Sir

Henry declared that he had no time to spare, and was moving on, when the man removed the cover from his parcel. Sir Henry lost his train but bought this picture. A note in Sir Henry's hand runs thus:—

"Portrait of Sultan Mehemet II., Conqueror of Constantinople, painted by Gentile Bellini from the Sultan himself, as stated in the original inscription upon it, on the 25th November,

Family is gathered. Almost all the light in the picture comes from the star, and falls in broad flakes upon the crowd of figures in Oriental costume, men and horses, turbans and gaberdines, which stretch across the foreground of the composition. In the background and in the sky is a faint suggestion of coming dawn; in the right-hand upper corner a



AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ST. URSULA.

(From the Painting by Vittore Carpaccio.)

1480. Purchased in 1836 from an old man whose father, an Englishman, had been in the service of the Republic. It came originally, I was informed, from the Venturi family. It appears to have been in the collection of the portraits of eminent men made by the historian Paolo Giovio (see Campori, *Lettere Artistiche Inedite*, Modena, 1866, p. 237), and was probably brought by G. Bellini to Venice to enable him to execute the well-known medal.

"A. H. LAYARD,

"Venice, Dec., 1893."

The Layard Gallery contains another Gentile Bellini, which, in some ways, is hardly less interesting than the portrait of Sultan Mahomet; it is a large canvas representing the "Adoration of the Magi." In the left-hand corner is the miraculous star, high above the rocky grotto where the Holy

bird has awakened under the influence of the day-spring, while its companion still roosts upon the branch of a tree.

A fine Savoldo, "St. Jerome in the Wilderness," hangs in the dining-room. A study for the head of the saint is in the Louvre, where it has been ascribed to Titian. The picture is a sombre one, remarkable for the deep purplish crimson of the saint's robe, the bronze colour of his naked arms and feet, the ultramarine blue of the landscape. Opposite the Savoldo are two Ercole Grandes—fine specimens of this master—painted on linen, and possibly intended for processional banners. One picture represents the "Song of Miriam," the other the "Manna Gatherers."



A PORTRAIT.
(From the Painting by Botticelli.)

In the first drawing-room is an admirable portrait of Sir Henry Layard himself, by that accomplished artist, Luigi Passini. The portrait is lifelike, vigorous, and rich in detail, as may be seen by the reproduction on p. 217. Is it too much to hope that this speaking portraiture of the excavator of Nineveh may some day find its way to the National Portrait Gallery? This room also contains, among other treasures, a finely finished little easel-picture, by Ercole Grande, a most interesting Bramantino, a large Montagna, two Moronis, and the pictures here selected for reproduction. The Cosimo Tura represents an allegorical female figure, holding a lily and seated on a gorgeous throne built up of dolphins with jewelled eyes and festooned with gems—just such a throne as a mediæval Mr. Gilbert might have loved to design. It is a fascinating picture, and a fine specimen of the

master. The Botticelli—if it be a Botticelli, and not a Filippino Lippi—is a highly attractive portrait of a man; above his head is draped a yellow curtain, and through two openings are glimpses of a lovely landscape. The whole picture is extremely vivid and well preserved.

In the next room there hang two other Moronis; a portrait of a man in a fur cloak, with hands joined as in supplication, by Moretto; a "Crucifixion," probably by some German master; and a large architectural sketch, ascribed to Bonifazio. The whole end of the room is occupied by Gentile Bellini's "Adoration of the Magi," already described.

The green-room, or boudoir, contains the gems of the collection. The names of Luini, Cima da Conegliano, Giovanni Bellini, Boccacino da Cremona, Carpaccio, are sufficient to indicate the value of its contents; and even if all ascriptions do not resist the criticism



SULTAN MAHOMET II.
(From the Painting by Gentile Bellini.)

which is sure to be applied to them, there can be no doubt that the specimens themselves are of the highest interest.

One of the most striking pictures in the whole

the sandy path passing mysteriously out of the picture. The general colour is a sandy brown; and the austerity, the solitude, the earnestness, of those two figures seem almost ominous, pregnant with the sentiment of that long struggle and victory in the wilderness.

The Cima da Conegliano is a brilliant specimen of that master; and above a fine cabinet hangs a charming Gaudenzio Ferrari, an "Annunciation," with all those delightful yellows which distinguish this master. But the picture which is likely to attract most attention is the exquisite little Carpaccio—a perfect gem. The subject is a variant on one of the themes of the St. Ursula series in the Accademia at Venice; it is a scene of departure. The maiden is kneeling to the king for his blessing; her attendants stand ready to embark. Hard by, across a little lawn, is a landing-place, at which a boat, manned by four men, lies waiting to convey the travellers on board a large vessel anchored off the harbour mouth. There are figures walking about the quay-head, and more figures on the outlook tower, while in the background is a delicious landscape, full of episodes, headlands, and little coves into which it would be a joy to sail, stretching away along the margin of the ocean. Flowers and birds in the foreground, on the lawn. In richness and glow of colour, in charm and naïveté of detail, the Layard Carpaccio is the peer of the famous series at S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni.

Nor is the Boccacino da Cremona an unworthy pendant to the Carpaccio, and it will make a most welcome addition to the national collection. Though perhaps hardly as fine as that superb Boccacino in the Academy at Venice, the Layard picture possesses many of the qualities which characterise that most

exquisite painting: the gentle, pensive Madonna, the rich and careful executed embroideries round the robes, the delicious, dewy, morning landscape, through which it would be a delight to walk.

Sir Henry Layard's gallery was an endless source of pleasure and satisfaction to him during his lifetime. He has generously desired to extend that pleasure to countless others, and to render it perennial by making the nation the heir to his treasures.

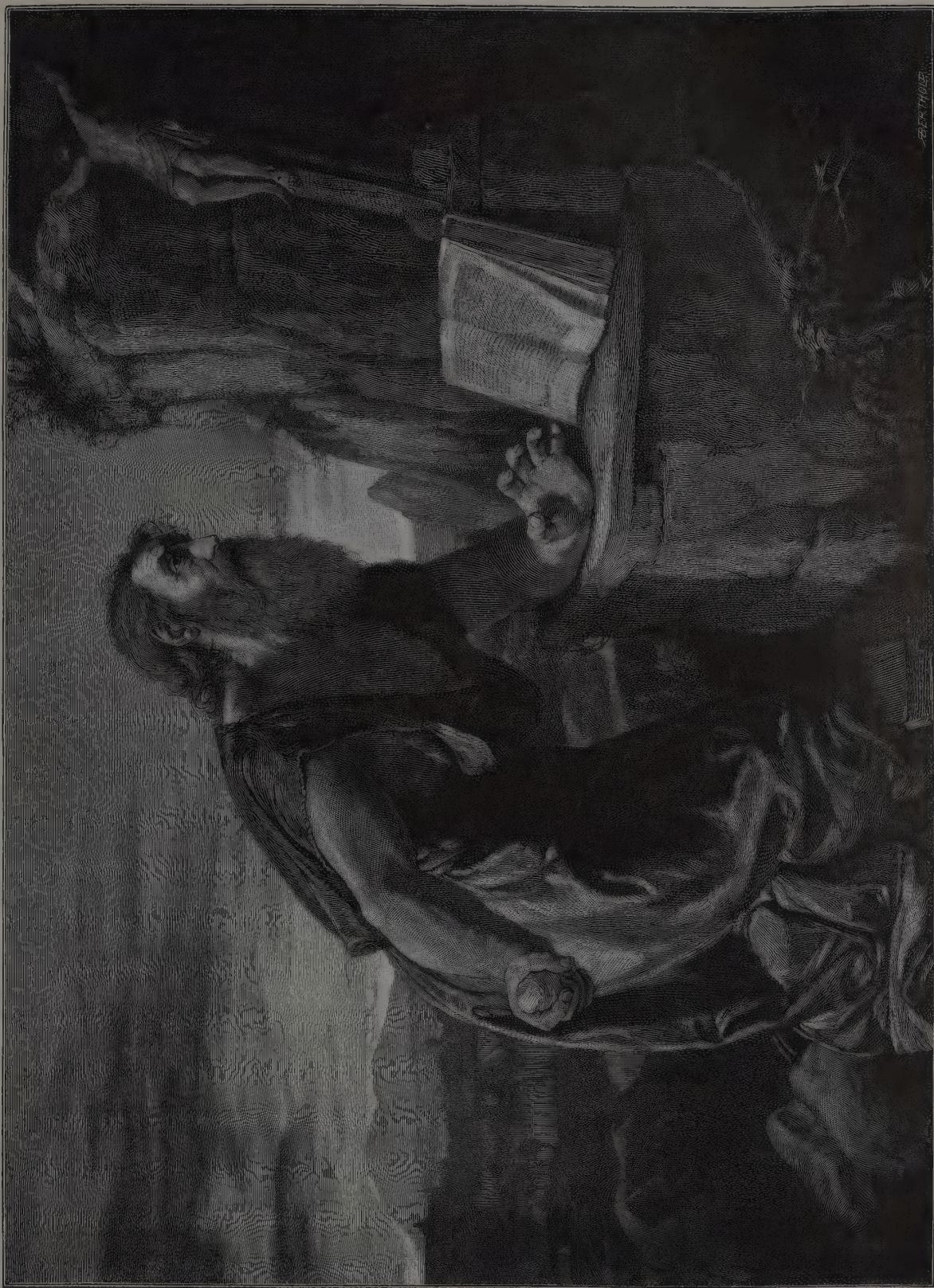
NOTE.—We have already announced the conditions



ALLEGORICAL FIGURE.

(From the Painting by Cosimo Tura.)

gallery represents our Saviour and St. John the Baptist, ascribed to Moretto. It is a highly dramatic composition—dramatic, I mean, in sentiment. Our Lord, a spare but excessively realistic figure, is addressing some last words to St. John, who kneels at his feet. The moment of parting has come; one foot is already set upon the stony, solitary path which leads to the wilderness and the temptation there awaiting him. In the left-hand background are trees and a village, the dwellings of men, the comfortable human ways; to the right



ST. JEROME IN THE WILDERNESS.
(From the Painting by Savoldo. Engraved by Professor Berthold.)



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

(From the Painting by Gentile Bellini.)

under which the late Sir Henry Layard has bequeathed his remarkable collection of pictures to the nation, and doubt not that the deceased diplomatist made such arrangements as will enable

the works in due time to be exported from Italy. We have to express our thanks to Lady Layard for the courtesy which has enabled us to lay a description of this noble bequest before the public.



THE MADONNA WITH ANGELS.

(From the Painting by Boccacino.)

THE PASTELS OF MR. E. A. ABBEY, A.R.A.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

BY the recent election of Mr. E. A. Abbey as an Associate, the Royal Academy has added to its roll an artist of peculiar ability and all-round capacity. It has gained a particularly versatile and accomplished draughtsman, a decorator of conspicuous originality, a water-colour painter whose

of notable productions, is not alone sufficient to secure for an artist admission to the ranks of our chief Art Society. That Mr. Abbey should have combined his admirable technical knowledge with an unusually extensive acquaintance with different mediums, and that he should have shown himself to

be in all the many branches of art to which he has turned his attention more than ordinarily thoughtful and inventive, are fortunate circumstances for that body, for it has thereby been induced to realise how great a gain to itself would be the presence of such a worker in art at its councils. The question which the official voice of the Academy is supposed by its severer critics to ask when any notable artist is waiting at the door must, in his case, have been obviously answered before it was put.

There is also in this election a certain amount of happy augury for the future. If considerations of artistic ability and recognition of sustained effort to tread aright the best paths of art are to be henceforth the main influences in the filling up of Academic vacancies, we may have here confirmed that change in the policy of "the forty" for which all reasonable people have long been praying. We may, that is to say, have reached the day when the pictorial anecdotist and the painter of mere prettinesses will no longer be rejected in favour of the artist who finds in more serious aims and in more closely reasoned designs



"THE QUEEN."

technicality is above reproach, and a master of oil painting who has proved himself to possess a knowledge of his medium that is admirably thorough and well balanced. Men of such wide experience are eminently in their right place as members of an institution which has educational functions to fulfil, and it may be that this quite justifiable consideration influenced the Academy in its choice. Artistic qualifications and something more besides are usually demanded by the voters at Burlington House, and indisputable merit, evidenced by a succession

the best fulfilment of his aspirations. We may be approaching that most desirable moment when people will realise that the idealist and the decorator, the men of dainty fancies and noble imaginings, stand on a higher level than the painter of genre or the realist whose energies are devoted to the exaggeration of the worst and most squalid features of modern life. We have this justification for our belief—that, if such men as Mr. Abbey are to be numbered among our art leaders and teachers, neither the grossness nor the triviality



BEATRICE.

of the deformed and perverted Nature that we know will be in our schools exalted above the truer and more worthy manifestation of her that is revealed to all who devotedly uphold the tradition of her purity and noble dignity.

It was, perhaps, well for Mr. Abbey that in his youth he fell under the influence of no art coterie,

pictures, portraits, and statues by Leslie, Allston, and other artists, he had all the schooling in art that ever fell to his lot; and when he had reached the none too mature age of nineteen, he began, under an engagement with the Harpers, the publishers, to produce original work on his own account.

No doubt this somewhat desultory training had much to do with the formation of that strongly individual style which has since been characteristic of all his productions. It is, however, to his later and more mature studies that must be ascribed the development of his powers and the growth of his technical versatility. His knowledge of many mediums has come by varied practice in his own studio. With the Harpers he worked for book illustration in black and white with pen and brush; to this he later added drawing in water-colour and painting in oils, accomplishments which ultimately gained for him an Associateship of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and a commission to execute an important part of the decorations which are being prepared by various eminent artists for the Boston Public Library; and finally he has set himself to conquer the intricacies of pastel painting.

With what success he has even now mastered the difficulties which surround the use of this fascinating medium has been proved by the exhibition which he held quite recently in the galleries of the Fine Art Society. This display, of fewer than fifty drawings, represented nearly the whole of his finished work in pastel, and yet not one of the whole set betrayed any of the uncertainty of touch, or of the incompleteness of statement which might not unreasonably have been expected in what was really more or less



PHYLLIS.

and that the bent of his mind was never warped by experiences of Continental schools. He grew up as an artist, instead of being made one by association with the youthful enthusiasts who, in foreign studios, waste their energies in the search for "some new thing" which shall attract attention, because it is more bizarre than anything which has ever been seen before. His first serious steps in art were taken under the tuition of the professor of the Philadelphia Academy, to which he went after a period of some months spent somewhat unprofitably in the studio of a landscape-painter named Isaac Williams. In this academy, surrounded by huge imaginative compositions by Benjamin West, and by

experimental work. Although Mr. Abbey only began to use this particular material a couple of years ago, and then merely as a means of making, with rapidity and certainty, studies for his paintings, he has learned so quickly its peculiar qualities that he can do with it almost as much as with either water-colours or oils. Its straightforward simplicity and directness of expression seem to appeal to him in a distinctly helpful manner, and seem to aid him in gaining notable dignity and force. He uses it now for works which are far too important to be described merely as studies, and though, perhaps, he restricts it to those subjects which lend themselves especially to record by means of a material of which the finest

attribute is its suitability for expressing effects of light and brilliant colour, his treatment of these works is not in any sense trivial or slight. On the contrary, in all his productions of this class which have as yet been seen, he has realised to the fullest extent the strength and significance which give character and meaning to his successes in other mediums.

Indeed, it may almost be said that in pastel he has already surpassed what he has been for some years doing in water-colour. It would certainly be hard to find among the best drawings that have come from his brush a more masterly piece of handling and a more luminous effect of colour than his "Beatrice" presents to us. Neither could he in water-colour have gained a more weighty and losing lightness and transparency.



MR. CROAKER.

yet transparent massing of light and shade than he gives in "The Queen;" and his "Phyllis," with its brilliant colour scheme and well-expressed varieties of texture, could only be approached by a very few of his other paintings. In all these examples of his handiwork there is the pleasant air of a man technically at ease with himself. Really, Mr. Abbey has given to the process a more than usually close amount of attention. He has experimented in many ways; he has tried papers of various textures, and of different surfaces; he has found out a way of fixing the delicate chalk touches so as to make them practically immovable; he has elaborated a system of superimposition of colours so as to secure his full colour effect without



TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

WAS HOGARTH A PLAGIARIST ?

THIS question has been dealt with many a time by succeeding commentators of Hogarth's life and work; but as it has not been discussed before in these pages, we have pleasure in setting here before our readers the following communication from a correspondent (Mr. Wood Smith), with the answer, as final as present knowledge permits:—

"In the course of his interesting paper on William Hogarth in the August part of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, Mr. Joseph Grego writes: 'The succeeding year (*vs* 1726) Hogarth found more congenial employment in illustrating Butler's "*Hudibras*," with a series of twelve spirited plates designed and engraved by himself. The true bent of his genius was manifesting itself. These designs exhibit a grasp of character and a breadth of comic power characteristic alike of the author's intention and the powers of the illustrator.' But do these designs reflect any

is certainly not Hogarth's creation, but apparently that of an artist dating some sixteen years earlier. This may be proved at once by a reference to the edition of 1710, printed for 'John Baker at the Black Boy in Paternoster Row.' I shall be very glad to receive a satisfactory explanation of this remarkable similarity between the two sets of 1710 and 1726, but until such is given, I confess that I cannot help thinking, to say the least, that Hogarth unduly adapted the illustrations in the edition of 1710."

The world has rightly accepted Hogarth as the first and foremost original master of the English school, and it is well established that this great painter and sturdy humourist had little need to borrow ideas. Of this the striking originality of the inimitable paintings which have made his name universally famous is sufficiently in evidence.

It appears, however, that in his early days



(From "*Hudibras*," 1710 Edition. Artist unknown.)



(From "*Hudibras*," 1726 Edition. By Hogarth.)

great credit upon Hogarth's creative genius? I think not, for the reason that in an edition of Butler's '*Hudibras*' published in the year 1710, when Hogarth was only in his thirteenth year, there are several very striking illustrations which apparently formed the foundation for the 'new set of cuts designed and engraved by Mr. Hogarth' published in the edition of 1726. The composition of the scenes and many of the figures bear such a remarkable resemblance to each other in the two sets that I feel it cannot be claimed for Hogarth that his designs exhibit those signs of genius which has on many occasions been attributed to them. The well-known figure of 'Sir Hudibras'

young Hogarth—before his own powers were matured—when commissioned to supply plates for book illustrations, was not too independent (perhaps by direct instruction, to make use of the works of his immediate predecessors.

Mr. Wood Smith's communication opens up a controversial matter which the paper in question did not touch. The writer of the article on "William Hogarth as a Caricaturist" (Mr. Grego) was

confronted with a pictorial enigma, which appears to be unsolvable—a problem which may puzzle others to come as it has done in the past. It would be a satisfaction to arrive at a true explanation, but this consummation, though devoutly to be wished, is difficult of attainment. Let us examine the two editions in question, with the respective

portrait of the author, were reproduced in another edition of the same size and form, issued also in 1710 by the associated booksellers R. Chiswel, F. Tonson, T. Horne, and R. Wellington. As this similarity exists, and the later edition gives the name of an engraver, the writer has referred to the so-called “copies” of the Baker version, the



(From “Hudibras,” 1710 Edition. Artist unknown.)



(From “Hudibras,” 1726 Edition. By Hogarth.)

suites of “cuts”—as they are entitled on both title-pages.

It seems evident that the earliest edition of “Hudibras,” embellished with the series of sixteen plates now under discussion, was issued in 1709–10 by John Baker at the “Black Boy” in Paternoster Row, in the form of three volumes in 8mo. The first part bears the year 1710, while the second is dated 1709, and the third part 1710. The engravings are neatly executed, after somewhat stiff designs, and the portrait of Samuel Butler, forming the frontispiece, is probably executed by the same engraver. Curiously enough, the keynote of the controversy is found in the copy of this early illustrated edition in the Library of the British Museum. On the top of the title-page is written in pencil, “The edition from which Hogarth copied,” and above the portrait is pencilled the puzzling query, “Who designed the plates to this edition?”

There was probably some trade arrangement as to this edition, for the designs, with a different

plates, allowing for differences in execution, being obviously from identical designs; or, as it has been suggested, one edition is possibly “pirated” from the other.

The 1710 edition, in one respect, is more reliable than the first version (1726) wherein Hogarth’s name occurs; the portrait of “Mr. Samuel Butler,” there given to face the title-page, is the well-known likeness which has made the face of Samuel Butler familiar to successive generations; the plate bears the name of “Vertue, *sculpsit*”—a good recommendation. The first so-called Hogarth edition also presents an alleged effigy of the poet, with the legend, “W. Hogarth, *sculpsit*.” The *soi-disant* head of Butler, it has been pointed out by Mr. Austin Dobson, “is in reality Jean Baptiste Monnoyer, copied from White’s mezzotint!” So much for the frontispieces. The name of Vertue is the only clue to the identity of the engraver whose handiwork figures in the edition given to the public, when William Hogarth was a lad of thirteen. The

drawing of the illustrations is stiff, and almost childish in points, but the technical part of the engraver's work resembles the school, if not the actual handling of the master whose signature appears on the frontispiece. There is no disputing the contentions that the first conceptions of the knight, squire, and in fact of the *dramatis personæ* in general, are given in the two 1710 editions; the chief difference is that the designs of the first "cuts" are stiff and constrained, while the series issued in 1726 exhibit freedom and considerable spirit. Anyway, whatever origin can be traced for the first inspiration of these "Hudibras" illustrations, their authorship is boldly claimed under Hogarth's own hand; the title-page sets forth that the 1726 edition is "adorn'd with a new set of cuts Design'd and Engrav'd by Mr. Hogarth." This announcement is sufficiently explicit in itself, but to put the claim to authorship beyond any question, every plate of the series of sixteen bears, apparently in the artist's own hand, the legend "W. Hogarth *invt. et sculp.*" The two earlier editions could hardly have been so utterly forgotten, one would think, that publishers should venture on so downright an expropriation, besides it is noteworthy that the name of Tonson, among other associated booksellers, appears as one of the publishers of the "pirated" 1710 and the 1726 versions. As adaptations, the 1726 versions of the plates are of course infinitely superior and more satisfactory than their precursors.

There the question rests. Did Hogarth—as he boldly seems to claim—design in child-like fashion, at what appears the early age of thirteen, the initial series of crude notions towards the embellishment of Butler's "Hudibras"? Were these stiff designs rendered by a capable engraver, like Vertue, in a conventional manner as in the editions of 1710? And were these anonymous designs redrawn by the artist later on to display his developed skill, and executed on copper by his own hand, to mark his advanced proficiency as an engraver in 1726?

Those students who are puzzled by this pictorial anomaly are reminded that the guarded allusion (which has revived the charge of plagiarism against Hogarth) did not apply to the little volumes in 18mo with sixteen plates—*this edition was never mentioned*. The praise of the "Hudibras" designs was explicitly and exclusively confined to the *twelve large*

prints—of folio size, with the inscription "Wm. Hogarth *inven. et sculp.*" belonging to the same year.

The illustrations to "Hudibras" issued in 1726 brought Hogarth into note, as related by John Ireland, "by these designs he first became known in his profession." Ireland pointed out, not long after Hogarth's death, the circumstances that the sixteen small plates are in some instances founded on the earlier series, both as regards characterisation and a few leading incidents; there are several in the 1710 edition not reproduced in the later one, and more illustrations are given in the earlier versions. Let us set down the words of Mr. Austin Dobson—always an authority of light and leading as regards the history, doings, art, and letters of the eighteenth century, and, as everybody familiar with literary and artistic biography is aware, the author of the best monographs published upon the subject of "William Hogarth." Speaking of the charge of piracy, as laid by John Ireland against the inferior set of "Hudibras" plates—the sixteen 12mo engravings issued in 1726—our painstaking authority remarks:—"It is noticeable, however, that—probably from some timidity on the part of the 'Congers,' or associated booksellers who employed him—he seems to have relied upon his graphic predecessors. This was certainly not to the advantage of the artist's work, for although he was far too individual to be ever successful as an interpreter of other men's ideas, he frequently manifested his own originality by his very deviations from his text. This is exactly what he has done in the infinitely superior series of twelve large plates, also from "Hudibras," issued separately in the same year, and dedicated to William Ward, Esq., of Great Houghton, in Northamptonshire, and Mr. Allan Ramsay [the poet] of Edinburgh. Here, as a very superficial comparison of the two (1726) sets of illustrations will show, he has added a mass of fresh humorous detail to his presentment of the text, of which the haymaker in Plate II., who in his burlesque salutation of the hero and his squire is upsetting the apple-stall, may serve as an example. . . . He had always a kindness for these designs from Butler, and never ceased to regret that he had parted with the plates."





F.M. Bredt, pinx.

Magazine of Art.

Chopin.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.



SHOOTING.—II

By JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS, F.Z.S.

THE decline of the Dutch and Flemish schools at the end of the seventeenth century was almost immediately followed by the rise of the British in the succeeding age. English art began to assert her strength, and England herself to take as active an interest in shooting and pictures relating thereto as any of her Continental neighbours. Every country squire enjoyed the shooting of his pheasants, partridges, and wild fowl, as much as the chase of the fox. Literature and art advanced, and country houses, shops, and galleries alike became filled with pictures and prints of the now popular sport with the gun. To-day thousands of these prints and a few of the pictures still live, and afford pleasure to sportsmen generally. In such pictures as George Morland, P. Reinagle, R.A., and S. Elmer have given us we see all the beauty of English country life, wild and pastoral. In them are all the fascination of healthful outdoor sport and the bloom of English landscape; but, oh! those partridges as big as turkeys and those pheasants of tow and wire—how they do jar and rasp the soul! Yet so faithfully have the artists represented the stuffed monstrosities that acted as their models, do we but place our eyes closely to the canvases there we can see plainly the dried and shrunk tendons of the birds' legs—legs which nearly always stand so far out of the point of balance that, were such a thing to be in nature, the poor creatures must inevitably fall upon their breasts in sheer horror at such insults to the laws of gravity. There are the glass eyes bursting from their sockets, and there the poor broken lower mandible that is supposed to represent the bird shrieking out against the cruelty of its oppressors. These little facts all show that the painters of this period were quite content to spend the utmost care on every detail of the subject except the object of the chase itself. The public were not yet educated up to appreciating anything better than very badly stuffed lumps of feather and fur,

which the artists readily gave them as it saved so much trouble. There are few of us, however, who are both art and sport lovers that have not at one time or another fallen under the charm of George Morland's work, for instance, whether it is in the pictures themselves or the extremely beautiful tinted engravings and mezzotints. We experience all the pleasure which is to be found in that genuine sport in opposition to the hateful professionalism which has crept into and threatens to destroy much of the sport of to-day.

George Morland's pictures bring forcibly before you all that charm which every shooter understands—of roaming at will with the old keeper and a couple of well-broken dogs. Game is there, too, rather in variety than profusion; and over the vista of England's sunny landscapes there rests a pervading sense of freedom and irresponsibility. The ponies and dogs of Reinagle and Morland show an accurate and careful study of those animals, the "go" and action in their pointers and setters being exceptionally strong. Shooting ponies appear to have been much in use at this period, as we so frequently see the gunners riding to the point—as, for example, in Reinagle's "Grouse Shooting," a work which Mr. J. E. Harting considers to have been one of the best pictures in the "Sports and Arts" Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1890. Practically speaking, beyond riding to the moors, ponies nowadays are hardly ever used, though the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing made his famous bag of 220 brace of grouse at Grantully in 1871, by galloping to the points on a rough hill "girn."

Reinagle probably painted more actual shooting pictures both of sport itself and the birds relating thereto than any artist of his time. But there is a lack of proportion in the size of his central figures, in comparison to the landscape, which is simply grotesque. His ptarmigans are larger than the boulders on the hillside; and partridges, standing under an elm-tree, are rather bigger than ostriches



BROWSING.

(From the Engraving by J. C. Webb, after the Painting by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.)

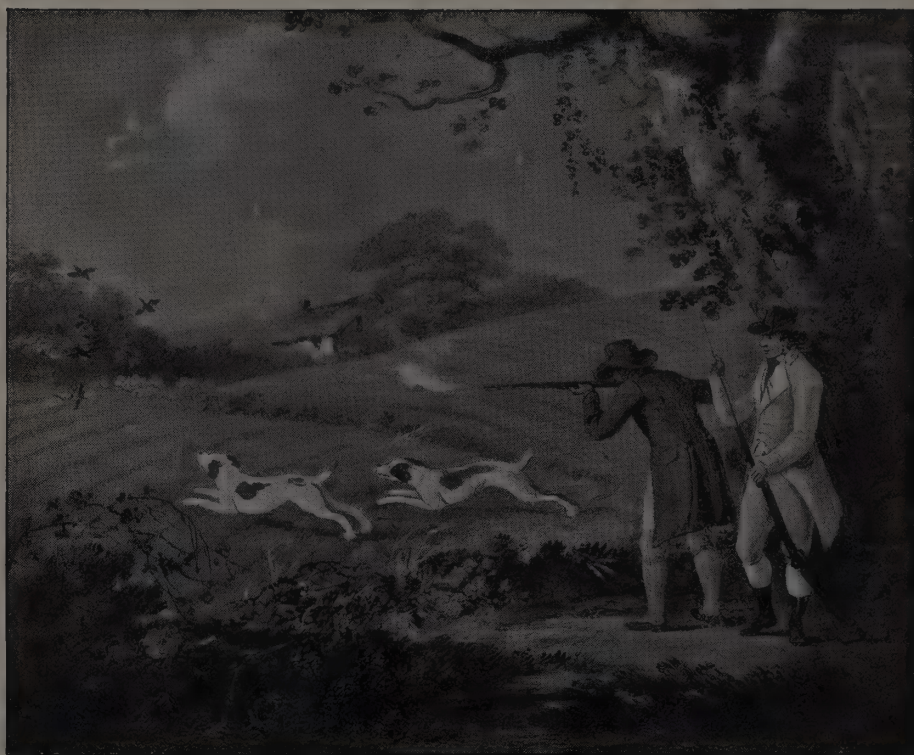
would be under similar circumstances. Elmer did good work, many of his paintings being engraved—notably in Daniel's "Rural Sports." The hybrid pheasant and black-cock in Gilbert White's "Naturalist's Calendar" (1795) is also from his brush. Stubbs and Sartorius also flourished at this period; but, with the exception of a few pictures of sporting dogs and an occasional shooter, they can hardly claim to rank amongst the painters of shooting pictures.

A little later we come to the two Alkens, of which Sam was perhaps superior, although the works of Henry are the better known. Though both these artists turned most of their attention to hunting scenes, their draughtsmanship of horses,

hares, hounds, and birds were, on the whole, superior to any of the period. Occasionally figuring in shooting pictures, their style fails to impress from its lack of finish. They maintained a high excellence of spirit and humour which was very popular with the young bucks of that time. Another artist who devoted most of his life to animals is Sam Hewitt, A.R.A. He travelled much in the East, and several books with engravings from his drawings testify rather more to his industry than any particular skill as a draughtsman.

In his representations of larger animals such as lions, tigers, etc., he drew much on his imagination, and his drawings of these animals were more theatrical than

truthful. Many of his pictures—such as those of fallow deer and creatures he knew well—are exceedingly good, reminding one strongly of Ridinger,



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

(From the Painting by J. Wootton, in the Possession of Robert Nesham, Esq.)



THE DEER DRIVE.

(From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., in the Possession of Her Majesty the Queen.)

the German artist who flourished at the end of the seventeenth century, and whose deer are well known and popular to-day. Ridinger, like Sir Edwin Landseer, made a life-study of red deer. His most famous drawings are the series of German stags, with normal and abnormal heads, many of which are now in the well-known collection at the Castle of Moritzburg. There is in these reproductions, which are now rare and valuable, an immensity of careful study and accuracy of detail. The eyes and mouths of the stags seem to be the only points which Ridinger, as well as nearly all the artists of this period, failed to present with truth. Now, the whole beauty and sense of nobility which the red stag possesses is really centred in these two features. Unless the upper lid, with its attendant haze of hair, slightly covers the eye, and there is the exquisite modelling of bone and muscle which in nature surrounds that portion of the skull, the whole character of this splendid creature is entirely lost. The mouths of the animals were likewise badly drawn, giving an

is marred by the round, gloomy, and bursting eye and the weak and anatomically impossible mouth.

The first careful and conscientious artist who struck out for himself in this particular line was Hill. In his grand portfolio known as "Hill's Etchings" this artist excelled in the draughtsmanship of horses, pigs, and so on; but above all was he successful when fallow deer acted as his models. Deer are exceptionally difficult subjects, but these fallow deer of Hill's, though in many cases but a few outlines, seem to me to come nearer the real thing than anything since attempted. All the attitudes of the bucks, whether in movement or repose, are, with few exceptions, beyond criticism. How difficult it is for an artist to attain success in depicting several species is seen in Hill's studies of red deer. Though reaching a high degree of merit, they seem somewhat more clumsy and "bullocky" than even the coarsest park deer ever are, and cannot be classed in the same street as this artist's domestic animals and fallow bucks. Few people are aware that J. M. W. Turner, R.A.,



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

(From the Picture by Richard Ansdell, R.A., in the Possession of Robert Nesham, Esq.)

air of weakness and indecision. It was these two—the strongest points of the stag's individuality—that Ridinger, and others who had represented deer at this time, entirely neglected to study or to draw correctly. In all their pictures the splendid work

was painted a remarkable series of shooting pictures in water-colour; but those who were so fortunate as to see them in the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, 1890, must have been struck by their great beauty and truth to both art and sport. Particularly

was the great man successful in "Grouse Shooting" and "Woodcock Shooting"—two pictures in which the details and colouring of the landscape are about as perfect backgrounds as were ever given to a shooting subject. Turner, however, never

When Charles Hancock, Richard Ansdell, Sir Edwin Landseer, and, I think I may justly add, my own father first journeyed North, travelling was not quite so easy as it is to day, much having to be done by means of the mail-coach. But what



A LION HUNT.
(From a Drawing by Joseph Wolf, R.I.)

quite excelled in the delineation of figures, but in this case, as his work was evidently overlooked by the sportsman for whom he painted the pictures, he was more than usually successful.

It is not within the bounds of the present article to touch more than lightly upon the work of such men as Thomas Bewick and his pupil Harvey, who did much to improve the illustration of books upon sport and natural history from the beginning till the middle of the present century. Their work must ever live as beautiful examples of the woodcutter's art rather than for any special excellence in draughtsmanship.

From the year 1820 up to the present day the facilities for travel have been vastly on the increase, and we practically have to thank the inventor of the steam-engine for much of the work which four great artists did in Scotland during this period. The great popularity which Scotland and Highland sport enjoy is largely due to this.

a delight is left to art-lovers when gazing upon the romance and pathos of Scotland's bygone days, which Sir Edwin Landseer has individualised for all time!

The character of the people and the nature of the sport have in a great measure changed with the introduction of seven-strand wire fences and the long purse of the "Sassenach"—both innovations which are questionable improvements. Against this may be argued an increased wildness on the part of the game, and the discontinuance of the use of deerhounds (which in former days generally pulled the stag down if it was missed), and the comparative comfort and affluence of the peasantry. Charles Hancock, who exhibited from 1819 to 1867, was an artist whose work, like that of Richard Ansdell, would have taken a higher place in the art of his time had he not been completely overshadowed by the numerous and more popular pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer.

JEWELLERY AS AN ART.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

By ALICE MULLINS.

IN the present day there is much talk everywhere about art, and signs are not wanting that its vast mission as a humanising and civilising

to apply to it the same laws, or judge it by the same standards, that we are attempting to set up in other things. All that we ask of our jewellery is that it shall be costly and fashionable; not costly because of the time and loving labour of the artist and workman who designed and produced it, but because of the material alone out of which it is made. It is this Philistine reverence for material that has done more than anything else to debase what was once an art to a mere meaningless and ostentatious display. I know of no more depressing sight to anyone who cares for art than to walk down an important street of shops in one of our big cities, looking in the jewellers' windows on the rubbish, from an



ETRUSCAN NECKLACE: PENDENT VASES AND HEAD OF IO.
(In the British Museum.)

element in our national life is slowly being recognised. Even the so-called domestic arts come in for a large share of attention, and the patterns of our wall-papers, and the harmonious colouring of carpets and tapestries, are a matter of thought and care in nearly every household where there is a trifle to spend on luxuries and any pretensions to taste. Yet curiously enough our jewellery, which is the art that lies nearest to us, and follows us wherever we go, and in which there is so much

artistic point of view, that is there spread out to tempt the public taste. If we could find ourselves,



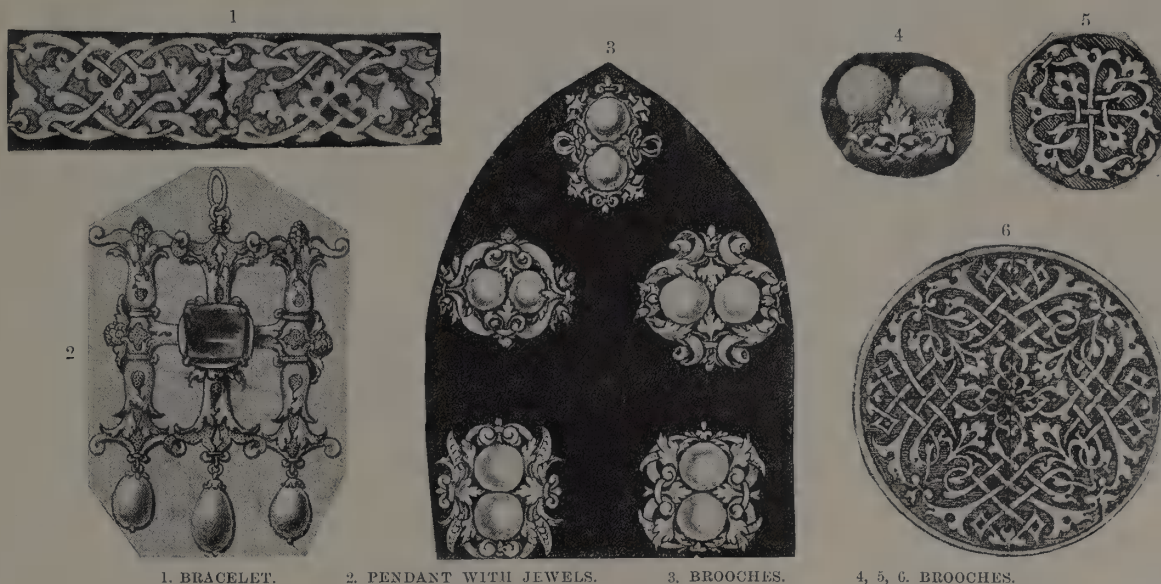
CLOAK CLASP.
(By W. Hano Thornycroft, R.A.)

scope for the application of beautiful design and delicate workmanship, is left almost entirely out in the cold; and scarcely any attempt is made

by some touch of magic, suddenly under the rule of a stern artistic Socialism, where nothing was permitted to be bought or sold that was not either

useful or beautiful, and were a destroying spirit sent one night through the length and breadth of the land, what a blight next morning would have fallen on the jewellers' windows, what few things would be

he chose, he could shake off a gem on the ground, and thus obtain all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les dames de la Cour*. But in early times the jeweller was a trained artist;



1. BRACELET.

2. PENDANT WITH JEWELS.

3. BROOCHES.

4, 5, 6. BROOCHES.

(After Holbein. In the British Museum.)

left! But the shop windows are the gauge of the public taste, and it is not the tradesman who sells this costly rubbish, nor the manufacturer who has it made, who are to blame, but ourselves—the public—especially the women not only of to-day, but for the last hundred years or more, who have created the demand for this puerile stuff, and neglected what might be one of the most efficient means of developing the art-instincts of a nation.

Jewellery has been a favourite form of personal decoration from the earliest times. We know with what skill the Etruscans and Greeks worked in precious metals, and that a large part of what is good in our modern jewellery is copied from their designs, and those of other early nations. The Romans, too, wore it freely. The manufacture was extensively encouraged in England in 1685, and it appears as if the fondness for diamonds was greater even then than now, for they were largely used in the ornamentation of rich apparel. We read that King James's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have them tacked on so loosely, that, when

and in Italy, where the art especially flourished, many of the great masters developed themselves

out of the training begun in the goldsmiths' workshops. Francia of Bologna was a goldsmith; indeed, the very name he used was not his own, but that of his beloved master, to whose early training he felt he owed the success of his later years, and he delighted to sign his pictures "Francia the Goldsmith." Botticelli also used the name of the goldsmith with whom he studied. Ghirlandajo was a goldsmith, and the master of Michelangelo, and so was Verrocchio, the part-sculptor of the famous Colleoni statue in Venice, and the master of Leonardo da Vinci. Ghiberti was the stepson of a goldsmith, and to his training in his father's workshop he owed the skill that enabled him not only to design, but also to cast the famous gates of the Baptistery at Florence, which Michelangelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. It is not necessary



PENDANT WITH JEWELS.

(After Holbein. In the British Museum.)

nowadays, under the present system of division of labour, that the jeweller who sells should be a skilled artistic workman, able himself to produce the work

to which he stands in the useful though much abused position of the middleman, but it *is* essential that he should have the taste and training of an artist, to be able, with quick, sympathetic eye, to see what is good and what is bad in the art he fosters, and to choose wisely the labour that shall provide it. When the public have learnt to recognise jewellery as an art this will have to be so.

But it is certain we shall never have artistic jewellery while we think only of the material of which it is composed, and nothing at all of the workmanship, "the meaning given it by a human mind" that is able to turn the raw, uninteresting material into a thing of worth and beauty; and until we learn to see that a bit of bronze or iron, wrought into beautiful and suggestive form by the

out by machinery, or the largest diamonds set to imitate sprays of natural flowers, stars, or butterflies. I do not mean to say that beautiful material

wedded to noble design and exquisite workmanship is not to be desired by those who can afford it, but I do say, where limit of price has to be considered, let the material be sacrificed to the workmanship, and let us have silver, bronze, or even iron orna-

ments with an artist's heart and soul in them, rather than gold and precious stones arranged for mere display because they are in the latest fashion, or because they are more costly than our neighbours can afford to wear. I remember being greatly struck by a beautiful little model in wax, executed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1888, intended to be reduced to half-



WAIST BUCKLE.

(After Holbein. In the British Museum.)



MODERN GERMAN IRON NECKLACE.

(In the South Kensington Museum. Lent by Henry Willett, Esq.)

cunning of man's hand, and the sense of beauty in his heart, is far more worthy to be possessed and worn than any amount of the finest gold stamped

size, and cast in bronze for the clasp of a cloak. In the centre of each side was a child's head in profile, in delicate low relief, and round them a

severely simple but beautiful design, framing the engraved names of the children and the date. Could any mother desire a lovelier piece of jewellery than

manship; and it is in the labour of it, and not in the material, that its great value consists.

The very word jewellery, or jewel, means *joyan*, joy, for jewellery has no reason for its existence (except, perhaps, in a brooch or studs, which are essential to neatness, though even here a hook or button would often do as well) if it does not make for us "a thing of beauty" that is "a joy for ever." Gems and precious stones are not jewels until the jeweller's skill has wrought and set them, and not then, if we use the word in its true sense, when he has failed to make a right use of their beauty, but turned them into mere trinkets and gimcracks at the demand of a foolish fashion.

But as we can never have good jewellery while material is valued above workmanship, neither can we have it, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, while fashion has an influence on its manufacture, and is constantly decreeing change. For no artist worthy the



PENDANT WITH JEWELS.
(After Holbein.)

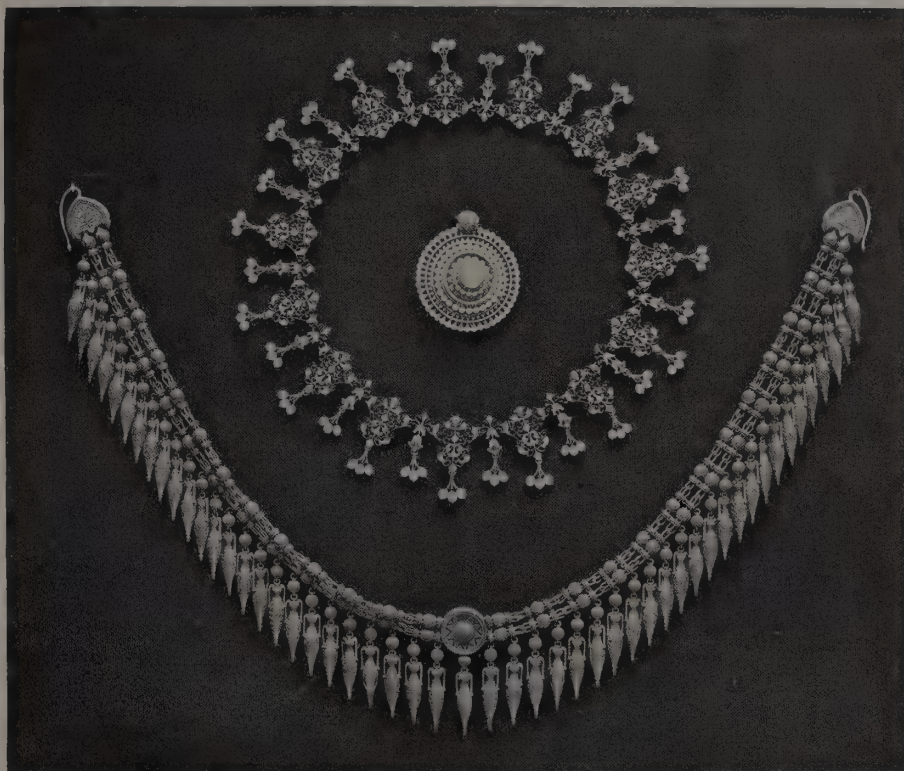


BRACELET.
(After Holbein. In the British Museum.)



GOLD ORNAMENT, PERHAPS FOR HEEL OF SANDAL.
(HERCULES AND TWO NEREIDS IN RELIEF.)
(Roman. British Museum.)

this piece of common bronze with the faces of her children moulded in it, to wear above her heart when these baby-faces are but a memory of the childhood that so quickly passes away? (See p. 236.) Another instance of how beautiful jewellery may be produced from comparatively mean material, by good design and skilful workmanship, may be seen in a necklace of modern German work in South Kensington Museum. It is formed of small blackened iron medallions, cast from the antique, and framed in gold, connected by a double row of finely-woven iron links. In the best period of Greek art, we find that the intrinsic worth of the material used in their jewellery is very slight, and altogether subordinate to the beauty of workmanship and design. The famous Milo necklace in the British Museum is a marvellous specimen of skilled work-



NECKLACES AND BROOCH FROM THE GIULIANO BEQUEST.
(In the South Kensington Museum. See p. 241.)

Museum is a marvellous specimen of skilled work-

manship will tax his brains to devise a brooch or a bracelet, a clasp or a necklet, that he knows may

go into the melting-pot twenty years hence because it is out of fashion. It is only with the promise of permanence that the true artist has the heart to



PENDANT.

(By Holbein. In the British Museum.)

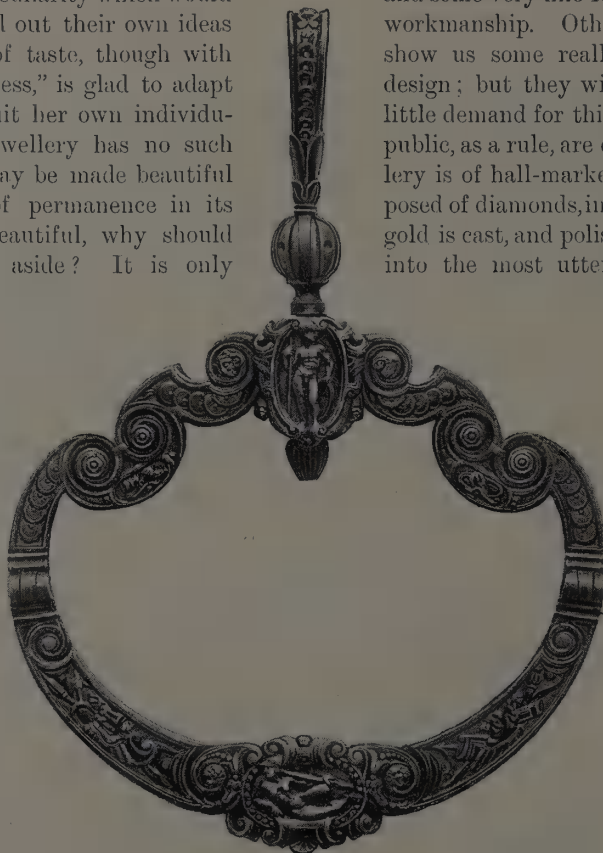
embody his noblest thoughts. There is some excuse for fashion in dress, in a modified degree, for clothes are, from their nature, perishable, and in repeating them it is pleasant to all of us to have a change. Moreover, no lady of sense (and in all questions of personal adornment it is the female sex who are most concerned, thus curiously reversing the order of the animal world) likes to attract special attention by her dress. Therefore a certain broad uniformity is essential to avoid the peculiarity which would ensue if everyone followed out their own ideas exclusively; and a lady of taste, though with no pretensions to "smartness," is glad to adapt the current fashions to suit her own individuality and style. But jewellery has no such excuse for change. It may be made beautiful because of the promise of permanence in its material; and if it is beautiful, why should we ever wish to cast it aside? It is only because it too often makes no pretence to be a thing of beauty at all, only a "novelty," to use a trade phrase, that fashion can hold sway over it; and fortunately it does, for the melting-pot eventually is the best place for the ugly and unsuitable things produced, when the false popularity given them by fashion has subsided. When we see a fowl's bone or "merrythought" copied in gold and studded with a gem or two, we are very glad to know that in all probability it will not last, to go down to posterity as typical of the jeweller's art of to-day; and that if it is a jewel, or joy, to anyone now, it will only be

so for a passing year or two until fashion has introduced some other incongruous novelty. The bone is a wonderful piece of mechanism in a fowl's breast, but of the taste that allows it to be copied and worn upon a lady's throat the less said the better. The same remark applies to the beetles, miniature frogs, chickens, cocks' heads, spiders, mimic banjos, etc., that are offered to an appreciative public to satisfy its taste for something new. I am not for one moment maintaining that no artistic jewellery is to be had. Several artists are turning their attention to it. I saw, too, not long ago, some delicate gold work for brooches and necklets, reproductions of old Dutch filigree work, at a well-known shop in Regent Street, and some very fine Indian jewellery of exquisite workmanship. Other jewellers, no doubt, can show us some really good work of beautiful design; but they will also tell us there is very little demand for this sort of thing, and that the public, as a rule, are quite satisfied if their jewellery is of hall-marked gold, or, better still, composed of diamonds, indifferent to the fact that the gold is cast, and polished, and machine-engraved into the most utterly meaningless and uninteresting form, and the diamonds are set with no other end in view than to make a blaze of brilliance, "huge electric lamps of millionaires," that kill the brightness of even the youngest and brightest eye. These are what we call our jewels and joys, and spend thousands of pounds daily to buy, and debase our workmen to produce, while we let hundreds of artists die of poverty and neglect, or grow heartsick in the struggle to make a living out of the limited forms of art that we will recognise.



JEWEL.

(From Ghirlandajo's Picture, "Portrait of a Girl," No. 1,230 in the National Gallery.)



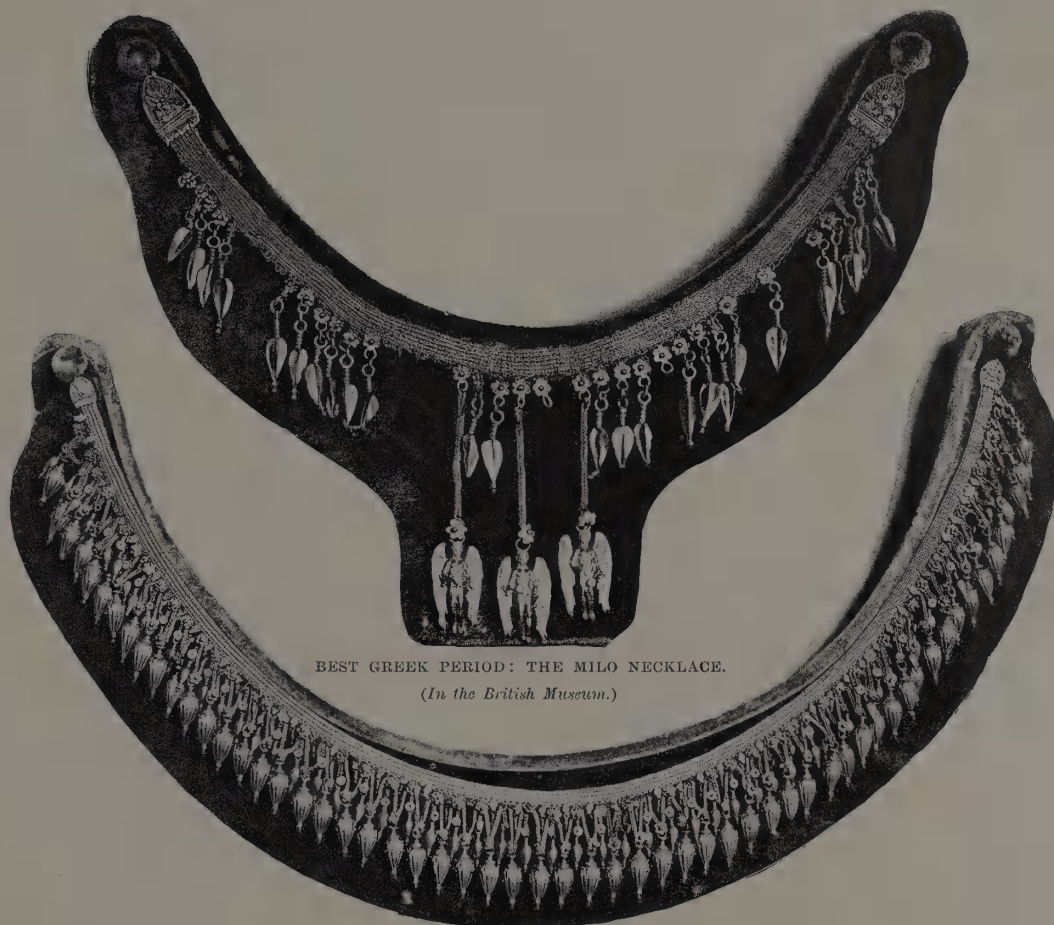
PURSE MOUNT, STEEL-CHASED IN RELIEF WITH FIGURES ON MEDALLIONS. (ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.)

(Lent by D. U. Currie, Esq. In the South Kensington Museum.)

But why should we not have again a beautiful goldsmith's art such as flourished in the past? It is not for want of

money, for money enough is spent on what we call our jewellery now; and it is not for want of artistic faculty, as the thousands of exhibited and rejected pictures and works of sculpture show every year. If once there was a general demand, the artist would soon train himself to devote his energies to supply it. There is not only metal and gem work in jewellery ready to his hand, and enamelling, but

but fatal in its results; and that therefore this wasting of wealth on things evanescent and unworthy, as most of our modern jewellery is, and still more this crushing out of the creative instinct of a nation and loss of precious human energy, by forcing it into unproductive channels, is a very serious matter for us all. And the first step towards remedying the evil is to recognise that in the wise application and



BEST GREEK PERIOD: THE MILO NECKLACE.

(In the British Museum.)

NECKLACE OF LATE GREEK PERIOD. (GOLD AND FLAT BEAD-SHAPED GARNETS.)

(In the British Museum.)

there are the beautiful arts of miniature-painting and cameo-cutting that might be revived and encouraged, besides the still wider field of gold and silver plate. The question has greater significance than even the personal responsibility of each individual buyer, and will have to be faced in this wider sense, as the vast labour question calls louder and louder for redress. The common argument for all dispersion of wealth, whether wise or unwise, is that it is "good for trade," yet the present condition of our industries, and the state of our poor, should convince any thoughtful person that such argument is based on wrong premises, and that ill-managed wealth in a nation, as in a household, is not good,

distribution of the labour of its people lies a nation's only true source of strength and enduring prosperity.

NOTE.—A valuable collection of jewellery has been bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum by the late Mr. Carlo Giuliano, of Piccadilly, and is now to be seen in the South Court there. The jewellery consists for the most part of gold-work decorated with minute granulations after the Greek and Etruscan fashion, the principal example being a magnificent necklace with fifty-two amphora-shaped pendants and enriched with no less than 157,580 tiny gold granules. It will be seen from the reproduction on p. 239 that the necklace is similar in design to that reproduced on this page from an ancient Greek specimen in the British Museum. We reproduce also an enamelled flower necklace with pearl pendants. The brooch we have illustrated is one of three, beautifully wrought in granulated gold decorated with pearls.



ST. KILDA.

ST. KILDA.

BY J. SANDS. ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

PLACED far amidst the melancholy main," some forty-five miles farther out than the Outer Hebrides, there is a remarkable group of islands, the largest of which is called St. Kilda. That island is about three miles in length and two in breadth, and is composed of lofty hills which confront the ocean as stupendous precipices. The highest hill is named Connagher, and the summit is about 1,360 feet above the level of the sea. Besides St. Kilda proper, there are two other large islands, namely, Boreray and Soy, the coasts of which are equally sublime. There is another island called the *Dun*, probably from a rude fortification which still remains there. It is separated from St. Kilda by a narrow channel through which the foaming waves rush furiously in winter. A channel of much greater width divides Soy from St. Kilda, but it is not so wide as to prevent the shouts of people in the one island from being heard in the other. In the water between the two islands there are several steeple-looking stacks of a great height and very steep, which the best cragsmen sometimes scale to get birds and eggs and to boast of the achievement. Boreray is four miles distant from St. Kilda, and anyone sailing at the foot of the precipices with which it is begirt would say it was inaccessible. Yet I was at the top of it along with the natives on two occasions.

Parties of unmarried women go to Boreray every summer, and are left upon it for three weeks or so, to catch puffins (*alias* sea-parrots, *alias* coulernebs), the feathers of which they pluck and truck—or at all events they did so when I resided in St. Kilda; probably they now sell the feathers. On the flattish top of Boreray, where a flock of sheep find pasture, there are several ancient houses that look like green hillocks outside. In them the girls reside during the fowling season, and the men when they visit the island to pluck the wool from the sheep, for shears are unknown. These houses are about four feet wide and twenty long. The walls are composed of three or four tiers of huge stones, and are roofed with lintels, the whole structure being covered with earth and turf. The door is so low that one is obliged to enter and issue on all-fours. The girls bring a kettle of live peats with them, and never allow their fire to go out. A semicircular screen of stones prevents the wind from blowing in at the door. The puffins are caught by means of hair ropes held down by stones and fringed with nooses into which they push their restless feet. A dozen birds may be seen at one time tugging different ways in their attempts to escape. Every girl has as an assistant a dog which has been taught to alarm the birds by scraping at their burrow and seizing them when they crawl out. These bird-catchers carry blankets with them and sleep on the ashes of their peat fire. They

also take oatmeal and cheese with them, and roast as many birds as they want for food—an insignificant fraction when compared with the immense numbers they catch. In 1876-7 they could all read Gaelic with ease, and everyone had a Testament in her luggage. A watch is kept upon these damsels from the crags of St. Kilda, and they cut a square upon the turf as a sign that there is sickness amongst

Kilda had been subject to a disease which cut off the great majority a few days after birth. Many couples had had large families, but all their children perished from lockjaw; consequently the afflicted community contained a disproportionate number of old people, who in the ordinary course of nature would drop off at a more rapid rate than a new generation could be born. St. Kilda is the only



PROMONTORY, ST. KILDA.

them, and that a boat should be sent to Boreray without delay.

Boreray is, I think, derived from the Norse, and signifies inhabited island. Indeed, all the principal place-names in St. Kilda are not Gaelic but old Norwegian. Soy ought to be spelt *Saudey*, which means sheep-island. In that island there is a flock of brown sheep which has, I have no doubt, existed from the days of the Vikings. They are as wild and swift as deer. St. Kilda is, probably, a corruption of the Norse *Kilda*, the well. There are at least five springs of excellent water in the island, which to Scandinavian rovers weary and thirsty from toiling at the oars of their long ships would seem to be the most striking feature of the place. There were seventy-five inhabitants in St. Kilda in 1877, and the population continues almost stationary. Fallacious conclusions may be drawn from the premises. From time immemorial the infants of St.

island of the cluster that is inhabited, and the houses are all in one village, close to which is the only spot where a boat can be hauled up. The St. Kildans are all very religious, indeed I may say fanatical, and the Sabbath is a day of fearful gloom. Besides family worship there are, or were, three services every Sunday, as well as a prayer-meeting on Wednesday, at which the elders were permitted or required to pray in public. It was considered sinful to pay visits on the seventh day, or to exchange the everyday greetings. Often I have gone to the top of the dark rocks at the back of the village on the Sabbath evening, oppressed with the deepest melancholy, which was intensified by the doleful cries or groans of the puffins, which have bass voices of a strength out of all proportion to their diminutive bodies: "Oh! oh!" On all the far horizon not a sail was visible. I have a fellow-feeling for poor Lady Grange, who in the year 1732 was seized in

her house in Edinburgh, and carried in the dark by a band of Highland ruffians, under the direction of Frazer of Lovat and MacLeod of MacLeod, to the small island of Hysker, where she was detained for two years. She was afterwards transported to St. Kilda, which was the property of MacLeod, where she was kept for seven years. The house she resided in stood about half-way between the centre of the modern crescent of cottages and the sea. A man named Macdonald acted as her keeper. No supplies of food or clothing were sent to her by her brutal husband, Lord Grange, or anyone else in the world outside, during all the long period of her captivity. Tradition tells that on one occasion she received a pound of tea, probably from the skipper of a vessel that had called at the island. She was compelled to subsist on the bounty of the natives, who, to their honour be it said, gave her a share of the best food they had, which, no doubt, would have been coarse and scanty enough. She never could or would learn Gaelic, but she learned to spin, probably with the spindle and distaff, which are still used in St. Kilda, and with which strong thread can be made. The wheel, unless I am mistaken, had not been introduced at that period. There is a wild and lofty peak, which as a cliff frowns upon the sea, on which Lady Grange was in the habit of sitting, in the vain hope of seeing a vessel coming to her rescue. It is called to this day the *Mullach na Ban-tighearn*, that is, the Lady's Hill Top. Lady Grange was afterwards taken to Harris, and then to Skye, where it is said she died and was buried. When I resided in St. Kilda, which is now eighteen years ago, none of the inhabitants, with the exception of the minister and a female relative of his who was married to a native, understood a word of English. She was in the habit, when she got a newspaper, which would be once or twice a year, of making a verbal translation of any sensational paragraph which she thought would be of interest to a circle of horrified hearers, who were thankful to God for having placed them in an island where such calamities and atrocities were unknown. About collisions on railways and at sea, the murder of wives, the execution of husbands, explosions in coal-pits, robbery and arson, and so on, she would read again and again, and thereby give simple people very erroneous ideas regarding the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Now, I believe, all the young people have learned English, more or less.

The scenery in the island of Soy is very sublime. There is a cliff which must be more than a thousand feet in height, and it is as perpendicular as a wall. A party of girls is sent to Soy every year to catch birds. They reside in a hole (called the *Tigh Dugan*, that is, Dugan's House) amongst the rocks. There is

a tradition that two men named Dugan and Ferracher Mòr smothered the people with smoke when they were in the chapel, and that a crew which arrived shortly afterwards seized the murderers and put one of them in Boreray and the other in Soy. Dugan's bones and his knife were found some time afterwards. The house or cave is partly artificial; it must be entered on all-fours. The spot is exceedingly wild. Huge blocks of stone are piled up or crop from the ground in most admired disorder. Rows of white-breasted puffins sit on every stone and fill the air with their dismal note. The top of Soy is covered with sloping greensward, on which a flock of brown sheep, whose progenitors are said to have been brought from Norway in ancient times, wander about undisturbed by man or dog, except at plucking time. A pagan altar, built of stones, still remains in this island, and here, many ages ago,

"The untutored mind
Saw God in clouds and heard him in the wind."

In the Dun, which faces the village, and acts as a breakwater to the bay, there is the site of another pagan altar. In that island there is also a small cave with an artificial front, which is called a *Tigh*, or house. From time beyond memory, and down to some forty years ago, when houses were built for them by subscription, the people of St. Kilda dwelt in hovels of which a few examples still exist. The walls were built of stone without mortar, and were about six feet in thickness, and rounded at the corners. The roof was of straw, held down by ropes of straw fastened to stones which rested on the top of the walls. Peat ashes, mingled with every kind of filth and refuse, being valuable as manure, were allowed to accumulate in the house until they raised the floor several feet. There were beds in the walls resembling bakers' ovens, into which people had either to clamber up or slide down, according to the quantity of manure upon the floor. These beds are said to be very warm: perhaps the proper epithet would be suffocating. The men of St. Kilda are daring cragsmen and catch enormous quantities of sea-fowl, which form an important article of diet. At the same time as gentlemen in England hurry to the moors to shoot grouse, the St. Kildans descend and ascend the cliffs to catch young fulmars. With the end of a rope fastened around his waist, one man is lowered down by another—a dreadful trade! but one of which, from familiarity, they feel no dread. The stomachs of the young fulmars are full of oil, which pours from the bill in a copious stream when the body is squeezed into the dried stomachs of solan geese, which are tied at both ends, and look like Oxford sausages. Both birds and oil are divided at the close of the day. The birds are plucked, split open, and salted down for consumption in winter.



CLIFFS OF BORERAY, ST. KILDA GROUP.

M. W. 2

The feathers, which were trucked in 1876-7, are now probably sold. The fulmar breeds in St. Kilda proper, as well as in Soy and other islands. There are no solan geese in St. Kilda, but multitudes in Boreray. The young are killed before leaving their nests by blows on the head with a stick. Only the legs and body abate the wings seem to be eaten. I have seen boat-loads of the legs, rumps, and grease brought from Boreray to St. Kilda. The old birds are caught at night. One or two men, coupled by a rope, crawl along the lofty ledges where the fowl sit slumbering in a long row with a sentry at each end. The foremost fowler draws his bonnet over his brow and tickles the foot of the sentinel, who lifts that foot up and puts it into the hand of the man, who seizes the bird and twists his neck. The other birds can then be easily seized, and being disturbed become confused and fall pell-mell upon the fowler, who rapidly dispatches them, and tosses them into the sea, which may be hundreds of feet below, where a boat is waiting to pick them out of the tide.* Guillemots are also caught and eaten in St. Kilda, and are mostly captured when hatching, by means of a stick like a fishing-rod, which has a stiff noose on the end; they are called *lavies*. The sheerbill, or *scraber*, is also caught and considered a dainty. "Scraber" is a Norse word, and "lavy" seems to belong to that language. It is pronounced *langwee* in Shetland. Besides sea-fowl, mutton is plentiful at the fall of the year in St. Kilda, and the eggs of sea-fowl are abundant in spring. Some are eaten fresh, and quantities are stored for consumption at other seasons. The natives do not dislike an egg although the white has turned green. They catch fish for export, but do not eat many themselves. They make small cheese from the mingled milk of cows and ewes, and use oatmeal in the shape of porridge and oateakes. Tea, when I lived amongst them, was all but unknown. A pint of whiskey was kept in every house as a medicine. A story is told of a native who got a glass of spirits from the captain of a ship that anchored in the bay, and became so inebriated that he thought he was dying. When his friends and neighbours flocked around him he told them that his last hour had come, but that he was quite resigned and happy, and could not have believed that death was so pleasant. He felt no sort of pain either of body or mind, and he begged they would not grieve on his account. In the olden time (say two hundred years ago), when it was the policy of chiefs

* Solan geese have a language of their own which is understood by fowlers. *Gorrock* means "All's well." *Beero* signifies "Danger—be ready." *Hurraboo* may be translated "*Sauve qui peut*." When the sentry utters the last word all the flock fly off and do not return that night. On hearing the word *Beero* the cragsman halts until suspicion is lulled and the sentry says *Gorrock*, when he crawls cautiously forward again.

to have as many fighting men on their estates as they could maintain, and even more, it was the custom of MacLeod to send sixty of the leanest and weakest of his clan to St. Kilda to be nourished for six weeks at the expense of the inhabitants. This hungry detachment was under the command of a steward, who, as Martin relates, "lived upon the charge of the inhabitants until the time that the solan geese are ready to fly; which the inhabitants think long enough." The steward, Martin further mentions, "has a large cake of barley presented to him by the officer at every meal, and it must be made so large as shall be sufficient to satisfy three men at a time, and by way of eminence it is baked in the form of a triangle and furrowed twice round; the officer is likewise obliged to furnish the stewards with mutton or beef to his dinner every Sunday during his residence in the island." Martin paid a visit to St. Kilda in 1697.

In 1875 I went to St. Kilda in the factor's smack, which at that time paid two visits every year to the island to take away the produce and carry such articles to the people as they required. I spent seven weeks in St. Kilda that year, and then got away in a yacht which happened to call, and was landed at Gourock. In the beginning of June next year, I took a boat to the St. Kildans, and was detained for eight months during which time no vessel came near the island. But when I had been nearly seven months there, nine of the crew of a ship which hailed from Trieste, and had fallen on her beam-ends, landed, and although a heavy burden were kindly treated by the St. Kildans. Before their arrival I had made a miniature vessel and sent her off freighted with letters before the wind. After a passage of nine months she reached Norway. I had a larger vessel ready for the same service when the shipwrecked men arrived. She was also sent off with letters, and was found on a sandbank at Poolewe in Ross-shire. Subsequently I put a sail on the wrecked ship's life-buoy, and a bottle containing letters was lashed to the inner circumference. She made a quick passage to Orkney, and was picked up by a fisherman who took the letters to Lloyds' agent at Stromness, who forwarded them to the Admiralty, who gave orders that a gunboat should proceed immediately to the relief of the shipwrecked men. The gunboat came to St. Kilda accordingly, and the Slavonic crew and I embarked in hot haste, and were landed four days afterwards at Greenock. I was the originator of that system of sending letters from St. Kilda—a system which the natives had no faith in at the time, but have now adopted. Steamers loaded with trippers now visit the island every summer, but for eight months in the year there is no communication between St. Kilda and the outer world.



THE WEST CLOISTER.
(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

BY REV. W. J. LOFTIE.



MRS. MURRAY SMITH has been well advised in expanding the work she had already done upon Westminster. With the help of her father, Dean Bradley, and a sister, she wrote, some years ago, the exceedingly popular guide-book to the church. Many people who have used it will welcome the new volume, if only because it contains those things which were of necessity omitted in the guide, and besides we have now a very attractive series of pictures of events which have taken place in the Abbey, from the first foundation to the Queen's Jubilee. These drawings are chiefly by Mr. H. M. Paget, but a very fine etching by Mr. Walker forms the frontispiece, and in all some half-dozen artists have been at work on the embellishments. In addition, the Dean writes an introduction, and Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, the architect, a chapter on the buildings. The book is therefore as complete as learning, industry, and care can make it. As the Dean well says of it, "I cannot describe it better than as an attempt to embody, in a continuous and compendious form, a chronological record of the history of the Abbey, whether under the guardianship of abbots and monks, or of deans and canons, from the days of the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings, to the present year of the long and beneficent reign of Queen Victoria."

* "Westminster Abbey," by E. T. Bradley (Mrs. Murray Smith). Illustrated. (London: Cassell and Company. 1895.)

The first chapter relates to the shadowy traditions of an early monastery on this spot. They are too vague to be taken as history. The monks of the time of Henry III. did not scruple to find, that is invent, documents to prove the great antiquity of their foundation. Their very zeal betrayed them into gross anachronisms, and, in giving us the views they held, or pretended to hold, they committed such errors as have made the real early history of their abbey an insoluble mystery. "It was," says Mrs. Murray Smith, "on the legend of St. Peter's miraculous consecration of Sebert's Church, that many of the later privileges of the monastery were founded." The story, which is set forth at full length, was probably made up in the thirteenth century, like the similar stories of Brutus and Lear, of Lud and Belin, and other ancient kings, who never in reality existed. Mrs. Murray Smith does not hesitate to throw doubt even upon King Sebert, the founder. Sebert, a plain citizen, and presumably a benefactor, was buried in the Chapter House in the reign of the Confessor. A little later he was identified as King Sebert, and his bones, and those of Queen Ethelgovda, his wife, were moved into the church, where at the entrance of the chancel his tomb is still pointed out. The St. Peter legend is ascribed to Sulcard, an imaginative monk of the eleventh century, and by the time of Henry III. had assumed its full proportions. Widmore, writing in 1743, first showed its falsehood, but, as Mrs. Murray Smith points out, even he believed in the charters of Offa, and of King Edgar, both of which are now looked

upon by many good judges as forgeries. "That some small and obscure monastery must have been here before Edward the Confessor's reign is shown by various facts." The real annals of the house begin with Abbot Edwin, who was elected in 1049. Under him, no doubt, Sulcard spun his yarn, and he it was who enlisted the interest and sympathy of the Confessor. Thenceforward, progress was rapid but sure. An old monk, Wulsin, was found who had visions and dreamed dreams of St. Peter; the king commenced a church which should be the first in England; and the domestic buildings—more necessary than even the church to the existence of a Benedictine monastery of the first class—were erected and still, in part, remain on their ancient site,

held a contrary opinion, believing that though an abbey could exist without an abbey-church, the church could not exist without the domestic buildings. Freeman contrasted the history of such a place as St. Paul's, where the domestic buildings were of secondary importance, each canon living in his own home, and that of Westminster, where the monks had no home but their monastery. No doubt, Edward pressed forward both simultaneously, and by the end of his reign the buildings were ready for occupation, and the church sufficiently complete to allow of his burial within its walls.

The last Saxon abbot was Edwyn, who survived the Conquest until 1071; the date usually given, 1068, is therefore inaccurate. Abbot Geoffrey of



THE TRANSLATION OF THE CONFESSOR'S BODY.

(Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.)

though equally obnoxious to successive architects and chapters, who destroy them as often as occasion offers.

Mrs. Murray Smith is of opinion that the church was begun first; but the late Mr. Freeman

Jumièges was the first Norman to rule at Westminster, and in his short term of office—for he was deposed in four years—the lady Eadgyth, or Edith, the widow of Edward the Confessor, was buried with

her husband before the altar. After her the royal consorts were queens; but the house of Wessex never conferred this title on the King's wife. Matilda was crowned by Archbishop Eldred of York in 1068. Mrs. Murray Smith has some curious and interesting notices of subsequent coronations, including that of Queen Victoria. Many people still living remember the last named ceremonial. A chorus of female voices was a novel feature at the coronation, and the number of the orchestra was increased to four hundred. The Queen entered the church exactly at ten minutes before twelve and left it at twenty minutes before four. In 1876 the Queen visited the Abbey and was present at the funeral of Lady Augusta Stanley, which she viewed from the oriel in the south aisle of the nave near the baptistery. This oriel communicates with the chambers in the Deanery called "Jerusalem" and "Jericho," probably from views of those places which formerly adorned the walls.

There are also many interesting notes on royal and other funerals. One of these we have not seen before. In 1786 one of the vaults—Mrs. Murray Smith does not tell us which—was opened to receive the body of Princess Amelia, an aunt of George III. A Mr. Tuffin, otherwise unknown to fame, by paying the workmen, got into the vault the day before the funeral. He wished to transcribe some of the inscriptions, and certainly paid dearly for his love of information. First, a soldier, who had secreted himself, in order to steal the silver plates, sprang out of the darkness upon him, but escaped without either stealing a plate or hurting Tuffin, who, after a pause, went on with his work. He was suddenly startled by hearing the fall of the trap-door, and then the closing of the outer doors. "The bolts were secured, and he found himself locked in among the dead. Speedily after this his taper went out and he remained in total darkness." We are not surprised to learn that when he was at length released in the morning and able to return to his home "he was immediately taken ill and confined for six weeks to his room."

In recent times the beautiful work of Torrigiano has been better appreciated than it was forty or fifty years ago. Mrs. Murray Smith justly observes that the two specimens left in the Abbey "surpass all the other tombs of the same date in England." Every vacant space on the tomb of Henry VII. is filled by beautiful Renaissance patterns or by one of the King's badges. "The dragon of the Tudors, the greyhound of the Nevilles, the portcullis of the Beauforts, the root of daisies, the rose on the bush, or the rose of York and Lancaster by itself are the most conspicuous, while the fleurs-de-lys testify to the constant and inherited claim to the crown of

France." The daisies were the badge of the Lady Margaret, the king's mother, and "round the verge of her tomb is 'a plain and just epitaph' composed by the celebrated Erasmus, who received twenty shillings reward for it." The last great personage buried in the Abbey before the Dissolution was one of Henry's ministers, Bishop Ruthall of Durham, who is said to have died of grief. He had great possessions of all kinds, estimated to be worth £100,000; and by some mistake sent the king a private inventory of them instead of some state



THE DISCOVERY OF THE MONASTIC ARCHIVES.
(Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.)

papers. Shakespeare makes use of the incident, ascribing the error to Wolsey.

Incidentally throughout the volume there are interesting anecdotes, such as those of the rise of Lancelot Andrewes, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; or of Richard Neile, originally a Westminster boy, in whose time as dean two of the most beautiful of the monuments—those of the Norris family and of Sir Francis Vere—were placed in the church; or of George Montaigne, a foundling, it is said, who died Archbishop of York. Altogether Mrs. Murray Smith has given us a delightful book on a subject which some of us might have thought to be worn almost threadbare. In her well-practised hands it is ever new, fresh, and entertaining. The architectural vignettes are even more attractive than the numerous figure subjects.



LONDON FROM HAMPTSTEAD HEATH.

(From the Painting by J. Constable, R.A. Recently Presented to the Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow, by the Family of the late James Reid, Esq. Engraved by T. S. Bayley.)



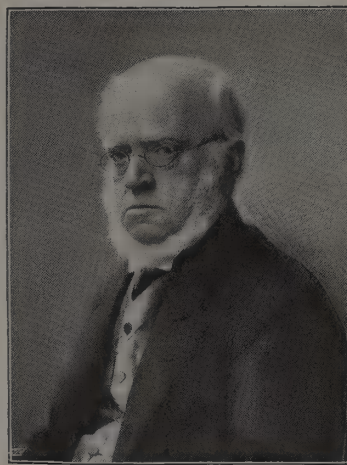
PAUL DUBOIS, H.F.A.

(Photograph by A. Gerschel, Paris.)



EDWIN A. ABBEY, A.R.A.

(Photograph by F. Gutzkunst and Co., Philadelphia.)



ADOLF MENZEL, H.F.A.

(Photograph by Brasch, Berlin.)

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—APRIL.

(Several of these Notes were crowded out of our last Number.)

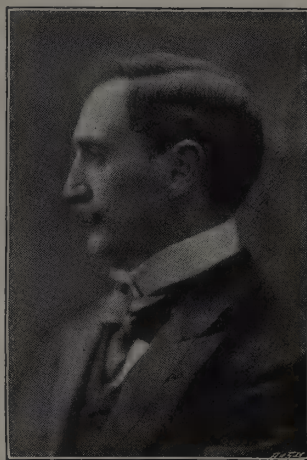
The Royal Academy Elections.

THE Royal Academy has again shown a high sense of the necessities of the hour by electing into its body two artists who are surely destined to do it honour. It had certainly been expected that one of the new Associates to be selected would be a landscape-painter, and that the other would probably be an architect; but the Assembly chose to think less of the balance of parties than of the merits of its particular favourites, and Mr. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON and Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY have accordingly been elected. In accordance with our usual practice, we append the details of the elections, not in order to gratify the curious, but to afford a truer idea, by the contemplation of the figures, of the current of Academic thought and the tendency of Academic art, than could be obtained by any amount of theorising on the subject of the Academy's public acts and periodical exhibitions. In the first "scratching" in the first election the figures were as follows:—Mr. Solomon, 13; Mr. Abbey, 9; Mr. Alfred Parsons, 5; Mr. A. S. Cope and Mr. M. R. Corbet, 4 each; while Messrs. Alfred East, Farquharson, W. Goscombe John, John Belcher, Aston Webb, Mark Fisher, Tom Graham, Napier Hemy, J. H. Lorimer, J. J. Shannon, Lionel Smythe, and H. S. Tuke also received votes. The five first-named "got upon the blackboard," when Mr. Solomon obtained 22 "scratches;" Mr. Abbey, 13; Mr. Parsons, 9; Mr. Cope, 7; and Mr. Corbet, 5. In the final ballot between the leaders, Mr. Solomon won with 31 votes to the 25 cast for Mr. Abbey. In the second election Mr. Abbey received 19 "scratches;" Mr. Cope, 8; Mr. East and Mr. Parsons, 7; and Mr. Corbet, 4; the other support being divided among Messrs. Farquharson, Belcher, Hemy, H. H. La Thangue, Shannon, Smythe, Tuke, and John. In the second "scratching" Mr. Abbey had 22; Mr. Cope, 11; Messrs. East and Parsons, 9; and Mr. Corbet, 9. The ballot

followed, and Mr. Abbey was elected by 34 votes, Mr. Cope receiving 23.

The New H.F.A.'s.

Of the election of the Honorary Foreign Academicians little need be said, for the Academy seems to have gone upon no obvious principle in its desire to do honour to eminent foreign artists. Only two vacancies were filled, yet more than two vacancies have occurred since the last election of the kind took place. Public opinion set it down that several artists would receive the distinction, more especially as at least two out of the three existing Honorary Foreign Academicians are unquestionably *en retraite*, and such names as Lenbach, Wauters, Dagnan-Bouveret, Puvis de Chavannes, Rodin, Roty, and Chaplain were mentioned, and even Carolus-Duran, Bouguereau, Detaille, and Benjamin-Constant. But the Academy chose to limit its selection to a couple of artists and no more, and tossed its kerchief to two who have undoubtedly deserved it richly—to Monsieur PAUL DUBOIS, the great sculptor, and to Herr ADOLF MENZEL, the great illustrator and painter. We may add—without referring more particularly to the other candidates, lest the feelings of some might unnecessarily be wounded—that these two eminent gentlemen were selected from a list which comprised nine painters, four sculptors, and two architects. Fifty-eight members of the Academy voted.



SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

(Photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn.)

Art at the Theatres.

A VERY evident intention to outdo the noteworthy effects in the unforgettable version of *Cinderella*, as presented at the Lyceum two years since, is apparent in the up-to-date **Drury Lane** Christmas annual on the same subject; but, judged by the results achieved, it was hardly wise of Sir Augustus Harris to challenge the inevitable comparison. The daintiness and coherence of the model were poorly

compensated for in the ostentation of the recent pantomime. The transition from autumn to winter in the woodland scene was ingenious if familiar, but the actual painting was somewhat flat and thin. Two front cloths, "The Prince's Boudoir" and "The Palace Gates," were not very successful; but Mr. HARKER's picture of the "Court-yard" showed a nice sense of composition. "The Ball-room" and the valentine-like "Wedding Procession" were of the conventional pattern; and in the former the incongruous *mélange* of extravagant court uniforms and official liveries with the Louis Seize costumes of the guests, and the absolutely fanciful treatment of a set of Punchinellos, and a dance of the twenty-four hours (excellent in themselves), combined to form a meaningless grouping of character. Mr. OSCAR BARRETT's *Lyceum* pantomime, *Robinson Crusoe*, owed not a little of its success to the collaboration of Mr. WILHELM, who provided for the opening scene on the quay at Hull a picturesque crowd of barefooted fisher-folk, sailors, 'prentices, and lasses in admirably harmonised early Georgian garb, and whose happily-conceived fancy it was to evolve the spirit of adventure from the recesses of the terrestrial globe in the old inn-parlour. Mr. EMDEN contributed some carefully-painted scenery, notably a picture of the Island Coast, a capital effect of bright, breezy light. The Orientalism of the *Alhambra* ballet, *Blue Beard*, follows too soon on the footsteps of *Ali Baba* at the same house to give scope for much pictorial novelty. Several dresses might be singled out for individual commendation, yet, taken *en masse*, they are distressful to the eye, and successive tableaux give no relief. A dress worn by Miss Levey as an odalisque in the first scene is, in its simple dignity and appropriateness, the most charming feature of the production. Mr. RYAN's view from the battlements is a sunny and effective piece of painting. Mr. WILSON BARRETT's play, *The Sign of the Cross*, at the Lyric Theatre, scarcely emerges with flying colours from the test of comparison with *Claudian*, *Clito*, and other kindred successes identified with his memorable management of the Princess's. A happy blending of distance and foreground is noteworthy in Mr. STAFFORD HALL's opening scene of Rome; and a novel point of view distinguishes the "Atrium of Nero's Palace," by WALTER HANN, but it is a pity that the one scene of the play—"The Grove by the Cestian Bridge"—that might have inspired an exquisite picture of sombre cypresses against an opal dawn—should be misrepresented by a "set" that is rather more suggestive of, say, Battersea Park. The mounting of *The Prisoner of*

Zenda at the St. James's Theatre is thoroughly in keeping with the melodramatic flavour acquired by the romantic story in its transference to the stage. The lurid sunset and the purple lake in the "Forest" of Act I. almost prepare one for the extraordinary picture of the "Winter Palace" of Act II., which in decoration and construction would be extravagant even for a third-rate pantomime. In the somewhat limited scope for novelty of costume treatment afforded by the story of the latest *Empire* divertissement—*La Danse*—Mr. WILHELM has worked wonders. He should be chary of over-indulgence in his apparently favourite device of dissecting the rainbow to provide a sequence of tones of colour; but we must admit that the result is undeniably effective in the dance assigned to the dresses of the Empire period, where the tenderly-tinted brocades of the ladies' gowns are skilfully intensified in the darker suits of their cavaliers.

The National Gallery. The most important recent addition to the National Gallery is undoubtedly the "Calais Gate," by HOGARTH, presented by the Duke of Westminster. Its interest centres in the portrait of the artist on the left of the picture, represented with sketch-book in hand at the moment of his arrest. A reproduction is given on this page. It is to be noted that where the picture received a severe puncture above the cross the artist painted in a raven. This does not appear in all versions of the engraving. Other acquisitions are "Christ Rising from the Tomb," by GAUDENZIO FERRARI (No. 1,465, Room IX.); "The Walk to Emmaus," by LELIO ORSI (No. 1,466, Room IX.); and "Landscape, with a View of Oxford," by ROBERT H. LADBROOKE, purchased from the J. D. Lewis Fund (No. 1,467, Room XX.). Reproductions of these will be published in a forthcoming number.



CALAIS GATE.

(By Hogarth. Recently Presented to the National Gallery by the Duke of Westminster.)

National Gallery. The following portraits have been presented and accepted by the trustees:—"Sir Edwin Landseer," a small portrait in oils, painted from the life by Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.; presented by Sir Richard Quain. "Ford Madox Brown," the painter, a pencil sketch by DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, executed in 1852; presented by Mr. William M. Rossetti. "Cardinal John Henry Newman," an oil painting in his ninetieth year by Miss EMELINE DEANE, painted from special sittings given

by the Cardinal; presented by Dr. George V. Blunt. "Charles Robert Darwin," painted by the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, a replica of the portrait belonging to the Linnean Society; presented by Mr. William E. Darwin. "William III.," a large equestrian portrait, with a scene from the

battle of the Boyne, attributed to WYCK; presented by Mr. Henry Yates Thompson. "Robert Louis Stevenson," a sketch done in one sitting by Mr. WILLIAM B. RICHMOND,



ANTIQUE DUTCH OVERMANTEL.
(From the Debenham and Freebody Exhibition.)

R.A., shortly before Mr. Stevenson's departure from England; presented by the artist.

Provincial Art Galleries.

SEVERAL of the Corporation Art Galleries throughout the country have recently made important acquisitions. Foremost must be chronicled the munificent gift to the Glasgow Gallery by the family of the late Mr. JAMES REID. Ten pictures—of the estimated value of £23,000—from the collection made by that gentleman (which was described and illustrated in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for 1894) have been handed over to the Gallery. They are—"Pastorale Souvenir d'Italie," by J. B. C. COROT; "Modern Italy," by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.; "Hampstead Heath," by JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.; "Cattle Piece," by CONSTANT TROYON; "The Sculptor's Studio," by Mr. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.; "The Frugal Meal," by Herr JOSEF ISRAELS; "The Farmer's Daughter," by Mr. W. Q. ORCHARDSON; "Downward Rays," by JOHN LINNELL, Sen.; "The Wane of the Day," by CHARLES JACQUE; "Windsor Castle," by PATRICK NASMYTH. We engrave the Constable on p. 250. The Manchester Corporation Gallery has acquired the following four works by purchase: "The Heart of Surrey," by VICAT COLE, R.A.; "The Drinking Pool," by Mr. ARNESBY BROWN; "When the Tide is Out," by Mr. J. AUMONIER, R.I.; and "Summer Eve," by Mr. D. FARQUHARSON. The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, has purchased "A Reverie," by Mr. F. DICKSEE, R.A.; "The Last Sacrament," by Miss FLORA REID; and a group by Mr. CHARLES ALLEN, "Love and the Mermaid." George Holt, Esq., J.P., has presented "The Martyr of the Solway," by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A., and a copy by Mr. G. HERVEY GARRAWAY of TITIAN'S "Madonna di San Antonio" in the Uffizi; "Sheep," by VERBOECKHOVEN, and "A Zither Player," by L. VOLLMAR, have been bequeathed by the late Alderman

John Hughes. Mr. John Lea has been appointed Chairman of the Liverpool Corporation Art Committee, in the place of the late Alderman Rathbone, and Mr. William Dalton Deputy Chairman. The Nottingham Gallery has added a fine work by BONINGTON, "On the Coast of Normandy;" "The Fisherman," by Mr. TUKE; and "Old Sea-Dogs," by Mr. W. H. Y. TITCOMB. Birmingham has been presented by the Society for the Preservation of Pictorial Records of Ancient Works of Art with a water-colour copy, by Signor ALESSANDRI, of part of the "St. Ursula," by CARPACCIO, which is at Venice. Some of the works mentioned are reproduced in these pages, and others will follow in a subsequent number.

New Members. MESSRS. R. W. ALLAN and ARTHUR HOPKINS have been elected members; and Miss M. BUTLER, and Messrs. J. M. SWAN, A.R.A., H. S. HOPWOOD, and W. E. LOCKHART Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The following have been elected Academicians of the Royal Scottish Academy:—Messrs. JOHN LAVERY, W. GRANT STEVENSON (sculptor), HIPPOLYTE J. BLANC, JOHN HONEYMAN, and WILLIAM LEIPER. The last three named are architects.

Exhibitions. MR. CHARLES SAINTON has been exhibiting at the Fine Art Society a series of water-colour drawings under the title of "The Real and the Ideal." While being secure from serious attack in point of view of technique, they were nevertheless chiefly pretty pictures of pretty models.

At the Hanover Gallery there has been an excellent collection of works by "Masters of the Barbizon Schools," of which fifteen charming Corots formed the principal feature.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries there have been three exhibitions of more than average interest. A collection



SATINWOOD SIDEBOARD AND URN-CASE.
(From the Debenham and Freebody Exhibition.)

of portraits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries consisted chiefly of work of the Dutch school; Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE's study for the portrait of "Lady Peel" was worth seeing. Mrs. ERNEST HART's pastel



ANTIQUE DUTCH BOOKCASE.

(From the Debenham and Freebody Exhibition.)

studies of the sky and sea in the Far East were remarkable for their brilliancy of colour, and interesting as strong and individual studies of Nature in her most gaudy moments. In contrast with these were Mr. GEORGE CARLINE's little paintings of English wild-flowers—dainty bits of landscapes with patches of blossom in the foregrounds.

In organising the recent exhibition in Dublin, the Arts and Crafts Society of Ireland were more desirous of providing an object-lesson for native artificers and craftsmen, than by any idea of arranging a miscellaneous display that would appeal to the popular taste. In dividing the exhibits into two sections, the retrospective and contemporary, an instructive comparison was afforded, seldom, if ever, in favour of the modern producer, whose work invariably lacked the marks of originality and inspiration which distinguished the exhibits of the last century. In the wood-carving exhibits this was particularly noticeable, weakness of design in several cases handicapping really clever execution. One of the most striking objects in the exhibition was the large four-post bedstead carved for the Earl of Crewe, and which, though unfinished, showed bold design and clever carving. The hangings and coverlet were worked by the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, and were most artistically coloured, the design being adapted from a seventeenth-century embroidery. The wrought-iron exhibits were, on the whole, very satisfactory, and showed some original and distinctive work. Messrs. J. M'GLAUGHLIN AND SON were the most important exhibitors, and many of their designs were highly commendable; a pair

of candlesticks (see Illustration) combined a simplicity of outline with graceful proportions. In the needlework classes the premier place was taken by Mrs. P. A. TRAQUAIR, who exhibited five magnificent specimens of silk embroidery of her own design. The lace exhibits, mostly sent by the Irish Industries Association, were indicative of the revival of that work which has taken place within the past five years, and the influence of good designs is very apparent. The finest specimens of bookbinding were, strange to say, the work of an amateur, Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., who showed several cases of exquisitely bound volumes. In gold- and silver-smith's work, Messrs. WEST, Mr. E. JOHNSON, Messrs. WATERHOUSE, and Messrs. SMYTH were the chief exhibitors, but here again there was nothing of extraordinary interest to report, the choicest specimens being found mostly in the retrospective section, and dating back one or two centuries. Many designs for lace, carving, plasterwork, fabrics, and embroideries were shown, and of those meriting special notice were several by students of the Metropolitan School of Art, which has done much to improve the standard of designs in Ireland.

Another of their interesting exhibitions of antique furniture is being held by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, who have turned their attention this season to Dutch work. We reproduce four typical objects of those exhibited. The satin-wood sideboard is a choice example of its kind; the satin-wood urn case, which is shown standing on it, is rather curious, having been transformed into a *liqueur* case.



PORTION OF CARPACCIO'S "ST. URSULA."

(Water-colour Copy by Signor Alessandri. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery.)

The bookcase and overmantel are interesting specimens of Dutch work. Amongst other items of the numerous collection may be mentioned a handsome table of which the top is composed of amethyst skilfully pieced.

The Paisley Art Institute has been holding an exhibition composed mainly of works by Paisley artists. Foremost among these is Mr. J. E. CHRISTIE, who sent two pictures; Mr. ARCHIBALD KAY, R.S.W.; and Mr. J. J. BANNA-TYNE, R.S.W.

FOR the last ten or fifteen years Professor RUSKIN's authority as an art-critic has been continually challenged. Since the Master's pen has been powerless to reply, his enemies—from the sober-minded Hamerton to the more impulsive and voluble critics (half-writers, half-painters) of the present day—have been steadily opposing his teaching; and while his eminence as a political economist, which never was allowed him in his day, is becoming yearly more assured, his position as a theoretician upon art and æsthetics—at one time accepted almost without question—is being more and more assailed. His disciples, in reply, have set themselves to synthetise his philosophy, to expound his teaching, to set right misunderstanding, and to illuminate what was obscure. The result has been the building up of a Ruskinian literature in extent surpassing that devoted to his master Carlyle; and against Mr. Hamerton, Dr. Waldstein, and a host of others is ranged a defence headed by Mr. E. T. Cook, Mr. Faunthorpe, and a devoted band. That these have attempted to combat the "iconoclasts" with nothing more constructive than exposition is to the credit of their belief in the Ruskinian teaching; and with such a result as they have achieved they have certainly justified themselves and their loyal faith in the greatness and the philosophy of their leader. The latest work is that by Mr. WILLIAM WHITE, the Curator of the Ruskin

Museum in Sheffield. It is strictly expository of "*The Principles of Art*" (George Allen), as illustrated in that collection. The title as well as the tone of this volume errs, perhaps, in being unduly modest. It is a fascinating book, breathing from its pages the noble soul of Ruskin in his efforts to raise art to its pinnacle of spirituality—one which all should read, to whichever camp they may belong. This bulky book (cheap enough, by the

is frequent and extensive, and it is lucid; and he has made of his book a veritable cyclopædia of his Master's writings and teaching. We notice a few trifling slips, such as the reference to "Tom Ingoldsby" as the Rev. Thomas, instead of Richard, Barham; but such slight blemishes do not vitiate a volume of 600 pages. To counterbalance them we have some original passages from Mr. Ruskin, now for the first time published. It is unnecessary to enter into the arena and fight once more the battle of Art, with Ruskin as St. George—or the Dragon. We need but point out the thoroughness of Mr. White's work (both in the treatment and the arrangement of his book) and the completeness of Mr. Allen's, and the effectiveness of the illustrative plates. Assuredly, the Ruskinian legend is not to be allowed to die for lack of good books or enthusiastic readers.

More excellent than ever, "*The Year's Art*" (Virtue and Co.) is more than ever indispensable. Mr. MOORE's luminous chapter on the painting of the year is out of place in a book in which facts and not criticism are required, and the portraits of certain lady-artists of whom we never heard are superfluous. In all else distinct advance has been made; the names of many of the chief art-collectors of England (but not of London) are given; our suggestions for the revision of the Directory of Artists have been adopted; and an attempt to give a list of all the pictures in the National Gallery which have cost £1,000 and upwards is made. This, however, cannot be quite accurate, as many valuable pictures have often been bought in batches. Mr. A. C. R. CARTER's editorship of the book is admirable.

"*In the National Gallery*," by COSMO MONKHOUSE (A. D. Innes and Co., London), forms one of the most popular handbooks yet issued on the development of Italian art, as exemplified by the works in our National Collection. The author's name is a guarantee of the precision of the facts he produces, and of the excellence of the writing by which they are connected. The growth of art in Italy from the earliest days to that of Tintoretto is traced in a manner that is at once instructive and fascinating to the young student. The book is illustrated with a good number of excellent reproductions of the principal pictures.

TURNER's "*Harbours of England*" has so long been out of print that the work, one of Professor RUSKIN's masterpieces of writing, has for many years been inaccessible to the general reader. A cordial welcome, therefore, is to be extended to the book in its new form, which has been issued under the editorship of Mr. Thomas J. Wise. It is



BRONZE LECTERN, ST. CUTHBERT'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

(By D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A. See p. 256.)



WROUGHT-IRON CANDLESTICK.

(By J. McGlaughlin and Son. See p. 254.)

way, in spite of its size) pretends to being little more than a catalogue of the Museum, each item being fully annotated with explanatory passages from Ruskin's writings. But it is a good deal more. Mr. White's independent work

true that the size is small. In his original preface Mr. Ruskin, referring to Lupton's five mezzotint plates, explained, as a matter of peculiar merit, that they were of the exact dimensions of the original drawings, "and therefore the lines of the compositions are not spoiled by contraction." Nevertheless, the new photogravures, though considerably reduced, are vastly better than nothing, although—despite Mr. Allen's added work on them—they have lost so much of the original delicacy, richness, and breadth. Had they been printed in a warmer tone their relative inferiority would not, perhaps, have been so apparent as it is in, say, the Ramsgate and the Margate plates. We would also remind Mr. Wise that Mr. Ruskin did *not* declare four of them "to be among the very finest executed by Turner from his marine subjects," for the plates to which he referred are not by Turner at all, but by Lupton. To Mr. Ruskin's text we need refer no further than to point out to the reader that little, in all his brilliant



OLD SEA DOGS.

(By W. H. Y. Titecomb. Recently acquired by the Nottingham Art Gallery.)

writings, deserves better to be read and read again, whether for its art, its nature, or its literature.

In "*Cosmopolis*" we have at last that sort of "international review" for which we have often wished. The idea of such a magazine is perhaps not entirely new; but that it should now be carried out as a first-class periodical with English, French, and German sections, each article by a writer of authority and reputation, is something on which the public is to be congratulated, not less than Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, and Mr. Ortman, the editor. The monthly "chronicles" are in excellent hands; but we regret to see none of these sections in any language wholly given over to art. That probably will come.

Mr. P. H. EMERSON'S "*Marsh Leaves*" (David Nutt, London) is another of this eminent photographer's delightful books dealing with the life and character of the inhabitants of the Broadlands and Fen-Country. The word-sketches are deftly and lightly filled in, although, of course, they cannot be accounted contributions to serious literature. The sixteen photo-etchings from plates taken by the author are charming studies of landscapes, but are not so successful as some previously published examples of Mr. Emerson's work. It is a handsome book—the printing and binding being all that can be desired.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., Limited, have issued a photogravure of Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S picture "Going to Meet Daddy." It is executed by the Swan Electric Engraving Company.

Miscellaneous. THE feature of the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, which opens at the end of March, will be a collection of works by the President, Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

Among recent additions to the Luxembourg are a bust of M. J. P. Laurens by M. RODIN; "Œdipe," statue by M. JEAN



THE FISHERMAN.

(By H. S. Tuke. Recently acquired by the Nottingham Art Gallery.)

HUGUES; and a new work by M. RAOUL LARCHE; "Portrait of Jules Dupré," by himself; "Soupe chez Brébant," by M. NORBERT-GÈNEUTTE; "Parqueteurs," by CAILLEBOTTE; and "Femme en Jaune," by M. STEVENS.

We print a sketch of a bronze lectern for St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, which has just been placed in position. The gift of Mr. Alexander Ballantine, this lectern was designed and modelled by Mr. D. W. STEVENSON, R.S.A. It is cast in bronze, and is, we are told, probably the first "graven image" that has been placed in a Scottish Presbyterian church since the Reformation.

Obituary. THE celebrated portraitist, M. LUCIEN DOUCET, has died at the early age of forty. He was born in Paris, and studied art at the *École des Beaux-Arts*, gaining the *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1880. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1891.

Captain W. W. MAY, R.N., R.I., whose appointment to the Curatorship of the Painted Hall, Greenwich, we chronicled in these columns exactly a year ago, has just died. He served with the Arctic expedition of 1852-4.



ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY.

(By Bonington. Recently acquired by the Nottingham Art Gallery.)

We have also to record the deaths of M. ALFRED JACQUEMART, the eminent French sculptor, at the age of seventy-two; of M. CHARLES DEMORY; of Mr. CHARLES WEBB, the Dutch painter; of M. GUILLAUME VOGELS, the Belgian landscape-painter; and of Mr. BOASE SMITH, a Falmouth artist.

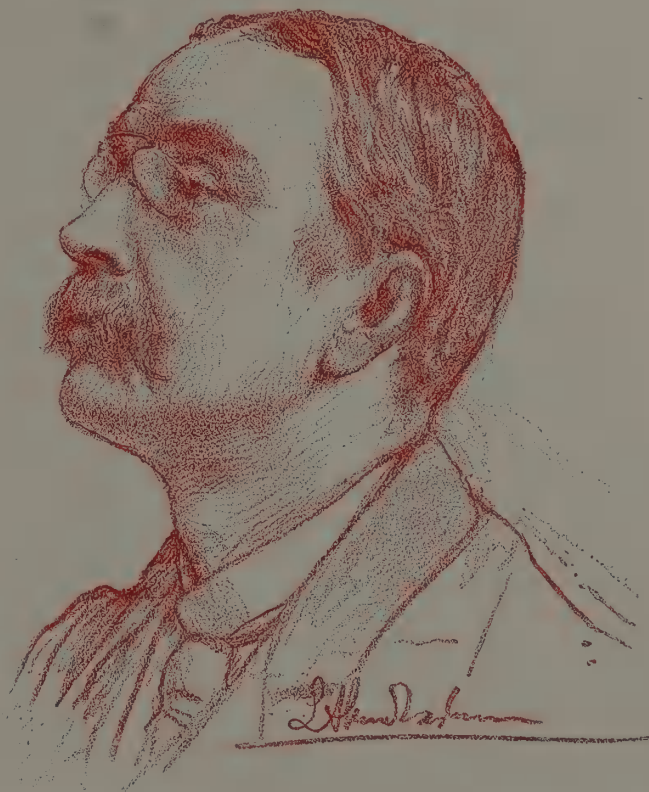
THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1896.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT was, happily, impossible to predict but twelve months ago the irreparable loss the Academy was shortly to experience by the death of its great and accomplished President, Lord Leighton. But it is some solace to feel that the eminent man who has gone from us left among his more

of Fine Art might not in that capacity prove a useful addition to the Upper House.

Recognising the wish of the Academy that the works in the exhibition should remain unnoticed and uncriticised before the galleries are open to the public, we prefer in this prefatory article to



G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

(Drawn by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. Copyright by Harper and Brothers, New York, 1889.)

immediate colleagues an undying memory of affection and respect, and with the nation at large admiration of the genius of one of the most eminent men of the century. The event is a pathetic record in the history of the Society which has had Reynolds, West, Wyatt, Lawrence, Shee, Eastlake, Grant, and the man whose recent loss we deplore, as successive Presidents. Had he lived, doubtless, Lord Leighton would have exhibited his oratorical powers in the Assembly to join in whose debates he had the unprecedented honour of being called; and it is quite open to question whether one who would in some sort occupy the position of a Minister

devote some consideration of the policy, progress, and prospects of the Society in the light of recent events. Founded by George III. more than a century and a quarter ago, when art was in a very chaotic state in this country, and had really no organisation or settled position, the institution consisted of a selection of the best artists who could be found to represent painting, sculpture, and architecture in the country. This was by no means a difficult task in that day, as really talented painters, and artists of the sister crafts, were by no means numerous. But, in order to establish high excellence, it was necessary to

have well-defined limitation as to numbers. Knowing well that what is comparatively easy of attainment is but little valued, the Academicians have always been careful to keep as the highest prize in their profession the election to membership of their body, and thus have managed to keep a majority of the best artists in their ranks. It is hardly to be supposed that this exclusiveness

But, whilst the policy of the Academy has in the main been conservative, the governing body has not been averse to any progress not endangering the fundamental rules of its existence. The early struggles for existence and pecuniary needs—supplied when necessary from the Privy Purse—may be passed over; and the Society grew rapidly in public estimation and wealth. It never had, properly



A STUDY.

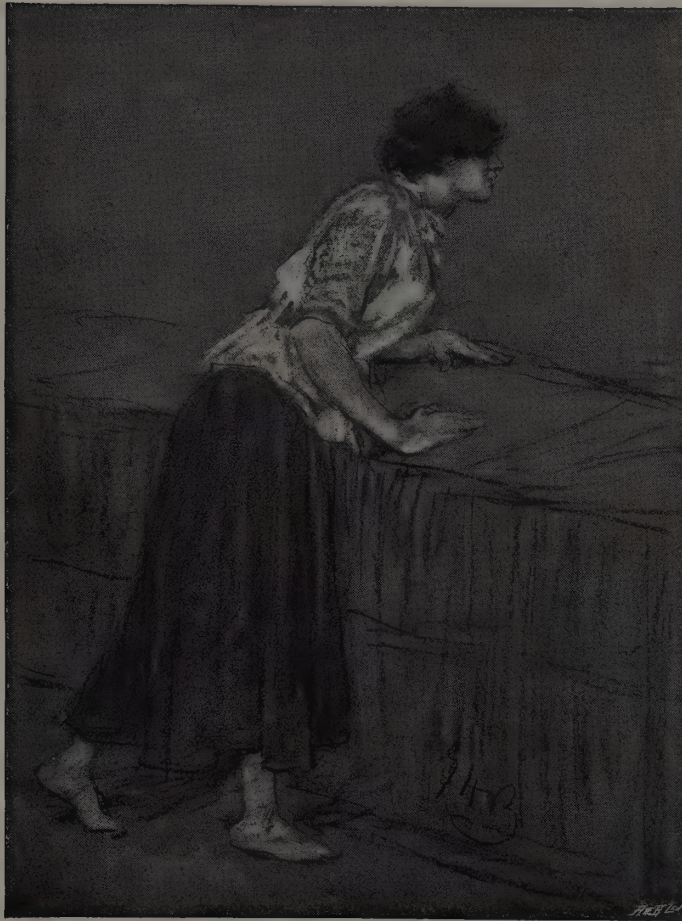
(By G. H. Boughton, R.A.)

would not make many enemies, and the Royal Academy has consequently been one of the best abused bodies in the kingdom. But, whilst influenced by the principle of "benevolent conservatism," the members of the Academy have consistently endeavoured to carry out to the utmost the conditions of the "Instrument of Institution" giving them existence as a Society. The organisation has always been complete, professors of, and lecturers on, the various branches of art, a large and important system of educating students, and all the other details it is unnecessary to particularise being carefully worked out.

speaking, a rival, for, strong in talent, fostered by Royalty, and with a purpose wholly in consonance with the growing intelligence in art of the people, its proceedings were scanned, the periodical exhibitions eagerly looked for and crowded with increasing numbers, and admission to its ranks regarded as the highest recognition to be attained by those of the profession. But as years passed on, opposition took a definite form, and resulted in a Government Inquiry—to be repeated years after—into the constitution and inner life of the great Art Society. The result of these investigations was practically *nil*, either because the prosperity

which had in some measure begot ill-will was of natural growth, or because some of the abuses complained of were as visionary as the rest were certainly real. At any rate, the Royal Academy emerged from the ordeal uninjured, and, consequently, all the stronger for its triumph over unsuccessful attack. Every institution has, no doubt, its failings, and, in an age like the present, when reform is the popular cry, it may be wise for those concerned to meet fairly any well-founded complaint short of organic change. And the Academy has at least done a good deal in recent years in order to meet popular feeling and the wishes of those connected directly and indirectly with its own body.

eminent and universally popular painter who has deservedly succeeded to the Presidential chair, will not be slow to follow in his predecessor's footsteps. It would, indeed, be difficult to induce the Academicians to enlarge their number, even though the great body of artists has so enormously increased, for who would venture to say what should be the limit of additional members? Apart from the Foundation Instrument, which, with some subsequent modification, defines the number, it would seem apparent that any increase of the Academy would make the magical letters R.A. after one's name less valuable. That is a matter that surely must be left to the Academicians themselves.



A STUDY.

(By G. H. Boughton, R.A.)

Under the enlightened and wise influence of its late President certain concessions were made, among them the compliance with the appeal, formulated by the Editor of this Magazine, of members of the Press for an alteration which would enable them more fully to perform their duty. It is but reasonable to suppose that Sir John Everett Millais, the

They are, it is true, a public body as the leading representative Society of Art in this country. But they are still a private institution, with their own funds, laws, and regulations.

The future of the Academy is a wide subject on which a good deal may be said—for much is hoped for and expected. And here, in the first place, it is

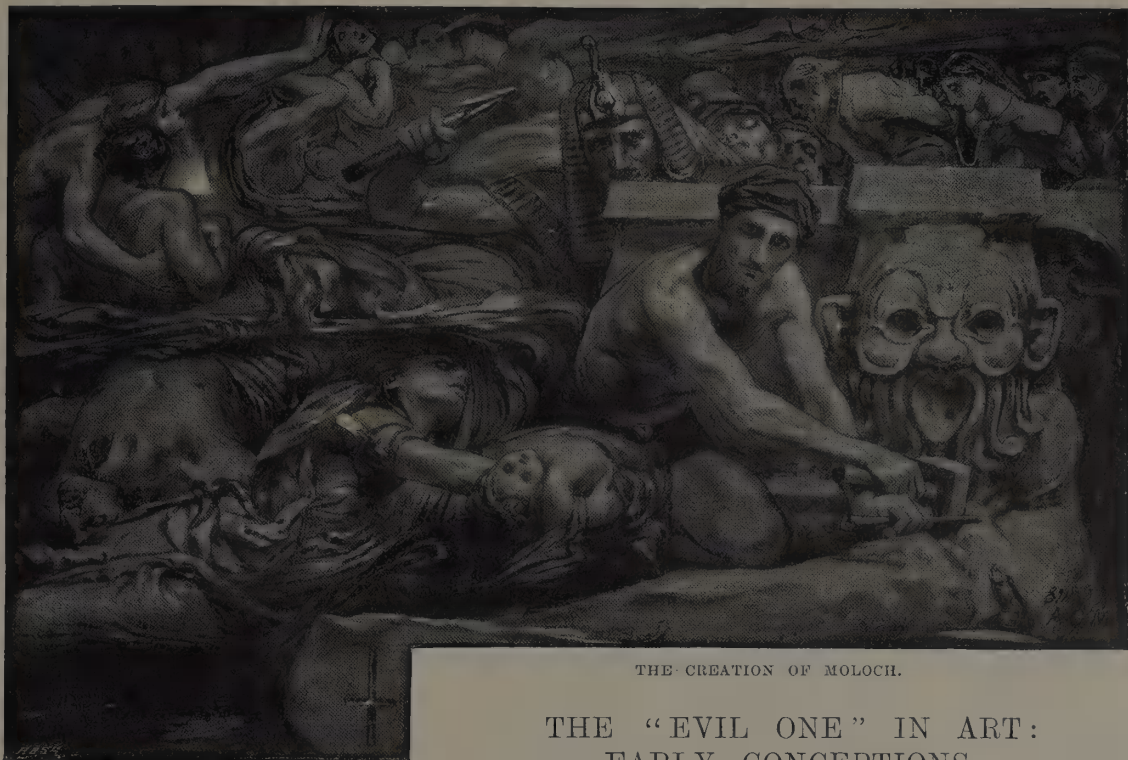
pleasant to be able to record a fact that members could not say well for themselves. It is a well-known fact that the Academy is extremely wealthy, and, whatever the feelings entertained outside their ranks may be, it is tolerable proof of the love they entertained for their Society that a considerable portion of that wealth is derived from the bequests of deceased Academicians. Being in a position to testify to the truth of the remark, one is only too glad to notice what is apparently not very generally known, that the Academy is, we might almost say primarily and essentially, a benevolent body. Not only are decayed members and those whom misfortune has left face to face with absolute poverty, as well as their wives and children, largely helped from the Society's funds, but many other objects of charity and assistance have had their path to the grave smoothed by timely assistance. This fact appears to be so little recognised that it is but bare justice to mention it here. Moreover, the schools and gratuitous art-training of the young and the annual exhibition of the works of Old Masters involve a continuous and heavy outlay. From this it may be gleaned that the Academy is neither hoarding its money, nor spending its undoubtedly large revenue—as has been frequently asserted—on self-aggrandisement. If active benevolence is a presage of continued success—and there is no reason to doubt that the Academy will do as it has done hitherto—then at least in that respect the prospect in the future is an encouraging one. It seems needless to stay to consider the question whether Academies are or are not deterrent to art. It is true, as a general fact, that where Academies have arisen art has deteriorated; but whether this is to be regarded as cause or as effect is still to some extent an open question. Our Royal Academy, at least, occupies a most powerful position, and a dominating influence in the country, and affected by opinion, as it doubtless is, from outside, it must be accepted as the standard of national taste. Happily for us the new President is a reformer, even as his predecessor was a reformer, and there is every reason to think that he carries to his all-important duties a virility of thought and will, enabling him not only to reunite the threads of government dropped through the death of his late chief, but also to throw the strength of his strong personality into any schemes for widening the popularity, and bringing more into unison with the requirements of art generally, the body over which he presides. Lord Leighton's wide and universal sympathy was ever inducing him to move onward and carry the Royal Academy

with him, and although he never attempted to enforce his views—as history reminds us was the case with at least one of the former Presidents in the Barretti business—he always patiently nursed any change that appeared to be for the better. But the changes in the Academy since the commencement of his administration in 1878 have been curiously marked. There was the purchase of Mr. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," which was viewed by many of the older members with consternation, as being something like an incitement to revolution; and men with new views and methods—Swan, Sargent, Hacker, Solomon, Abbey, Clausen, and others—have been added to the ranks, so that the Academy, which was laughed at by its critics as an antiquated, out-of-date institution, has at length succeeded in proving itself to be in line with the general spirit of the times.

It is not so much in the schools—which to an extent reflect only the individuality of the members attending there as visitors—as in the exhibitions that change has taken place. But the exhibitions have abounded with examples of new views of art that would scarcely have been tolerated years ago, whilst it is still worthy of remembrance that it is in the schools that the material for coming exhibitions and for the artistic character of the country itself is prepared.

As regards future progress and policy, we may look with confidence to Sir John Millais as an advocate of progress and extension of the arts. He has for years past sympathised with the claims of draughtsmen in black and white, and it is quite within possibility that one or two new and separate memberships may be found for those of that class. Lithography, too, has come to assert itself, if we may judge by experiments in it by the late President, Messrs. Watts, Dicksee, and North, as well as outsiders, and will by its exhibition—together with that of other new arts such as Professor Herkomer's—tend to still further extend the scope of the Royal Academy.

It is, perhaps, not being too sanguine to look for some such changes—which must after all be gradual—in the near future, for the Royal Academy represents the art production of the whole country, and it is a public requirement that that production should be as fully representative of what is best in it, and that it should exert its influence if a public Department—which must be allowed it—not only to show what at present exists, but to help forth the latent talent which might otherwise remain undeveloped and lost to the nation.



THE CREATION OF MOLOCH.

THE "EVIL ONE" IN ART: EARLY CONCEPTIONS.

BY JOHN LEYLAND. ILLUSTRATED BY ARCHIE MACGREGOR.



OUR survey of the long history of Satan—of the hidden figure which has stalked balefully behind the corrupting blight of moral woes, as that dark influence, through mythology and literature, has found visible shape in art—would seem, at first sight, to present but a gloomy and doleful subject. Before we reach the close of our inquiry we shall find that this is not altogether the case. No more tremendous problem, it is true, ever presented itself to our early ancestors, than that of how they should confront the inflieter—inspired with malevolence like their own—of the haunting terrors and dire calamities that overshadowed them; how they should wrestle, leaning upon the arm of divinity, with the enemy, the corrupter, who dwelt in darkness, and pursued them both in the present and the after-world. But, when we turn to the presentations of this evil personality in art, we are brought face to face with one of art's limitations, and shall not go much further before we become aware also of a measure of strange reacting power which art seems to have exercised upon the conception of the shrouded shape to which it has given form. It is a high office of the artist to make the feelings which surge through the emotional being, and the ideas which light the cloudland of imagination, reverberate, through the manifestation of his art,

in the living world of thought. But there is a limitation to the visible expression alike of sublime goodness and of surpassing malignity or terror. The towering horror of Satan, the adversary, can only be conveyed through the sombre, the weird, the vague, and the half-expressed. It cannot be told through a definite, concrete and realistic representation of form. Here the poet beats the air of imagination with a mightier wing. Thus Milton pictures Satan, with splendid imagery—

"He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new-risen,
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened, so yet shone
Above them all the archangel."—*Paradise Lost*, I. 589.

So long as Satan is represented thus—though "Care sat on his faded cheek"—in human form glorified, or in colossal shape—

"With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaze, his other parts besides
Prone as the flood, extending long and large,
Lay floating many a rood—"

there is sublimity in the conception. But the poet himself cannot escape that falling to a lower plane

which awaits him who ventures upon the realistic picturing of satanic things. Can it be said that the "Inferno" ends worthily with that vision of Dis, and of the grisly horror of the "Emperor of the Kingdom Dolorous," from whose three mouths of his three vari-coloured faces, trickles the "bloody drivel," as he crunches sinners—Judas Iscariot with head inside, plying his legs without, and Brutus and Cassius with heads downward hanging? But for the gruesome foulness of it, Dante brings us here perilously near the grotesque; and how really grotesque such a conception may—perhaps I might say *must*—become when it is attempted to be conveyed through the channel of pictorial art may be discovered in a very extraordinary engraved plate of this very scene, which exists from the hand of a sixteenth-century Flemish artist, Cornelius Galle, the elder.

Mythology, legend, and literature—for I do not here deal with the theological aspect of the devil—thus successively present three cycles in which the adversary may be sought. In the first—which is the subject of this article—he is vague, shrouded, tremendous, terrible, finding little expression in art, save through the medium of symbols; in the second he slowly takes grander proportions as the humanised Satan of literature, developing, on the other hand, gruesome and fantastic characteristics in art; and in the third he becomes wholly familiar and grotesque. The degeneration, from a point, is thus progressive; and it is worthy of note that it appears to have been largely brought about by the reflex action of art. That which was intended, by its horror, to inspire awe, dread, and terror, ended by becoming merely fantastic, curious, and monstrous: a step further, and, by inevitable exaggeration, and the apposition of incongruous ideas, it awoke a keen sense of the ridiculous. Without the rude northern spirit, which brought down the adversary from the height of his terrible power to the plane of mere pictured

grotesqueness, we may doubt whether ever the devil could have become so petty and intimate a tormentor of Abbot Richalmus, or could have played such uncomfortable tricks upon Luther and others in the later witchcraft times.

But such ideas as these had no place in the primitive conception of the universal enemy. I

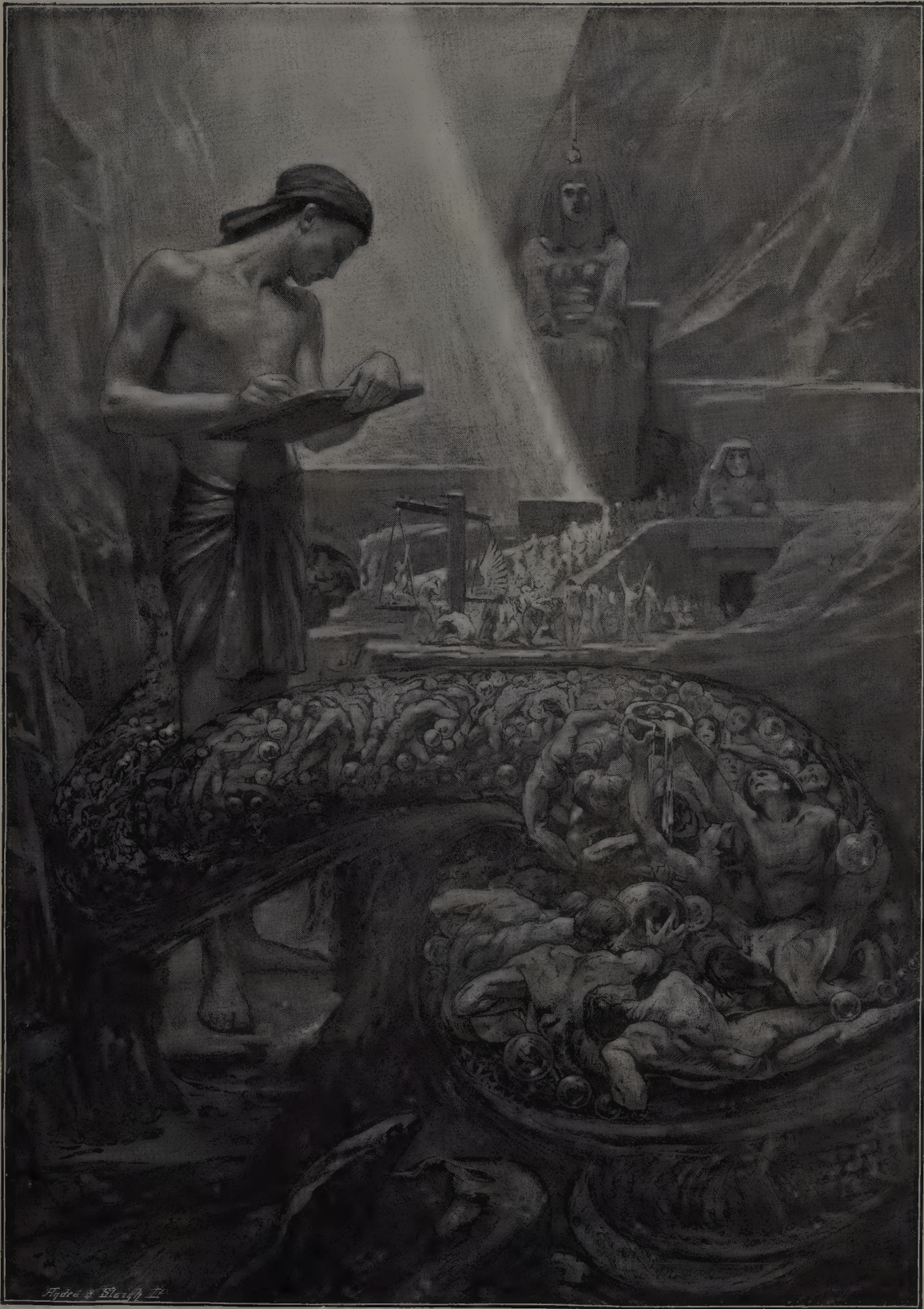
have already been privileged to show, in THE MAGAZINE OF ART,* how, in the dragon myth, legend, literature, and art are impressed all through with the evidence of prehistoric famine. The Adversary whom I now speak of, in his multifarious and changeful form, is to be regarded as smiting man as a moral being, and endangering his safety in the after-world; though in many early myths he cannot be distinguished from the dark and cloudy water-grasping shapes that gave birth to the dragon and his brood. In the Vedic hymns he is the unrelenting enemy of Indra, the deity of light, who is represented both as a physical force and a moral being. He is Vritra, the famine-bringer, Ahi, the biting serpent, Pani, the corrupting seducer, the ubiquitous author of universal ill. This conception of Indra and his foes was



ASSYRIAN HARPY.
(From the British Museum.)

carried by the Persians still further into the realm of morals, and evoked that strong dualism which presented the bitter tragedy of the co-equal fight between Ormuzd and Ahriman for the dominion of the moral and physical world. How profoundly the great drama presented in the dualism of the Zend affected the conceptions of neighbouring nations must not be dwelt upon here. The Shamanistic beliefs of the Accads, grafted into the pantheon of the invading Semites, peopled the Babylonian world with evil demons, and made the exorcisms and magic of the Chaldeans famous in later times. The eternal conflict with the powers of chaos inflicting both moral and physical ill, evoked in Assyrian art the figure of the sun-god, Merodach, who, in the bas-reliefs, hurls thunderbolts at the beast, half-lion,

* August and September, 1891.



EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY: THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD.

half-eagle, whose talons oftentimes reappear in the devil of far later art. Here is the strongest picturing of conflict between good and ill which has been left to us by the ancient world.

The long and close relationship which existed between the Jews and the Persians has led many to suppose that the Hebrew devil—foregoer of the fallen archangel, ruler of a kingdom of demons, the tempter, *querrens quem devoret*—was an outgrowth of Zoroastrian mythology. But, in truth, between Ahriman and the Evil One of the Scriptures there is little resemblance, for the latter was never the equal of Jehovah, still less a twin creator, but always subject—sometimes a permitted ill, as when Satan persecuted Job, and sometimes a messenger. The conception of Satan, the adversary, was of gradual and largely native growth in the Jewish mind, though not uninfluenced by impressive dualistic ideas. He took more definite character in the later ages, and with his kindred demons was shaped, in part, out of the rejected gods of heathendom and the spirits that dwelt in the wastes. Moloch, whose fiery maw called for propitiation and human sacrifice, and to whom aged Solomon and the later kings of Judah, Ahaz and Manasseh, turned, was Milcom, the abomination of the Ammonites, and the chief deity of the Phœnicians. But a consideration of the elements which built up the Hebrew conception of the adversary would carry me too far, and is, besides, unnecessary for my purpose, since art was practically untouched, until long after the “Prince of this World,” the “archangel ruined,” had issued from the sombre background.

To the old Egyptian, whose conflict with the powers of darkness was fiercest beyond the grave, the enemies of Osiris loomed greater and more terrible as the centuries passed by. The wholly mundane life of the dead depicted in the early tomb of Ti at Sakkarah, gives place, under the later dynasties, to terrible representations, evoked by gloomy imaginings of the terrors that awaited the departed, confronted, as on the sculptured walls of the kingly tombs at Thebes, by the monstrous shape

of Apepi, the serpent, the destroyer, the enemy of the souls of men. Apepi, under the New Empire, partook of the demoniac character of Set, or Typhon, who, banished from his throne among the gods, where he was once the object of worship, became, in the Osiris myth, the very personality of evil, the slayer of the Being of light, who waged long warfare with avenging Horos. Set is symbolised as a man with the head of a long-nosed, unrecognisable animal; and the representation of Apepi is as a serpent of many folds, into each of which a knife has been thrust. In the time of the New Empire the overwhelming of Apepi was a function three times daily in the temple of Amon-Ra at Thebes. The hieratic papyrus of Nesi-Amsu, a scribe in that temple, shows us that the priest, saying “An end to thee, an end to thee, Apepi!” cast a waxen image of him upon the ground, and, spurning it with his foot, cried “Thou art defiled, Apepi!” The waxen image was gashed with a knife, subjected to fire, the remains of it mixed with excrement, spat upon, and again put in the fire, while Apepi was taunted as “thou that goest back, thou fallen one,” “thou wriggler.” Finally, the priest cried out, “O ye fetterers, fetter, fetter ye, Apepi, that enemy of Ra!” and overwhelmed him by repeating the forty-two accursed names he bore, as Apepi—the “evil-doer,” “the devourer,” “the devil of devils,” and the “adversary of the world.” But the tragedy of the soul encountering Apepi, which exercised such a mighty influence upon the Egyptian mind, could find no adequate representation in the symbols of Egyptian art, which, like the art of the ancient world, never gave being to these dark and terrible imaginings. Mr. Macgregor, however, has presented us a characteristic rendering of the well-known trial that awaited the Egyptian dead, of the weighing of souls, and of the gloomy path of those found wanting, who writhe in the agony begotten of the sins by which they were undone.

I have yet to show how later conceptions of the Evil One found their expression in European art.



W. DENDY SADLER.

By W. L. WOODROFFE.

IN the English art of the present day Mr. Dendy Sadler takes high rank as a humourist and a genre painter, carrying on a tradition which has come down to us from the days of Hogarth, and even from before the days of Hogarth. But he differs from our early masters in his kindliness and sincerity. There is nothing cruel about his humour; he does not point his moral, still less does he drive the point of it into us. And he is never sharp or epigrammatic. He rather approaches the life that he delights to bring before us with the deliberateness and the fulness of one of the old novelists. He is no disciple of the masters of the half-hour school. One of the features that marks him out above all the painters of his day is the absence of any kind of vagueness in the presentation of fact. What he sees, he sees with extraordinary vividness, and it is not this or that character, but the whole scene

that arises within the range of his vision. Hence his works have a fulness or a completeness in each detail which is very fascinating. This is what gives his pictures a kind of Richardsonian flavour, and makes them seem to belong, by method and style as well as by subject, to the past age, to an age when people were not satisfied as they are now with having things suggested to them, but when they liked to be convinced, and the fulness of detail helped conviction. It was an age of correctitude and precision, older in fashion, as it seems to us now, than the century before it. It had about it a straightlacedness and rigidity, and with these an affectation. Moore was the poet of those days, days when people sang "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and the libretto of the *Bohemian Girl* could be taken quite seriously. Humour lay chiefly amongst the middle class, whom the

correctness of the period had not reached. Dickens found it out in his *Pickwick* characters, and it is noticeable that Mr. Sadler, who paints this very period, entering thoroughly into the manners of the times, selects the same class of life. But if he

does, he takes the style of the period which he illustrates; his art is in sympathy with its technique, the technique of Collins, Webster, Wilkie—a period when finish and carefulness were valued high, when the fashion was not to cross to the other side of the room to look at the picture, but rather to go close to it and test it by the magnifying-glass. The style of the art, like the style of the fashion it illustrated, was correct, and if we come back to that style of fashion we may probably have to come back to that style of art.

Mr. Sadler, in taking his subjects from middle-class life, has treated them without exaggeration. He gives his details with the ac-



W. DENDY SADLER.

(From a Photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell, Baker Street.)

curacy of the school which insisted on detail, but he paints the comedy of human life frankly and broadly at the same time, with a keen eye for the discrimination of character. His appreciation of a subject is almost always from the humorous point of view, and his humour is gentle and kindly, tolerant, and leaving no sting behind. He can be a little sly, too, but never ill-natured. If he sometimes takes the Tom and Jerry period, he does not treat it with exaggeration; if he takes—as in "The New Will"—a subject that Hogarth might have taken, there is nothing mordant or scathing in the way he puts it before us. He ridicules the follies of his day—that is, of the day which he makes his—but he does it with the gentleness and toleration of ours.

His subjects, as I have said, have always a human interest, and almost always a humorous air. In showing us, for instance, the comic side of monastic



THE WIDOW'S BIRTHDAY.

(From the Painting by W. Doudy Sadler. By Permission of Mr. H. Leferre.)

life he was able to see it from a new standpoint. Providence is kind, and where she does not give much in variety she gives largely in measure. A monk's opportunities of fun seem to a layman circumscribed enough. But his food in the days when he flourished often depended on his gifts as an angler, and Mr. Sadler's happy idea was to put before us the monk as a sportsman. This was quite a *trouvaille*. It gave the artist opportunity to emphasise one of his peculiar gifts—his gift of selecting types in absolute accord with their period—and it gave him also the chance of working that rare vein of humour which seemed peculiarly to belong to the subject. Take, for instance, one of the early pictures of the series—the “Thursday,” which was exhibited at the Academy in 1880. A group of Franciscan monks are assembled by the bend of a stream in landscape unmistakably English, sportsmen all of them, and all busy with rod and line; one has struck a fish and is playing him, another is ready with the net; of the rest, some show interest in the take, some mind their own fishing; some are pointedly apathetic; but no face is without character or motive; indeed, it is one of the secrets of the painter's popularity that his intention reaches you from every part of his canvas. His figures have always their *raison d'être*. This picture made its mark in its year and was bought by Mr. Tate, and will ultimately belong to the nation, but it scarcely gave promise of what was to follow. For next year with the more important canvas “It is always the Largest Fish that is Lost,” he gave us a wider and fuller study of monastic life (see p. 273). The sporting friar has come back, his rod broken, his sack empty, or with only a few small fry in it, and nothing for his labour except the tale which he is telling—a familiar tale to them all—that the largest fish got away. The sportsman is turned from us as he tells his tale, but his figure is eloquent as he leans back, his feet apart, his

hands stretched, narrating the escape of that heavy fish. The monks know all about it and receive the news with the most good-humoured incredulity. This picture was in the Academy of 1881, and it was followed in 1882 by “Friday,” one of the largest of his monastic pictures, and now in the Walker Art



HOME-BREWED.

(From the Painting by W. Dendy Sadler. By Permission of Mr. H. Lefevre, the Owner of the Copyright.)

Gallery, Liverpool. Here he deals with another order of monk, and he gives us the brethren at refectory, enjoying their “frugal meal”—for it is Friday—fish only, but fish in abundance, variety, and most appetising forms. The great pike lies curled on the pewter dish set before the prior himself, and there is crab, and lobster, and shrimps, and that noble *bouillabaisse*, the recipe of which survived into Thackeray's day, and other savoury dishes. The glasses are all filled,

and the flasks of Chianti are on the table. These brethren are Dominicans, as we see from their black robes and white sleeves, higher in the social scale than the Franciscans, and by no means given to sour asceticism. What a study of faces and of types the painter gives us! The jolly prior with knife and fork in hand ready to attack the pike has a guest

down that he too may hear the tale. Along the gallery with its carved oak screen the servants pass, bringing relays of food from the buttery, and great straw-cased flasks from the cellar. With the picture before us we drop back easily into those remote mediæval times; but the painter had to be careful that he should not become a mannerist or run the



A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

(From the Painting by W. Dendy Sadler. By Permission of Mr. H. Lefèvre, the Owner of the Copyright.)

on each side of him, but at a glance we see they are of different calibre to their messmates. These are Franciscans, one a *bon vivant* happy in his surroundings, but the other a water-drinker, his wine-flask full, his plate empty, his hands folded in front of him, his face saturnine and disparaging of the good cheer. All these monks' faces are studies charged with character and individuality—the portly brother filling his glass, the *bon vivant*, his neighbour, helping the *bouillabaisse*, the two Dominicans next him, the one telling the good story, the other listening to it. That jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it, but surely it is in the mouth of him who makes it too. He seems to taste the flavour of his own *bon mot*, while his eye watches its effect on his friend. The servitor handing the dish behind bends

risk of repeating himself, and the two pictures he sent to the Academy in 1885, "Lea Roachers" and "Gudgeon Fishing," are modern in subject and treatment.

He had painted Izaak Walton's river in sunny weather, with the old fisherman and his honest scholar preparing their lines, but for "Lea Roachers" he chose a dull showery day, just the day for fishing—the sky overcast, the air humid, the river with its leafless willows, dreary-looking enough except to the genuine sportsman: such these fishermen undoubtedly are, mechanics or small shopkeepers, members of some of the East End angling societies. There is probably a match on, for the roachers have taken up their position at due intervals along the bank, and the rods are out, and the virtue of patience cultivated. Again, as in the other pictures, the scene is



A HUNTING MORN.

(From the Painting by W. Dendy Staller. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin. By Permission of Mr. H. Lefèvre, the Owner of the Copyright.)

absolutely realised. The painter is here dealing with the commonplace, with the unattractive, one might say—but what a typical figure is this East End mechanic in his clumsy fishing-boots, his heavy great-coat with the bottle sticking out of the pocket of it, and his much-the-worse-for-weather tall hat. A pendent to this was the “Gudgeon Fishing” in the same Academy, where the river is not the Lea,

Will” and the “Breach of Promise” which commence his lawyer series, and in both his mastery over detail and his sympathetic handling of it have free scope. This lawyer's office, with all its legal paraphernalia, was delightful to paint; it is all of the law, legal, and the lawyer himself is so characteristic a type, a face wise rather than shrewd, with power in it and kindness and know-



LEA ROACHERS.

(From the Painting by W. Dendy Sadler. By Permission of Mr. H. Lefevre, the Owner of the Copyright.)

but the Thames—Pangbourne, as the name on the punt tells—and the period early autumn, the scene more picturesque, the colour gayer, the day brighter, and no business done at all. The old angler in his flannels has fallen asleep in his chair, and his daughter is busy novel-reading amongst the cushions. These pictures were painted in 1885, but next year there was relapse to the old period, and we are back again with the monks. That biggest fish has at last been hooked—“Habet” is the title—the sporting brother “has him,” and hauls him in triumph up the steps of the monastery, his rod snapped in the tussle, and his landing-net spread behind his head shows like an aureole. At the top of the steps the brethren in two groups have assembled to welcome him.

We come to more modern times and to a larger interest in the two pictures of the “New

ledge of the world. An old client has come to consult him, an old beau wonderfully got up, the skirts of his coat spread out like a fan, and a very obvious wig surmounting his fatuous face. He has brought his young wife with him, who has a certain common comeliness about her, sonsie and desirable, as with simulated modesty she drops her eyes and looks down. The dilapidated buck sitting well back in his chair “makes profert” of her, thinking her irresistible in that poke bonnet and lace dress and gaudy coloured scarf. “All to my wife, absolutely,” he says, with a gesture of the hand. But the old solicitor hesitates and bites the end of his quill. He will give other advice, for he remembers the former wife, and her children still living, and sees the folly of his client. Hogarth might have taken the subject, but Hogarth's satire

would have been too mordant. Mr. Sadler's humour is always genial. Quite another type of lawyer, more of an attorney shrewder and keener, is the adviser in the "Breach of Promise" picture. It is

funnel are laid upon it. It is the cool of an early autumn afternoon—the hollyhocks are in flower, the leaves of the wisteria show a touch of yellow. What character there is in these three faces, the



DUMMY WHIST.

(By W. Dendy Sadler. By Permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, of 8, Clare Street, Bristol (the Owners of the Copyright), who have Published an important Etching of the Picture.)

still the Georgian period, as we see by the costumes. The plaintiff herself, in her long green riding-habit, sits silent—rather callous. She has left it all in the hands of her father, who, armed with a battery of injudicious love-letters, eagerly submits them to his lawyer. The face of that old practitioner intent on the paper he is reading is a study—there is in it such shrewdness, such concentration, such purpose, as with one hand up he deprecates interruption; and the accessories have been painted as if the artist delighted in them—the litter of papers, the tall array of ledgers, the quaint old chimneypiece with its fluted inlay.

Earlier in period is the well-known "Old and Crusted," and no picture he has done more completely belongs to its period. These three old bucks, after a leisurely walk, have stopped at a quiet inn to enjoy a bottle of their favourite wine. The commodious round table has been brought out, and the tall port-glasses, a few biscuits, and the necessary

joyial, the saturnine, the expectant! Something of the same kind of contrast we get in another trio of tipplers, not so aristocratic as these old beaux, and inspired by a humbler potation. This is the "Homebrewed" which is being tasted at the inn door, the obsequious landlord serving it himself. You can see expectation in one face, enjoyment in another, criticism in the third. Here in these two pictures are six different types, subtly distinct and all belonging to their century. The artist seems to linger round that period; it has a kind of fascination for him, those old leisurely days when men were not ashamed to take their ease at an inn, or play cards of a long summer's afternoon. These subjects he paints again and again, always realising the scene, his canvas never crowded, but every inch of it with its meaning. We see this in the group of old friends sitting "Over the Nuts and Wine;" we see it in "Dummy Whist," where the faces of the players reveal to us their hands,



W Dendy Sadler. pinx.

R. W. Macbeth. A.R.A. Sculp.

THE TOP OF THE HILL.

Magazine of Art.

the triumph of dummy's partner, the consternation of one of his adversaries. How cleverly the piece is staged! The remains of the feast are still on the table where the cloth has been pushed aside. The cheese lies in its mahogany cradle, the bottle in its wine-cooler; the little blue Nankin plates, the glasses, the cutlery, are marvels of still-life painting. It is broad daylight, but the kettle on the trivet and the large blue bowl on the hearth promise a brew of punch in due time. It is all done with the finish and the completeness of the Dutch school. Such hold always has his subject of the painter that his method of painting seems to vary with it. In these pictures his technique is of the very period, the Collins, Webster, Wilkie period; but he is broader in style, lighter in touch, and freer altogether when he paints his Cavalier pikemen deriding the Roundhead prisoner in the "Camp of the Amalekites," while in "Lea Roachers" the whole treatment is absolutely modern.

When he deals with sentiment it is not so much with love as with the reminiscence of it. His "Sweethearts" meet in an old-fashioned garden—a sundial, with its mute suggestion of time gone by, separating them—and talk gently over early days. The old affection lingers still, but the hey-day of youth has long gone by. There is nothing dolorous in this subject of old lovers discussing an old love, and the stately garden, the trim flower-beds,

the old stone dial, are all in accord with the figures and the sentiment. In another of this Darby and Joan series he paints the courtesy and stateliness of a past century in its own surroundings. The old husband giving his arm to the wife, who was young when he was young, so happily illustrates our elaborate ceremony, our national reticence, which finds the easiest expression of feeling in formal solemnity. You sympathise with these old people of Mr. Sadler as you do with the lovers of other painters.

I have mentioned but a few of the artist's works. I have said nothing of the hunting subjects—a series in themselves—of "The Meeting of Creditors," of "The Salad," of "Returning Thanks," of the charming "Top of the Hill" which forms the subject of our frontispiece. The artist has produced much, and in the genesis and growth of his skill one can trace constant and steady improvement. He has rescued from the oblivion which always threatens the near past a period of our social history which shows in almost greater contrast to our own times than the century which preceded it. He has given us a gallery of characters—monks, sportsmen, lawyers, merchants, the eccentrics and the macaronis of their day—all English, all typical, and yet each of them individual. And in putting before us the comedy of that Georgian period, he has been a genial, almost a tender, satirist of its foibles, and an accurate historian of its motives and its inner life.



IT'S ALWAYS THE LARGEST FISH THAT'S LOST.

(From the Painting by W. Dendy Sadler. By Permission of H. C. McCrea, Esq., the Owner of the Picture and Copyright.)

SOME RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

MR. A. D. MCCORMICK, the artist who accompanied Sir W. Martin Conway in his expedition to the Himalayas, evidently had a very good time. He nearly broke his neck on more



BALTI COOLIES ON BALTORO GLACIER.

(Drawn by A. D. McCormick. From "*An Artist in the Himalayas*.")

than one occasion, he was often half-starved, and more often nearly frozen amongst the glaciers and ice-fields of those high latitudes; but these were the experiences that made him feel he "was living the life that a man should live." No doubt he had a most enjoyable time both in the mountains and the fertile valleys of old Cashmere, and although Sir William Conway has given to the world an explorer's account of the journey, Mr. McCormick could not refrain from writing his own experiences, and endeavouring "to give an idea of the picturesque aspect" of the expedition. Mr. McCormick modestly disclaims any ability in the direction of literature, although his book* is a very simple and readable story of a very interesting journey. The sketches illustrating it, however, are too slight; they are apparently what were omitted from the rich harvest after the illustration of Sir William Conway's book had been provided for, and what remained consisted chiefly of slight sketches; some of them, indeed, are not quite worthy. But it does not matter. The story is the thing; and the illustrations, although made by so good an artist, do not count for very much.

PHOTOGRAPHY has long since been pressed into the service of natural history, but probably never in such an interesting manner as has been effected by Mr. R. C. Kerton, in his volume dealing with British birds and their nesting places.†

* "*An Artist in the Himalayas*." By A. D. McCormick. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "*British Birds' Nests: How, When, and Where to Find and Identify Them*." By R. C. Kerton. Illustrated from photographs by C. Kerton. (Cassell and Company, Limited, London.)

Overcoming almost insuperable difficulties—at times involving risk to their lives—the author and his brother have accomplished the task of photographing *in situ* over a hundred nests of different birds, without (except in a few cases) disturbing their natural surroundings. This involved journeys, among other out-of-the-way corners of the kingdom, to the Hebrides, the Farne Islands, and Ailsa Crag, accompanied by adventurous climbings of cliffs and rocks which would tempt only the most enthusiastic of naturalists. The effort is justified by its success. To this Dr. Bowdler Sharpe testifies in an introduction to the volume. He says: "Artists will undoubtedly admire the illustrations, but the naturalist will love them still more, because they show him the nests of the birds as the authors discovered them: no imaginary details, as is so often the case in illustrations of bird-life, but the actual nest itself." The value of such a collection to the naturalist is obvious, and we think it can hardly be less so to the artist who turns his attention to such subjects. As photographs the plates are perfect, and the various nests are illustrated with an accuracy of fact that



EIDER DUCK ON NEST.

(From Kerton's "*British Birds' Nests*.")

the camera alone can give. The claim made by the author that the volume occupies a unique position in this respect is justified, and there is little doubt that it will be looked upon as a standard work in this branch of natural history. We reproduce one of the smaller illustrations from the book.



E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

W. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

DESIGNS FOR OBERSE OF COINS.

THE COIN OF THE REALM.

By LEWIS F. DAY.

IT is dangerous to prophesy, they say, unless you know. But it was quite safe to risk the doubt, expressed years ago in these pages *apropos* of the Jubilee coinage, as to whether competition was the way to get the best design. It has not proved so. The newer coinage (it is too late now to call it "new") is certainly less unsatisfactory than the last issue: it never aroused any real interest in the public mind: the chorus of faint praise with which it was greeted in the press was evidence, it was said, of its mediocrity. When we think of the eminence of the artists chosen to compete and the great ability of the men, it is surprising to find how little the coin of the realm rises above the level of the commonplace.

Clearly the competing sculptors found themselves hampered by the conditions imposed upon them. Out of the six artists selected five were sculptors, whose natural method of expressing themselves would be in clay or wax—which also would be the medium best representing the effect of actual coins; yet it appears to have been decreed, as if in sheer perversity, that the designs should be drawn in black and white. Then, again, with regard to the obverse, in which painter and sculptor alike might naturally be expected to find their best chance, it does not seem as if the chosen six had been honoured by sittings from Her Majesty. Indeed, the impression one gathers is that they had to seek inspiration at that least inspiring source—the photograph. Even so the courage of the lens has failed them. Or was it, perhaps, that they had not access to the "untouched" negative?

Assuming, as we must, that under a monarchy, however limited, the head of the monarch by right figures upon its coins, there are two reasonable conceptions as to the form it should take. The man in the street would insist that it should be a portrait, the image of the individual, living, breathing again in the metal—the real queen. Another might say that the strict likeness was of comparatively ephemeral importance, that here "Victoria" counted for less than "Regina," that what we really wanted was an embodiment of the queenly ideal, an effigy which to future generations should worthily represent Our Sovereign Lady—that we should have, in short, a noble coin. Between these two alternatives an artist is free to choose according to his temperament; but there is this to be taken into account, that when the face of the Sovereign grows daily more familiar to us all it becomes more and more difficult to reconcile any ideal rendering with what we know to be the reality. It will be seen from the designs illustrated that Mr. Onslow Ford goes nearest to meeting the demands of realism, especially in his uncrowned head, which more than most suggests a study from the life. Mr. Armstead, on the other hand, goes nearest to giving us a head designed as a medallion. He places the head too far forward in the coin; but in style and treatment—in design, in short—the most important of his contributions attains pre-eminently that dignity which becomes the subject. Others of his heads remind one of the Georges. In his departure from the pure profile of the face one may say, since he has failed, he has attempted the impossible.

The crown has proved once more a stumbling-block to the designer. Perhaps the most ingenious solution of the difficulty is where the artist includes it in the border of the coin, free from the head, whilst surmounting it. A quite little coronet perched on the top of the royal head does not add to its dignity. The drapery in the accepted design is obviously introduced to confuse the harsh lines of the crown, but it can hardly be said that it is disposed majestically.

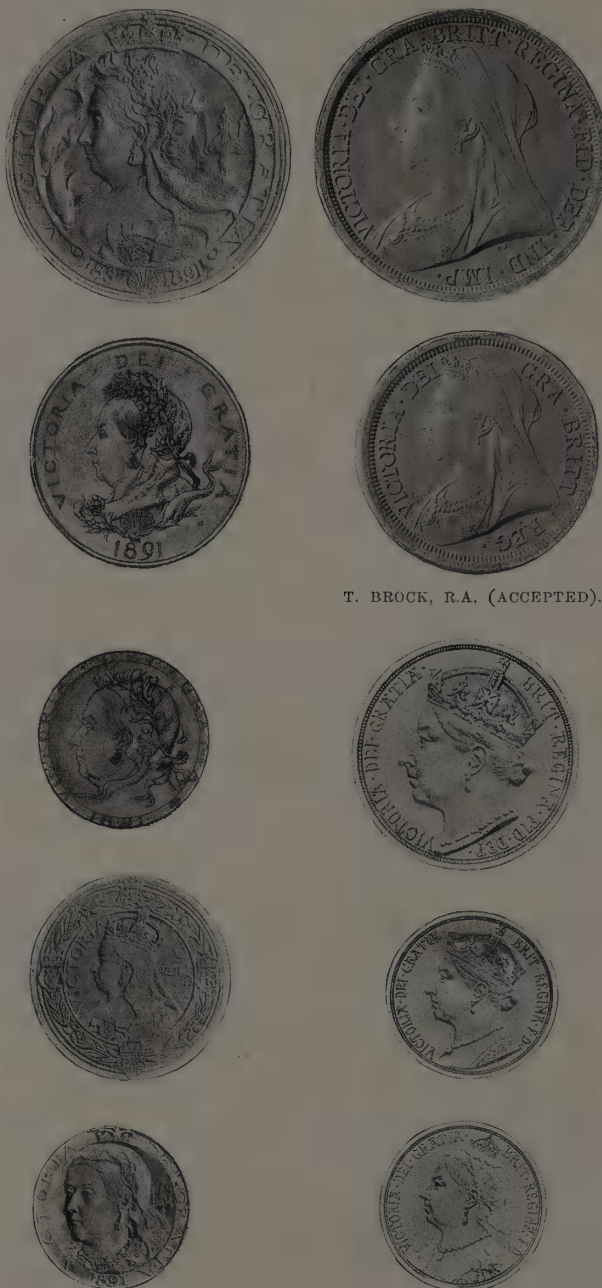
If we admit that the medallion should truly represent the living person, there still remains the question whether she should be represented as she is or as she was, as a bride or as a great-grandmother. The young queen, at the age when she ascended the throne, presents on the one hand a more dainty image than the venerable lady ruling over us to-day; on the other, there is a great deal to be said in favour of the actual, even though it clash with mere grace.

Mr. Thornycroft indicates the head of perhaps a mother, certainly not of a grandmother yet. The late Mr. Birch, Mr. Brock, and Mr. Poynter gave us a Queen long past the prime of life; but they have not dared to make her old. If that was the right thing to do, then certainly there was nothing for it but to select, as was done, Mr. Brock's design. But one may be permitted to contend, in face of the selection, that that was the one thing *not* to do. Give us the Queen as she came to the throne, as we know her, as she may appear to the eyes of loyalty; give us the real Queen or the

ideal; but never take the aged face and smooth out of it the lines of age, on which its character and dignity depend—that is to proceed more in the manner of the photographer than of the artist.

Looking at the accepted design as a coin, objection must be taken to the exceeding high relief of the shoulder. The practice of thus unduly emphasising the body was by no means uncommon even among the great medallists of the Renaissance. None the less, it is always of doubtful expediency, and in a coin it strikes one as a distinct fault in design.

On the reverse of a coin we expect to find its denomination. And it is an open question whether the denomination should not constitute the design. But, nation of shopkeepers though we be, we are not so practical as that; and even when we make for once the words "six pence" the central feature of the composition, we must needs frame them with a wreath and suspend above them in mid-air a Royal crown. With scarcely an exception the competing artists have sought to do something which gave them more scope for their art; and they have on the whole rather neglected to give prominence enough to the value of the coin.



T. BROCK, R.A. (ACCEPTED).

H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A.

C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.

DESIGNS FOR OBERSE OF COINS.

The ideas that have occurred to them may be grouped under the following heads: representations of St. George, armorial designs, symbolic devices.

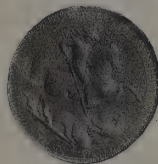
Perhaps it is now rather late in the day to design a St. George. What has once been done, and well done, scarcely wants doing again. Nevertheless

at least five of the competitors have tilted, as it were, at the old reverse of the sovereign, without any one of them dislodging it; and the old die remains in use—as though Pistrucci had been indeed a Donatello. The idea of St. George seems somehow more in harmony with the “Merrie England” of

—if any) should be obvious; in this case to suggest subtly is only to perplex. The symbol, in fact, must be familiar, or we fail to recognise the symbolism. Britannia we know at once; the Ship suggests “the pride of the ocean,” the World is well introduced to typify the extent of British Empire; but one scarcely



E. J. POYNTER, R.A.



C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.

E. O. FORD, R.A.



H. II. ARMSTEAD, R.A.



H. THORNYCROFT, R.A.



ORIGINAL STUDY BY PISTRUCCI.

DESIGNS OF ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON.

another day than with the prosaic and commercial England in which we live; and it is hardly to be expected of artists in the least “modern,” to whom in all probability St. George is nothing and the dragon an absurdity, that they should charm us by a rendering of the subject at once fresh

and sympathetic. It was only natural that their warrior-saint should remind us of something seen before. Exceptions to this rule occur in Mr. Ford's beautiful medallion, which, however, suggests rather the Archangel Michael than the Champion of England, and Mr. Armstead's kneeling knight—a design at once significant, original, and decorative.

Much the same might have been said of other of Mr. Armstead's designs—those for the crown piece, for example; but here the meaning is a little further to seek; and for the popular purpose of a coin it is essential that the meaning of it (the poetry

sees why the Ploughman in particular should be represented in the one design, or the Sower and Reaper in the other, as indicative of a country beyond all things commercial. In others of this artist's designs the meaning is still less obvious. So with Mr. Ford's Justice and Mr. Thornycroft's winged figure (does that stand for Justice also?) one is inclined to ask what

they are doing on the back of a British coin. What has Justice to do with the distribution of money? Of course, the fancy gives the sculptor a chance of designing a charming figure; and we might get accustomed to the symbol, once we were familiar with it on the actual coin; but it does not commend itself to one at first sight by its appropriateness. The obviously appropriate figure of the British lion (otherwise than as a supporter to the Royal arms) has, strangely enough, been left, with one solitary exception, out of account. Several of the symbolic designs are of very considerable interest, but they

show how difficult it is to depart from the quite obvious in symbolism without danger of becoming obscure.

The notion of the ship has occurred to several sculptors as a fitting symbol at once, perhaps, of

of this kind of work falls to the sculptor of the present day that when it does he is at a disadvantage. An art which is despised of the aristocracy of art sinks naturally into the hands of the plebeian craftsman. In the case of heraldry



H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A.



C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.



E. O. FORD, R.A.



E. J. POYNTER, R.A.



H. THORNYCROFT, R.A.

REVERSE DESIGNS.

our rule over the waves and over commerce. The difficulty is that the ship most characteristic of our day is not the ship which best lends itself to ornamental design. The mediæval vessel is obviously out of date; the iron ship is not artistically available. The designs submitted seem to indicate that the idea of a symbolic ship is one which, though it strikes you at once as right, becomes more and more impracticable as you attempt to realise it.

Heraldry would have fared better in the hands of artists who had presumably not now for the first time turned their thoughts to it. When the arts were not yet docketed and arranged each in its own separate little pigeon-hole—in the days, that is to say, when painters and sculptors began their career probably at the engraver's bench or in goldsmith's shop—heraldry was part

and parcel of the artist's business; and from Dürer to the least of the Little Masters every man of them could design a shield of arms. So little

it has sunk indeed very low—practically, one may say, to the depths of trade; although it would not be impossible to find journeymen—shall I call them?—unknown even by name within the precincts of Burlington House, who know that trade better than to have turned out anything so unfeeling as the harder and more mechanical of the heraldic devices here shown. But the best of them do not allow one to suppose that the artist took this part of the business very seriously.

With regard, again, to the inscriptions (whether on the obverse or reverse of the coins), they lead one rather to suppose that the artists did not altogether welcome them as occasions for design. Mr. Poynter and Mr. Ford have evidently given careful consideration to the lettering in their designs, and have proportioned it to the picture it encloses; Mr. Armstead has

even incorporated it into his scheme; but no one has had the courage to take the inscription as the *motif* of his reverse; no one has made anything of the



T. BROCK, R.A. (ACCEPTED).



H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A.



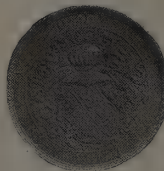
C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.



E. O. FORD, R.A.



E. J. POYNTER, R.A.



HERALDIC DESIGNS.

numeral, as he might have done, in the "1 shilling" or "6 pence;" no one gives us to suppose that he took any delight in the lettering—which is the one and only condition of doing it delightfully.

The designs now current are an admitted improvement upon the Jubilee

that a happier selection might have been made. Out of Mr. Armstead's designs alone a series of coins might have been chosen which would have had at least a decorative merit lacking in our present coinage. And although Mr. Thornycroft and Mr. Ford both belong to



SYMBOLIC DESIGNS BY
H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A.

coinage; but when we look at them as a set, there is not very much on which to congratulate ourselves. We have a prosaically satisfactory medallion of the Queen for obverse. The reverse of a shilling is designed with some sense of proportion; but it is too small in treatment; and, with all its detail (three shields, three crowns, rose, shamrock, thistle, garter, and denominational inscription), it lacks fullness. The two-shilling piece is richer in effect, and a practical point has been scored in reducing it again to a size not easily to be confounded with the half-crown. Of the half-crown itself little need be said. The shilling is only a very slight variation, and not an improvement, upon the two-shilling piece. In the reverse of the

the race of delicately sensitive artists who are never happiest, if ever happy, in competition, the designs of both attest that we need at all events neither have fallen back upon the old sixpence nor have resorted to the new half-crown. In retaining the familiar St. George we do Pistrucci possibly too much honour, or perhaps it would be better to say we do too little honour to our living sculptors. It would appear, finally, from this competition as

though the spirit of modernity, to which our latest sculpture owes so much, did not so far make for design—in the sense in which such things as coins must needs be designed.

But why distress ourselves concerning this insignificant subject of design? "The money is

good enough for me," says the practical man, "if only I have my pocket full of it." How many of us are there whose satisfaction in having money is discounted ever so infinitesimally by any thought of the image it may bear?

crown, half-sovereign, and sovereign there is no alteration; the very inadequate device of the old sixpenny-piece also remains in use.

We have, then, four new designs. Judging from the illustrations accompanying this article, I believe



H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A. E. O. FORD, R.A. H. THORNYCROFT, R.A.

DESIGNS OF SHIPS FOR REVERSE.



C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.

E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

HERALDIC DESIGNS FOR REVERSE.



RODIL CHURCH, HARRIS.
(Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

THE WESTERN ISLANDS.—I.

By W. M. GILBERT. ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACWHIRTER. R.A.

THE Hebrid Islands, "set far amid the melancholy main," are the *ultima thule* of Britain. They meet on their long sandy shores and rocky cliffs the first shock of the great roll of the Atlantic breakers, and upon them fall, in soft silvery shafts, as with the sweetness of a benediction, or in the wild lurid gleams of stress and tempest, the rays of the westing sun as it nightly sinks to rest in the sea. From the Butt of Lewis on the north to Barra on the south is about 130 miles. In this Hebridian group are six islands of note, and other islets and rocklets innumerable. The larger, called the Long Island, includes Lewis and Harris. To the city man who craves for change of scene, a visit to the Hebrides may be recommended. To get there is not so difficult now as when the stout-hearted Johnson and his friend Boswell set out from Fleet Street to visit the Western Islands. The world has wagged slowly in the Highlands since then; time ambles gently withal in Thule, and there may still be studied a bit of primitive life almost as Johnson saw it, which cannot be met with in almost any other part of the British islands. The artist, too, will find much to engage his attention in the grandeur of the rocky coasts, the majesty of the ocean, and the ever-shifting atmospheric effects over earth and sky; the angler in the lochs of the Uists will meet with the gamest of trout, and to the sportsman and ornithologist the

tribes of wandering birds which frequent these wastes should present many features of interest. Even the ubiquitous bicyclist might break fresh ground here, for good roads now traverse the Lewis and even the smaller islands. All who are afraid of rain and wind, or have not a good physique, had better, however, go elsewhere for a holiday, though it would be a libel on the Western Islands to say that the rain is always falling or that the sun is eternally obscured by the mist which comes up in clouds from the sea. There are beautiful days in the Lewis when the vapours roll away, and disclose a sky of brilliant hue, and when under the genial rays of the sun even the grey moss hags are touched into a melancholy smile.

In the Long Island the great social problem of the Highlands—the Crofter Question—may be studied in all its pristine simplicity. The people are Celts, they speak the Gaelic tongue, and they cling to their bare and bleak crofts with as much devotion as if these were bits of sunny Italy. Their numbers have increased to such an extent that the land, under present conditions at least, will not support them. They supplement their livelihood by fishing; but the sea is troublous around their coasts, and except at Ness, where the former hardy Norse invaders have curiously left the impress of their energy and their daring upon the population, the fisheries are not prosecuted by the natives in any systematic way. The poverty of the soil of the

island is proverbial. The Long Island has been compared to a huge peat anchored in the Atlantic. Only round the coast is there land capable of cultivation; the interior is a treeless moorland broken up by marshes and "moss lags," where heather often will not grow, and upon which only the cotton grass and a few stringy peat plants manage to exist. The late Sir James Matheson, when he bought the island of Lewis thirty or forty years ago, tried to reclaim some of this moorland and to bring it under cultivation. "He watered it with gold," as the people say in their picturesque way; but it refused, even under such husbandry, to blossom as the rose. But if it will not grow golden grain, the moor supplies pasture to the cattle and abundance of fuel for the large population of the island.

The people of Lewis are still housed in a primitive way. The tourist who puts into Stornoway only sees a dull little modern town which has sprung up around the harbour, and under the patronage of the Laird's grand mansion upon the hill. Stornoway is not typical of the Lewis. In the villages the inhabitants dwell not in buildings of stone and lime, but in the long "black hut," which, as a place of residence, is centuries behind the middle-class villa of Brixton or Edinburgh. The Greenland Esquimaux has the same form of building. Two rude stone walls, an outer and an inner, with the space between packed with earth and gravel, form the basis of

roof is turf and thatch. To this primitive dwelling there is only one door; there are no windows and no chimney. At the far end a huge peat fire is always burning; the interior is consequently filled with a light bluish smoke which escapes as best it can by the door or through chinks in the roof. The furnishings are of the rudest kind. At the door end of the hut the cattle are housed, and in the rafters the chickens roost. Often there is no partition between the family and the cattle. Generally the earthen floor of the house is half a foot higher than that of the byre—that is all. The people say the cows like to see the fire and to have the company of their owners. As the greatest possession of the islanders, the cattle are often petted and made more of than the children. The flavour of peat smoke is everywhere, and its antiseptic qualities are credited with keeping the people healthy amid their unsavoury surroundings. The only thing that can be said in favour of the black hut is that it is warm, and that it is able to resist the frequent storms which sweep with great severity across the Lewis. Outside the huts, which are clustered together for security, are the potato plots and small corn fields, cultivated in the most elementary way; beyond them on one side is the sea, and on the other the pathless moor where the cattle stray.

Though not blessed with much of this world's goods, the people of the Lewis are hospitable and



OFF THE SHIANT ISLANDS, SOUND OF HARRIS. LEWIS IN THE DISTANCE.

the hut. Upon this is raised a rounded framework of rough timbers, supplemented by old oars and pieces of drift wood, for in a treeless land wood is a precious commodity. The outer covering of this

kindly in disposition. They, however, lead a very quiet and somewhat joyless life. One would expect that the Celts of the island would wear the kilt and play the bagpipes. Both are banished from

the land. They never sing, except Gaelic psalms at church on Sunday. The women work hard indoors and in the fields; the men, as lords of creation, take it easier. The only thorough-going work they do is when they go with their hands, for about three months each year, to the herring fishery. In their solemnity of demeanour both men and women remind one of the patient race of peasants that Millet painted. Only, the French toilers look as if they belonged to the soil and were working out the primeval curse.

One delightful old custom lingers amongst the islanders. In summer they still go with their cattle and sheep deep into the heart of the moors, build

a magnificent barrier of rock resists the force of the Atlantic as it hurls its waters into the stormy Minch. On the top of one of the tallest of the sea cliffs is a lighthouse, answering in the darkness across a waste of waters the friendly twinkle from Cape Wrath.

The island of Harris, which forms the southmost part of the Long Island, is much less known than its larger neighbour. Tourist boats do not often visit it, and its bleak mountain wastes offer few attractions to the ordinary pleasure-seeker. Two great sea lochs cut into the island from each side, and on the narrow neck between the waters of the open ocean and the Minch, hardly amounting to more than a raised beach, the only little town in

Harris is built. This is Tarbert, the centre of the industry in Harris tweed. The wool is taken from the back of the small native sheep; in every house the whirr of the spinning-wheel or the "click-clack" of the loom may be heard. The cloth is coloured with simple dyes made from native plants; and it is an interesting sight to witness the women assembled together "waukin" or shrinking the web in a shallow trough, and pulling it about, now one way, now another, to the rhythmic strains of a Gaelic chant.

One of the interesting remains of antiquity in the island of Harris is the ancient church of Rodil, which was once attached to a priory of St. Clements. Standing on an eminence overlooking the sea, the building is in the form of a cross, with a rude tower at the east end.

Within the church is a curious carved monument dating, it is supposed, from the fifteenth century. It marks the resting-place of a Macleod, one of the old hereditary chiefs of the island, whose effigy in stone, with complete suit of armour, forms part of the memorial. The design takes the shape of a pointed gable with an inner circular arch. The spaces in and above the arch are divided into compartments on which are carved in relief figures of the Crucified Christ, with adoring Apostles and angels, and emblems of the clan to which the deceased chieftain belonged.

Out in the Minch, six miles from the nearest land, are the Shiant Islands, two of which are a couple of miles in circumference. The group is basaltic in origin, and presents to the eye from the deck of a passing vessel the picturesque outlines of stack and tower peculiar to this formation. Their grassy verdure is also pleasant to see. "Shiant" is Gaelic for "sacred," and some ruins upon them give credit to the supposition that the islands were once the home of a saint. From them on a fine day beautiful views can be had of Skye, the Sound of Harris, and the coast of Lewis.



LIGHTHOUSE, BUTT OF LEWIS.

(Engraved by H. Gedon.)

themselves "shielings" or turf dwellings, and live for six or seven weeks a purely pastoral life. It is the happiest season of the year. The women and girls milk the cows and ewes and make butter and cheese, and fill in their time with knitting; and on Saturdays, when fathers and sweethearts visit, the shielings, a Highland Arcady is again revived. The old Gaelic bards dedicated the best of their rhymes to the description of such simple scenes; and most of the shieling songs are songs of love.

The inland scenery of the Lewis is dreary and monotonous. With rain and wind the moss hags are bleached, and present few features of interest. In the western district—and especially around Loch Roag, which carries the waters of the sea far inland—there is more variety, and in this neighbourhood are the notable Druidical remains of Callanish and the Pictish fort of Carloway. The coast everywhere has great grandeur. The high cliffs are honeycombed with caves. The tides flow in and out of these with weird noises, and the imaginative Celt has spun around them many a legend. At the Butt of Lewis



LOCH CORUIISK, SKYE.



SHOOTING.—III.

By JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS, F.Z.S.



SO much has already been written in praise of Sir Edwin Landseer, that, like every other great artist, he has suffered from the natural results of the overflow and its consequent reaction. Nowadays one hears his technique constantly assailed, and his ideas voted commonplace. But without entering upon a discussion of this kind, which is scarcely of interest to the sportsman, I believe him to remain, "for a' that and a' that," the greatest master that ever lived of the particular subjects which he chose for his own; so that such remarks as I may make on his work are simply the observations of an intense admirer.

To the latter-day sportsman Sir Edwin Landseer's two faults seem to have been, first, playing to the gallery, and second, attempting pictures of ornithology, a subject which he knew little about. For the first there is every excuse; for the second none. It has been said that a picture to be good must at once strike the beholder by telling its own tale. That is right enough, but though Landseer's pictures did that to perfection to the public, they overdo it from the stalker's point of view. At the time Landseer painted most of his famous stalking pictures the public knew very little about deerstalking, and they required to be initiated into its beauties by a slight exaggeration of the real facts. No one knew better than Landseer himself that many of his stalking situations were unduly accentuated, but the public, he feared, would misunderstand him unless he adapted his canvases to their sensational standard, and consequently we have many little exaggerations which we should not have expected from such an old stalker as Landseer. Take, for instance, "Browsing:" a lovely picture which all art and sport lovers had an opportunity of seeing

at the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition in 1890. The artist did his very best work on the stag, hind, and calf. The stag is simply perfection, for it is a Highland stag in every point, and not a park-fed, wapiti-headed ideality like "The Monarch of the Glen." The same may be said of the hind and calf. It is the two figures engaged in an animated conversation over the rock, and the stuffed blackcock in the foreground, that mar in some degree an otherwise perfect picture. The two sportsmen are showing the whole of their heads and shoulders in such an obtrusive manner that were the deer of fifty years ago anything like what they are to-day, the chances are that that fine stag would be half-way down the corrie before the shooter got his rifle to his shoulder. The hind and calf have obviously spotted the stalkers, and a view of a cap and eyebrows would have fully satisfied stalking critics of to-day. The explanation of Sir Edwin's figures is easily given: he was asked to insert his own and Mr. Wells's portrait (for whom the picture was executed), and he did the best he could under the circumstances.

This may be cited as an instance of Landseer's superabundance of explanation, though it is a case in which there is every excuse for the artist.

It is the fashion amongst sportsmen, particularly of the old school, to assert that the stags' heads of forty years ago were better than they are to-day, and there are doubtless men who would say that such heads as those of the stags in "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Sanctuary," and "The Challenge," were possible. I have given a good deal of attention to the measurement of stags' heads, having recently completed a tour in Scotland for this purpose, and I doubt if there is a longer head (of a wild stag) than forty inches, being that of a stag in the Duke of Atholl's collection at Blair Castle. Now, if any sportsman likes to determine the length of the horns in the afore-mentioned pictures, he will find that

by scale they measure between fifty and sixty inches—the latter a very good measurement for an American wapiti head.

Of Landseer's many grand pictures of deer I should place "The Deer Drive" in the front rank as a splendid example of his great genius. There the artist has most successfully combined three things which are in a shooting picture most difficult to harmonise, namely, figures, animals in extreme action, and beauty of scenery. I know the spot well where this was painted, having once killed a fine stag within 100 yards of it. It is situated on a pass in the Black Mount Forest, between the corries of Altahour and Larig Dochart. In the old days of Lord Dudley's time this was one of the most famous deer drives in Scotland, and the animals were moved, sometimes to the number of a thousand, from Altahour up to the pass, a rise of over 2,000 feet. Sir Edwin, for artistic reasons, has represented the deer as galloping by the rifle; but, as Peter McColl

me that the present Lord Tweedmouth and the late Lord Dudley once killed at this stand no fewer than nineteen stags in one drive.

In this picture of the deer drive, Landseer has also inserted a lake, which certainly assists the beauty of composition, but does not exist in the reality. There is on the same beat of the Black Mount Forest a charming old stalker named John McLeish, with whom I have had many a pleasant day after deer. He is interesting to me from the fact that he is the only man I have met who has actually stalked with Landseer. In describing the great painter he called him "a nice wee mannie, wha' carried a braw rifle." Landseer had one of the first breech-loaders ever made.

It would be too long a task, even from our point of view, to enumerate and criticise the great number of Landseer's pictures treating of animals in life, which must ever give the most complete pleasure and satisfaction to sportsmen and naturalists, whilst



SWANNERY ATTACKED BY EAGLES.

(From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

(the son of Peter McColl holding the deerhounds in the picture) tells me, this was hardly ever the case, as the stags being fat, were generally so dead beat by the time they reached the rifles, they could but shamle slowly past them. My same informant, who is the stalker on the Glen Kinglass beat, tells

his paintings of dead game, both birds and animals, have never been surpassed. To mention a few of the most successful, one may instance "Highland Nurses," "Not Caught Yet," "After a Salmon," "At Bay," "Children of the Mist," "Night," "Morning," "Left on the Hill," "The Chase," "The Deerstalker's

Return," and the splendid collection of crayon drawings, notably those in the possession of the late William Wells and Lady Scott.

Sir Edwin had a style essentially his own, which

only, should finish his three remaining large canvases, "Nell Gwynne," "The Dead Buck," and "Digging out the Otter." In the latter Sir John finished the figures, horses, and dogs, many of which were



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

(From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., in the Sheepshanks Collection, South Kensington Museum.)

makes it easy for any connoisseur to recognise at once the hand of the master; but that technique may be assumed by another great painter with equal success, as the following little story will show.

Almost the last work that Sir Edwin Landseer was engaged on was a life-sized picture of Nell Gwynne passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This picture, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to my father to complete. One morning a celebrated art-critic called, and was much impressed with this work. "Ah! to be sure," he said, going up close and examining a deerhound, which almost breathed, in the foreground of the picture; "how easily one can recognise Landseer's dogs! Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked the governor, lighting another pipe; "I finished painting that dog yesterday morning, and have done the whole of it myself."

It is not, perhaps, generally known that one of Landseer's last requests was that my father, and he

only charcoaled in, and I think it would puzzle most men to tell which was my father's work and which Sir Edwin's.

Now we must take examples of Sir Edwin's attempts at ornithological subjects, which were from the naturalist's point of view anything but successful. First of all, there is the famous "Swannery Invaded by Eagles," a picture we all had an opportunity of seeing in the Guildhall Loan Exhibition of 1895. The composition and draughtsmanship of the swans alone seem its good points, though the subject is undoubtedly a fine one were it true to nature—which it most certainly is not. The idea of the white-tailed eagle—a cowardly and clumsy bird at best—breaking a swan's neck as it goes whizzing through space, or in fact attacking a swan at all, is simply ridiculous. The eagle in question is the most vulturine in its habits and slowest in movement of its species; it never touches anything in life which might offer the slightest resistance, and would just as soon think of assailing a mute swan

in flight (a bird half as big again as itself) as a hansom cab. Moreover, the eagle in the foreground is dreadfully out of drawing, and poorly painted as well. Sir Edwin was fond of painting eagles, which he had much better have left alone or given some of that great observation to them which he lavished upon animals.

Most of us know the beautiful and poetical "Eagle's Nest" in the South Kensington Museum. Here again the artist has treated the gloomy precipices of the wild sanctuary of Corrie Arder with his usual skill. The eagles are, however, worse than bad, they are careless and conventional, being probably done out of his head. The bird seated in the immediate foreground is simply one streak of brown, no gradation of colour being allowed for the light crest and neck feathers or the grey marbling on the tail; while the eagle in the distance is equally puerile. The worst fault, however, lies

that young eagles are entirely covered with *white* down until they are as large as barndoor fowls, or even bigger.

It is easy enough, however, to find fault in the work of any artist, and the above instances are, after all, only slight peccadilloes in the life of one whose work was ever as sincere as it was superior.

We pass now to Landseer's friend and contemporary Joseph Wolf, a genius whose work, though perhaps not appealing to so large a section of the public, yet to sportsmen and naturalists must ever be considered quite at the top of the tree.

Excellent as is Mr. A. H. Palmer's recent work on this artist's life, I am much inclined to think it does very inadequate justice to his genius, for unless one has seen the work done during the past forty years, it is well-nigh impossible to give any conception of its vast amount, as well as the high standard



RHINOCEROSSES FIGHTING.

(From a Painting by J. Wolf, R.I.)

in the nest itself, which is like a clothes-basket, and the eaglets—the size of bantams—being painted brown like the old birds. Almost any boy who had studied natural history at all would have known

and the honesty of purpose maintained throughout. Artists have there been who have depicted one or even two species of birds or animals with a fidelity which has appealed to the three sections of critics

with as much force as Wolf's drawings of the same; but never has there been any delineator of animal life who could cover the same area with such perfect success as Joseph Wolf. Of all things that most please the sportsman it is to see that particular form of the chase which at one time in his life most fascinated him represented with an accuracy and halo of romance which satisfies.

Wolf's genius in depicting scenes of bird and animal life in foreign lands is all the more remarkable from the fact that he has never been out of Europe, yet, whatever subject he chooses he somehow manages to impress one with the idea that he has lived for years amongst the big game of India, Africa, and America. As his moose or wapiti wander through the great snow-mantled forests of the West, the hunter seems to revisit the vanished scenes of by-gone days when he plodded after those great tracts in the silent woods and faced at last the king of stags. The tiger steals away before the beat, only detected by the mob of chattering monkeys that follow his line in the trees above; and you are there again, seated in the "machan." The Koodoos and Burchell's zebras come in the afterglow to drink at the desolate "pan," and you can almost smell the hot fumes from the burning earth of Africa as you reach for your rifle. Beasts, landscape, and vegetation are alike rendered with fidelity to nature, and the difficulty of such an accomplishment can scarcely be realised by the average critic.

Of late years Joseph Wolf has not exhibited, and the new generation in all probability only know the artist in "Wolf's Wild Animals." I lately had an opportunity of being shown the originals for

this work by the artist himself. He complained bitterly of the old modes of reproduction, and though these pictures are probably the best woodcuts Mr. Whymper ever produced, their beauty falls far short of the originals. Wolf painted a large number of oils and water-colours which were exhibited in the Royal Academy, and many wonderful pictures which were never exhibited—for instance, those in the possession of the Duke of Westminster and Lord Tweedmouth. At Guisechan, "The Hind Defending Her Calf" and "The Osprey's Nest" are splendid examples of his oil-work, whilst two large water-colours, in the possession of Mr. F. Godman, of Lower Beeding, entitled respectively "Ariel Gazelles" and "Osprey Seizing a Pike," are equally good in the other medium. It is, however, as illustrator of sporting and natural history volumes that Wolf is the artist *par excellence*. Like all others he had his favourite models; his raptorial and game birds, cats, wild swine, and pachyderms have never been and are never likely to be excelled. His drawings for the Zoological Society are already famous, and in addition to these I have recently had an opportunity of overlooking the whole of his magnificent water-colours for "Gould's British Birds," also in the possession of Mr. F. Godman. Mr. Dresser, author of "The Birds of Europe," has a fine collection of Wolf's work, as has also the Hon. Charles Ellis. Superlatives are dangerous things to tamper with, but in that large body, daily increasing, of naturalists and sportsmen, Joseph Wolf will stand apart on a pinnacle of his own as the one artist who is uniformly excellent in every subject he has undertaken.

"TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."



WE have received from Mr. Auning Bell the following communication in respect to his rendering of the illustration which is reproduced on the opposite page:—

"UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL,
"Oct. 10, 1895.

"To begin with, the lyric itself seems to me rather obscure. To commence with saying, 'Take those lips away,' and end up with 'But my kisses bring again,' seems rather contradictory. However, this is my idea.

"I take it that the lady was an arrant coquette,

that the man is still fond of her, and that he is thinking of her—that is, that Love (whom I have personified) brings her to his mind—and in rather a 'coming on' sort of mood I have tried to make her look as if she were offering her lips, but that he, remembering her fickleness, tries to shut the vision away. The flames framing the vision of course explain themselves, and the sea is to show that he has fled away from the real lady, though he cannot keep her from his mind. It was a very puzzling subject, but the words are so charming that I preferred tackling it to a simpler one. Besides, one has more liberty with a vague poem."

SONG



MEAS
VRE.
FOR
MEAS
VRE

ACT IV
SCENE
I

TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY,
THAT SO SWEETLY WERE FORSWORN;
AND THOSE EYES, THE BREAK OF DAY,
LIGHTS THAT DO MISLEAD THE MORN
BUT MY KISSES BRING AGAIN,
SEALS OF LOVE, BUT SEAL'D IN VAIN, BRING AGAIN,
SEAL'D IN VAIN.

SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE: "TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE (ACT IV., SCENE I.).

(Drawn by R. Anning Bell. See opposite page.)



THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

MAY.

The New **R.A.** **THE** election of Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON as Royal Academician is well deserved, and has been received with general approbation. Mr. Boughton's art is at once popular and refined; his work is always pleasing, and his representations of Puritan scenes and Dutch life have become features of the annual exhibition at Burlington House. The figures of the election show that Mr. Boughton's elevation was certain from the beginning. At the first "scratching," no fewer than fourteen associates received votes, but only five had the minimum number—four—to make them eligible for the next stage. They were Messrs. Boughton—with 16 votes—B. W. Leader, Ernest Crofts, Bodley, and T. G. Jackson. In the second scratching Mr. Boughton scored 20, Mr. Leader 14, Mr. Jackson 9, Mr. Bodley 7, and Mr. Crofts 4. The final ballot showed Mr. Boughton's number to be 37, and Mr. Leader's 18.

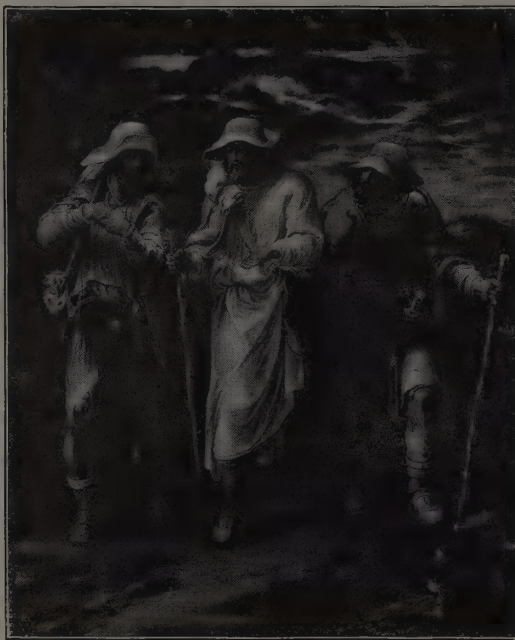
The National Portrait Gallery.

THE magnificent collection of national portraits is now safely housed and open to the public in its permanent home at Charing Cross. Probably it is only in England where such an event would have been allowed to pass with complete lack of demonstration. There was not even a formal inauguration; merely an invitation to representatives of the Press to a private view before the admittance of the general public! To them the only guidance to the new building was the placing of a plan, roughly fastened on a drawing-board, of the arrangement of the rooms on each floor. The public have had to find out for themselves the method on which the gallery is arranged. Such indifference to the importance of the event on the part of the Government it is difficult to understand; nor is the object of it conceivable to the unofficial mind. When,

however, the plan observed in the arrangement of the building is discovered, it is found to be an excellent one, and reflects great credit on the able director, Mr. LIONEL CUST. Starting from the top of the building, the portraits are grouped according to the rank and profession of the originals, and in chronological order. Each floor is divided into small rooms and corridors, in which the portraits are hung in a manner which makes seeing them a pleasure. On the whole, the building is well lighted, although some of the corridors, and notably that containing the modern statesmen, are sadly deficient in this respect. In this the light filters through from each end, with the result that those in the centre are almost undistinguishable, the picture that suffers most being the copy of Sir JOHN MILLAIS' "Lord Beaconsfield." We are rejoiced to find that our suggestion of an Artists' Room has been accepted and acted upon. At last we have an Uffizi Gallery of our own.

The Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition.

THE exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy now open at the Mound Galleries, Edinburgh, is the seventieth since the Academy was founded. It is gratifying to be able to report that the Academy not only still retains the confidence of Scottish artists and of the art-loving public, but that it has by judicious changes in its constitution and management increased its hold upon all sections of the



THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

(By Lelio Orsi. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, Room IX., No. 1,466.)

community. The recognition of the Glasgow art school by the election of several of its most distinguished members to the National Academy has had, in particular, a most beneficial effect, and the present exhibition is in consequence not only more representative than usual of Scottish art, but is otherwise one of the best that has been held for several years. On this occasion the galleries are graced by

Students of the Royal Academy - Preserving the subject
 which I leave for some gives what, proposed to keep all in
 these all before began, namely the relation between
 artistic production and its surrounding conditions, ~~and~~
^{causality} ~~connected~~ it. You very remember, ~~at~~ ^{beginning} ~~our last gathering~~
 in connection with the two great members of the so-called
 Latin groups, the Italian & the Spanish peoples. I ~~think~~
 thought to supply one remedy of that group by speaking
 before of its third member, the people of France. Perhaps
 it is not clear I approach other small even groups;
 in the past place because the evolution of the artistic
 groups of the French, having been ^{historically complete} from
 the days of Chateaubriand to perhaps in 1812 or there, as
 against which shall stop short, & this accumulation of
 events, on the threshold of modern times must appear, a
 most vivid picture, and in the second because that gives
 which is in the very lifeblood of the race has found various
 is to be agreed that it is not possible without the least of an
 apology, even tho' I leave largely in your patience, & to leave
 that is quite in the most happy measure the power of the

[illegible]

a few interesting pictures by London artists, most of whom are hon. members of the Scottish Academy. There is an example of Sir JOHN MILLAIS' Pre-Raphaelite work in



CHIPPENDALE FRAME (6 ft. 4 in. × 3 ft. 5 in.).
(In the Possession of R. Trafford, Esq., Lincoln.)

"The Bride;" the late President is represented by a small canvas with the head and bust of a tawny-faced young lady called "Terisina;" there is an early but not very representative ORCHARDSON in "The Reception," and from Burlington House there has been obtained on loan Mr. MACWHIRTER'S Chantrey Fund landscape, "June in the Austrian Tyrol." Mr. ALMA-TADEMA has lent his cabinet group of Mrs. Hill and family; and Mr. WATTS his "Sic Transit" and the beautiful portraits of Mrs. Ellice and Walter Crane, both of which have created a *furore* among the younger artists. Some of the work by Scottish artists is of an attractive character. Mr. W. D. MCKAY, on a canvas of considerable size, has painted, in a scheme of delicate greys, a charming late autumn "Pastoral," with cattle in a field being fed from a grass cart; Mr. G. W. JOHNSTONE'S "Border River" is notable for the brilliancy of the sunshine over a woodland scene; and from the accomplished brush of Mr. WINGATE there are several cabinet landscapes which attract attention by their eminently thoughtful qualities and by their beauty of colour. Mr. J. COUTTS MICHIE sends a poetically treated evening landscape, which has for title "When the Sun is Low." Mr. ROBERT MACGREGOR'S chief work is the representation of a Brittany scene, in which we have a flat-bottomed boat with three women in it, sailing on a misty sea. Mr. J. LAVERY has rarely exhibited anything so fine as his portrait of a lady in white—Mrs. Park Lyle of Greenock; and he is also represented by a cleverly-painted portrait of a lady in a rocking chair, which we reproduce. Mr. E. A. WALTON has increased his reputation by a delightful portrait of a pretty

young girl in white satin, painted with much distinction; and the public have had an opportunity of seeing Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE'S artistically treated portrait of Miss Hamilton, which has been at Paris and Munich. The same artist also contributes a fine head of an Aberdeen gentleman—Mr. W. J. W. Smith. The President of the Academy, Sir GEORGE REID, sends portraits of the Rev. Professor Mitchell, St. Andrews, and of Sir Arthur Mitchell, Edinburgh. The former especially is a splendid illustration of the President's ability to depict on canvas the character as well as the mere likeness of a sitter. An excellent work is contributed by Mr. W. S. MACGEORGE, who has painted with accomplished draughtsmanship, good colour, and appropriate sentiment "A Border Ballad," reproduced on p. 293. Among the younger men who have done admirable work are Mr. MASON HUNTER, with a spirited sea piece, Mr. G. SMITH, with a farm scene, and Mr. LOCHHEAD, with a large canvas treated decoratively, having for subject girls gathering flowers. Mr. G. HENRY'S Japanese and other studies are resplendent with life and well-harmonised colour. Water-colour drawings of good quality are shown by such well-known exponents of this branch of art as Mr. R. B. NISBET, Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, Mr. T. SCOTT, Mr. H. W. KERR, and Mr. JAMES CADENHEAD; and the sculpture, while meagre in quantity, is made interesting by works by Mr. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., Mr. PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, Mr. BIRNIE RHIND, Mr. D. W. STEVENSON, Mr. W. G. STEVENSON, Mr. C. MACBRIDE, Mr. HUBERT PATON, and Mr. A. MACFARLANE SHANNON.



LADY IN A ROCKING CHAIR.
(From the Painting by J. Lavery, in the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.)

Exhibitions. THE Royal Hibernian Academy's sixty-seventh exhibition cannot be said to have attained a very high standard this year; by its portraits alone will it



Henriette Ronner, pinx.

André & Sleigh, photogravure

Academy of Art.

Edw. Schen.

find a place in the annals of Irish art. There is not a single historical picture, not a composition worthy the name, and even the landscapes, chiefly of native scenery, are far from satisfying. Briefly enumerated the pictures deserving of notice included M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S superb portrait of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava; portrait of Colonel Hugh McCalmont, C.B., M.P., by Mr. WALTER OSBORNE, R.H.A., possibly his best effort. Miss SARA PURSER, H.R.H.A., has surpassed all her previous successes in her portraits of her uncle and of Madame B.; "La Mère du Marin," by Miss HELEN M. TREVOR, shows clever drawing and sentiment, and Mr. HENRY ALLAN, A.R.H.A., exhibits "A Flower Seller," which is convincing evidence of the strides he has made in his art. Naturally, the loan pictures have attracted much attention. Sir JOHN MILLAIS' "Speak, Speak," occupied the best position in the large gallery, where are also hung a couple of portraits by Mr. H. J. THADDEUS, A.R.H.A. There are only six exhibits in sculpture, of which "A Captive," by Sir THOMAS FARRELL, P.R.H.A., is incomparably the best.

The Water-Colour Society of Ireland's exhibition had a remarkably successful season. The exhibits were in advance of last year's work, pictures by several new members were deservedly hung on the line, and plenty of strong, convincing, characteristic work was observable. Miss ROSE BARTON, A.R.W.S., showed several of her ideal street scenes, and Miss MILDRED BUTLER, who has recently been made an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, was responsible for no fewer than eleven works, of which the pastoral subjects were the best.

Mr. LAIDLAY has been exhibiting at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery a very considerable collection of pictures and sketches. He brought together more than a hundred examples of his work, the majority of which illustrated the scenery either of Brittany or of the Norfolk Broads. He proved himself by the show to be a landscape-painter of considerable resource, with an agreeable appreciation of effects of light and atmosphere and a sense of delicate colour. Some of his larger canvases were included, and the best of these was distinctly "Gisli, the Outlaw," with its subdued but vigorous colour scheme. The exhibition was certainly of more than average interest and importance.

At the Fine Art Society's gallery Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN'S pictures and drawings of "Imaginative Landscape in Europe and Asia," and a collection of landscapes painted at Balmoral, on Deeside, and in the Highlands by Mr. J. CLAYTON ADAMS and Mr. E. WAKE COOK, were on view during March. Mr. Goodwin's works showed to peculiar advantage the varied bent of his curiously imaginative mind. His fanciful compositions and symbolical subjects formed the bulk of his collection; but there were besides several drawings, like the "Mist-enshrouded Christchurch," for instance, which showed his capacity for treating with delightful feeling purely realistic motives. The forty-five small oil paintings and the fifty-five water colours for which Mr. Clayton Adams and Mr. Wake Cook respectively were responsible, were attractive, well chosen, and pleasantly treated bits which the two artists had found in the most paintable districts of Scotland.

Messrs. Obach were showing during March and April nearly a hundred oil pictures and water-colour drawings by M. HENRI HAPIGNIES, who is almost the last survivor of the band of notable artists that worked with Millet and Corot, and who at his prime was no unworthy associate of those painters. His pictures are strongly reminiscent of Corot's work, but they have a certain formal and definite quality which is absent in the less trammelled production of the great landscape-painter.

At the studio in Bolt Court there was opened for a brief period an exhibition of works by students of metropolitan art classes, executed for the National Competitions, and Scholarships in connection with the Board of Technical Education of the London County Council. The modelling



A BORDER BALLAD.

(From the Painting by W. S. MacGeorge, in the Royal Scottish Academy.)

section was by far the strongest, the work being of exceedingly high character. We reproduce a design for a street lamp-post, by Mr. J. W. GILMAN, a student of the Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross, and a statuette of "Vanity," by Mr. GILBERT BAYES. From the needlework section we give an embroidered design for a fan, by Miss MABEL S. HALL of the Putney School of Art. Among other work deserving of mention were some pen and ink drawings by Miss ETHEL BURGESS and Mr. G. H. OATES. The art classes of the various Polytechnics were well represented, and testified once more to the excellent work being accomplished at these institutions.

Reviews. MR. WESTLAKE has succeeded in bringing his *magnum opus* to a satisfactory conclusion by this the fourth volume of "A History of Design in Painted Glass," which treats of English and foreign painted glass of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England and on the Continent. It has occupied him, as he tells us, nearly forty years, and has been a veritable labour of love; and we congratulate him heartily on the result—due not only to much patient research and wide ecclesiastical lore, but greatly also to his own practical skill in the art, and to his refined and critical taste. The latter quality must, it is true, have been severely tried by the compilation of this last portion of his self-allotted task, during which he has had

to chronicle the decline and fall of the branch of the decorative arts to which he is so devoted. For, catholic as he has endeavoured to be, and appreciative of the many excellencies in point of detail which accompanied, and even led to this degradation of style, no one has seen clearer or described better than he the deplorable tendency of all the endeavours to amend and improve it during the latter period of its existence. To the general reader and to the average student this judgment of his as to the character of the painted glass of these centuries as a whole needs to be emphasised, seeing that otherwise they may be

led to forget it when they come to read the numerous encomiums that he afterwards passes on particular specimens. Painted glass, being the ornamentation of a more or less transparent material, obviously cannot admit of the same treatment that is suitable to one that is opaque; and yet the artists of the sixteenth century tried to embody in their work on the former the greater perfection and realism of drawing with minute delicacy and, what was still more difficult and misplaced, the nuances of shadow and perspective, and, in doing so, lost the special and characteristic beauties of the art of glass-painting. The glory of its

colour vanished, for which the improved draughtsmanship was no compensation. The enamel used on the surface of the glass destroyed the transparency of the "pot metal," and a poor, thin white glass had consequently to be substituted. The vigorous effect produced by the use of lead round the separate pieces of mosaic of glass was enfeebled by its omission as far as practicable, and then the delicate realistic drawing affected became inconsistent with this necessary structural conventionalism. The architectural character of the window as part of the building became sacrificed by the aim to ignore its subdivisions and to intrude into its whole area a picture with the unity of which the stone mullions and transoms could not fail to interfere;



VANITY.

(Statuette by Gilbert Bayes.
See p. 293.)

and the introduction of varied planes to represent distance, and of perspective to increase the appearance of reality, contradicted the obvious fact that the glazing was, and

should remain, an integral part of the building. The arts of architecture and painting, which had been intimately united and harmoniously combined, became finally severed and, naturally, clashed and interfered with each other.

This struggle between them, though deplorably disastrous to both, is deeply interesting, and Mr. Westlake enumerates the names of many well-known and great artists who were associated with it. Perhaps nowhere can its results be better studied than in England, where, fortunately, have been preserved whole galleries of this religious art and great stores of the contemporary domestic variety. Of the painted

glass of the seventeenth century Mr. Westlake writes—and we fully agree with him—that "for works of this and later periods I have personally little liking;" they are nearly all by foreigners who settled in this country. The large draperies are coloured in pot metal, but all the other work is enamelled in colour, especially the landscape backgrounds. The Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, London, contains a series of seventeenth-century windows in a good state of preservation, in apparently five or six styles of work; the dates vary from 1622 to 1626. The most original and best of the windows are those containing SS. James the Less, Simon, and Matthias.

The bibliography of *ex-libris* has received much attention of late. Mr. Egerton Castle's volume on "English Book-Plates," it was thought, pretty well covered the subject, but Miss Norna Labouchere has turned her attention to the compilation of "*Ladies' Book-Plates*" (George Bell and Sons, London), and has succeeded in adding another volume to the standard works on the subject. Miss Labouchere has dealt very fully with the development of *ex-libris*, and so of necessity has to cover ground that has been well beaten before, but in her special branch of the subject has made what seems to be an almost complete record. The early examples of book-plates given are, of course, mainly heraldic; but many delightful designs of modern artists are given. We would specially mention one by Mr. Anning Bell for Mrs. George Frampton, and another by the same



EMBROIDERED DESIGN FOR A FAN.

(By Mabel S. Hall. See p. 293.)



LOVE AND THE MERMAID.

(By Charles Allen. Recently acquired by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

artist for the Countess of Mayo. The volume is beautifully produced, the illustrations being numerous and excellent, and is one which no students of *ex-libris* can afford to be without.

It is likely that "*Modern Illustrations*" (George Bell and Sons) will find purchasers for the sake of its numerous and



VICTORY.

(In the Giuliano Bequest, South Kensington Museum.
See p. 296.)

interesting illustrations. But the text by Mr. PENNELL is an extraordinary failure. Mr. Pennell's English is slipshod, common, and ungrammatical; his tone acrid, bitter, and vituperative towards all whom he supposes likely to disagree with him; and his book swarms with errors and misprints. His list of errata is itself incorrect, and ought to be greatly lengthened. He speaks throughout of "Orrinsmith" instead of Orrin Smith, he refers indiscriminately to Steinlein and Steinlen, to Retché and Retzche, to "Calcott," and so forth. He makes statements on one page which on another (having meanwhile obtained further information) he has to contradict or modify; ingenuously admitting in a note on his preface that since writing he has "learned a little." "I have made no mention scarcely," he says elsewhere, "of the splendid work Charles Green, Luke Fildes, and Fred Barnard did for Dickens. My only excuse is that till yesterday I never saw it." A fine excuse, truly, for a man who sets himself up as an authority to instruct the world "on a subject he loves!" He tells us that "the greatest bulk of the works of 'Phiz,' Cruikshank, Doyle, and even many of Leech's designs are simply rubbish, and that the reputation of these men was made . . . by Thackeray, Dickens, and Tom Taylor, whose works they illustrated" [what books of Tom Taylor did they illustrate we wonder?], "and who had absolutely no intelligent knowledge of art, their one idea being to log-roll their friends and illustrators"! Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, we are told, "is by no means a poor illustrator." Still, as Mr. Pennell frankly confesses, with a calm assurance which his readers will doubtless appreciate, that

"when I commenced this book . . . my knowledge of the really great period of English illustration was of the vaguest possible description," we may pass him by with an expression of surprise that his publishers permitted him so to expose himself at their expense. He tells his readers that *Punch* was started in 1842 (which is not true), and that "I note that for the first time in its existence that paper is employing outsiders, and even foreigners." This also is untrue. From almost the beginning *Punch* has employed "outsiders and even foreigners," Cham and Gavarni having contributed to its early pages. He actually tells us that "the late" Carlo Perugini—that suave contributor of mediæval Florentine subjects, chiefly, to the Royal Academy—was caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*! Of course he means Pellegrini. He talks of "the late W. Burgess, A.R.A.," when he means "Burgess;" and he tells us that the architectural drawings of Mr. Mallows "have never been equalled by any of the Prout-Harding-Cotman set." The truth is that Mr. Pennell is so incorrigibly slovenly in his mode of thought and expression, so one-sided in his views and ungenerous in his prejudices, so ready to jump impulsively at conclusions and recklessly to proclaim as facts what are mere opinions formed on extremely incomplete knowledge, taking no trouble to verify them, that when he puts pen to paper he incriminates himself at every step. Then, how he rails at the use of the *cliché*—though the whole interest of his present book, as of an earlier one, consists solely in the reproduction of past printed work! But it is to be observed that of the original illustrations, he does not appear to be aware that the drawing by Wilkie is not an illustration at all, but a rough sketch for a picture, and that the nameless sketch by Charles Keene is just a study for his *Punch* picture "Little Duck." In short, the book, in spite of a certain amount of trouble taken in it, and of some elementary knowledge displayed in it, is, by reason of its untrustworthiness, a thoroughly bad book, enough to damn any writer pretending to a position of authority, or to a reputation for sincerity and accuracy.

Miss MITFORD'S "*Country Stories*," an old favourite of the Cranford kind, has been put into a dainty form, and issued by Messrs. Seeley and Co.

Paper, print, binding, are all admirable; but this is more than can be said for the illustrations. The artist has not felt his subject, and it is a pity for a book with such a delightful antique flavour to get into the hands of an



DESIGN FOR A LAMP-POST.

(By J. W. Gilman. See p. 293.)

artist who is not in touch with its sentiment. Mr. Hugh Thompson has spoiled us for Mr. George Morrow.

Messrs. Seeley are also issuing a companion volume to "Country Stories" in the same style as and of like daintiness to type, paper, and binding. "*The Spectator in London*" is a selection of the essays by ADDISON and STEELE on London and its life in their day which were published in "*The Spectator*." They need no recommendation. They have stood the test of time and criticism, and have become classics — delightful readable classics. The illustrations are by RALPH CLEAVER, the best of them being the architectural head-pieces illustrating the London of "*The Spectator*."

We congratulate Mr. W. H. JAMES WEALE on the first of his new series of "classed catalogues," which he is engaged in preparing, and which, when complete, will place before the reader in the National Art Library at South Kensington a complete chart, so to speak, of the contents of that splendid collection. The present volume is a bibliography of "*Ceramics*," issued at four shillings, brought up to date and classified, sometimes a little arbitrarily perhaps, but, as it seems to us, with accurate judgment, whether as to the needs of the student or the scientific demands of the subject. The compilation is a great advance upon all previous works of the sort, and no public or reference library can possibly do without a series which will be of the



THE WATERING-PLACE.

(By Arnesby Brown. Recently acquired by the City of Manchester Art Gallery.)

utmost assistance to the art-worker—whether student, craftsman, or writer. One advantage of the book is that it makes clear the weakness as well as the strength of the library.

Miscellanea. AFTER forty-five years' service, Sir A. W. FRANKS has retired from the post of Keeper of the British Mediaeval Antiquities at the British Museum.

We would call the attention of English artists to the forthcoming exhibition of the Munich Society of Artists at the Crystal Palace in that city, which will be open from June to October. Works will be received up to the 30th of April, and should be addressed to Messrs. Wetsch,

Schuetzenstrasse, 5, Munich.

The statuette of "Victory" is the gift to the nation of Messrs. G. and A. Giuliano, and is placed at South Kensington with the jewellery bequeathed by the late Mr. Carlo Giuliano, to which reference was made in our last number. It is executed in gilded bronze, and is a reproduction of the statuette found at Pompeii, and now in the National Museum at Naples.

We have pleasure in recording the first step

in the direction of the opening of the National Museums on Sundays by the opening of South Kensington, the Indian, and the Bethnal Green Museums on April 4th, when upwards of ten thousand visitors were admitted. True, it is declared in the official announcement to be a temporary arrangement, but we hope that it will be followed in due course by the opening of the National Galleries and the British Museum.

Obituary. MR. GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A., the eminent portraitist, and father of Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A., has recently died at the age of eighty-nine. He was the son of an artist, and entered at the Academy Schools when fifteen years of age. For a time he was greatly influenced by Blake, but ultimately turned his attention seriously to portraiture, first adopting water-colour as his medium, but after a visit to Italy, most of his work was done in chalk or oil-colours. His record is a remarkable one, for he executed portraits of upwards of three thousand of his contemporaries. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1859, and full member in 1867. Among the subject pictures he painted may be mentioned "The Agony in the Garden" (1858); "Sunset from Hyde Park" (1861); and "A Scene from *Comus*—the Measure" (1864). In 1881 he resigned his membership, so that his death does not cause a vacancy in the list of Royal Academicians.

M. ERNEST DUEZ, the French painter, has died at the age of fifty-three from cerebral congestion.



THE LATE GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.
(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.

WHILST there may be no disguising the fact that the present Academy season opens with a rather saddening sense of loss in the gracious presence of the late President, the exhibition itself certainly shows no falling off in merit. In fact, in diversity of scene and subject, in the sufficient, and in some instances full, manner in which certain branches of art are represented, the present collection will more than hold its own against many of recent years. There is, of course, as in every large exhibition—and the present has over two hundred works in excess of last year—a proportion of indifferent production, which, however, enables the visitor to exercise his well-known privilege, and also serves to enhance value by the natural law of contrast.

As regards the main characteristics of the exhibition, there is no one painting that, to use a familiar phrase, can be called "the picture of the year;" but there is strong average excellence in the work of the older and better-known masters, who are most ably supported by the vigorous efforts of our younger brethren. In the more erudite themes of classical and imaginative design we have distinguished exponents in the late President and Sir John Millais, and Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Watts, Poynter, Dicksee, Waterhouse, Solomon, Forbes, Hacker, and Abbey, and one example, we are delighted to see, from the brush of Sir John Gilbert. Landscape and the kindred art of sea-painting, which, perhaps, form a leading feature of the collection, are represented in masterly fashion by Messrs. Peter Graham, Waterlow, Murray, Brett, H. W. B. Davis, Hook, MacWhirter and Leader. Portraiture, seen prominently—perhaps too prominently—upon the walls, owes much to the skilled hands, among others, of Messrs. Sant, Fildes, Herkomer, Sargent, Oules, Benjamin-Constant, and the President Sir John Millais. Domestic and historical genre, for which our school has ever been famous, loses nothing in the hands of Messrs. Burgess, Stanhope Forbes, Gow, Bramley, Woods, and Clausen. In animal-painting we have that dual genius Mr. H. W. B. Davis, who always leaves one in doubt which to admire most, his landscapes

or the horses, cattle, and sheep with which he enlivens them; the venerable master making such astonishing efforts to vanquish time, Mr. T. Sidney



THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE.

(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.)

Cooper; a Herkomer pupil—in this instance a lady, Miss Lucy E. Kemp-Welch; and Mr. John Charlton, who all help to keep alive the traditions of a branch of painting believed to be in decadence since the time of Sir Edwin Landseer. One is also glad to see that both the Water-Colour and Black-and-White Rooms fully justify their comparatively recent existence by much good and sound work, and the sculpture owes an unusual measure of success to a strong contingent of younger workers

in plastic art. Another noteworthy fact as regards the exhibition is the almost entire absence of works by impressionists, vibratists, and those holding similar views and fancies. It may be that these have worn themselves out, as would sure to be the case in the course of time; but, at any rate, for the present we are spared the essays of experimentalists whose efforts have nothing to recommend them but novelty, and whose attempts to revolutionise art must inevitably end in failure.

Lord Leighton's last picture, "Clytie," which occupies the central space in Gallery III., where so many of his noblest designs appeared, is one of the chief adornments of the exhibition. It is unfinished, and the President was working upon it a few days before his death. The beautiful nymph is represented kneeling, making her adoration with outstretched arms to the deity whose beams fill the scene with glorious light. Conceived in a spirit of noble and dignified simplicity, and with all that amazing wealth of colour, in seeking fresh combinations, in which the late President never wearied, this earnestly passionate figure is one of the most admirable, as it was the last, of the master's works. Sir John Millais, with whose recent sad state of health we are all only too well acquainted, contents himself on this occasion with some portraits and but one single-figure subject, which he calls, for want of a better name, "A Forerunner." There is purpose, we may suppose, in the indefiniteness of the title of this very masterly study of the nearly nude figure of a young man constructing his wooden cross. Sir John has rejected the obvious suggestion of St. John the Baptist as a name for the design, as that might have given rise to question—at least as regards some of the details—and has preferred a more generalised designation that will leave it an open question. We may therefore suppose the figure to be that of a young Christian, of whose mission the dawning light in the distant landscape is not without symbolical meaning. Among the President's portraits are—"The Marchioness of Tweeddale," a fine, stately presentment of her ladyship, in black satin dress and purple fur-trimmed cloak; a whole-length of a little lad, "The Hon. John Nevile Manners," recalling perhaps too forcibly, Lawrence's "Master Lambton;" and an altogether characteristic and powerful likeness of "Sir Richard Quain," the Queen's physician, who is standing, with arms crossed, in profile to the spectator. If we have not from the hand of Mr. Alma-Tadema this year an important composition crowded with figures, like his processional "Spring" of last season, we have at least two smaller examples of his well-nigh matchless skill in technique. One, "The Coliseum," is a group of two young Roman ladies and a ruddy-haired little girl, watching from a

marble balcony those passing to and fro from the barbarous scenes in the Amphitheatre. The marvellous painting of the figures, draperies, and minor details like the marble vases and bronze statue, leave nothing to be desired; but we cannot help thinking that the success of the design as a whole is somewhat marred by the Coliseum itself, which here looks both flimsy and theatrical. Mr. Alma-Tadema's remaining picture, "Whispering Noon," is conceived in quite a different scheme of colour and effect. Resting upon a marble seat near a fountain, two maidens are quietly gossiping in the gentle, lambent warmth of a sunny day. Draperies of various tissues and pink and silvery hues, with a background of blue flowers having scarce perceptible motion in the summer air, serve to express the painter's motive. "The Infancy of Jupiter," by Mr. G. F. Watts, superb as it is in colour and modelling, is one of the great artist's most masterly compositions. The child Zeus is seated on the grass surrounded by nymphs, near a wooded recess; but the god himself is Mr. Watts's "Ganymede," and the group purposely lacks the dramatic element of mere subject-interest. The brown-coated bust-portrait in profile of "Alfred Gilbert, R.A.," from the same hand, is, however, a noble likeness and otherwise wholly satisfying.

Mr. Frank Dicksee, in "The Confession," arouses some association of ideas with his spectre picture of last year, which, if we remember rightly, was called "Memories." In grey twilight a young wife, sick and ill alike in mind and body, seeks in the act of confessing to her husband some grievous tale of wrong or sorrow, to lessen the burden with which she is oppressed. The story Mr. Dicksee here tells with so much graphic power is a pitiful one, to which we have a contrast in his remaining work, "The Mirror"—a richly dressed, handsome, dark-haired girl gazing at herself intently in a mystic hand-glass. The work altogether is a lovely thing, and the technical dexterity exhibited in the painting of the flesh, draperies, mother-of-pearl chair, and other accessories, is unsurpassed by anything in the exhibition.

Whilst freely according to Mr. W. Q. Orchardson admiration for his broadly treated portrait of "David Stewart, Lord Provost of Glasgow," seated in his crimson, fur-trimmed robes of office, we must confess to experiencing even greater delight in the artist's gem-like cabinet picture of a lady standing before a large mirror, holding a bouquet, "Reflections," as a work of such exquisite grace and refined colour as to secure for it premier position of its particular class in the collection. The Spanish group which Mr. J. B. Burgess entitles "Pensioned off" is so fine a work that it well merits description,

which is the more needed as the design perhaps scarcely at first sight tells its own story. The scene is the interior of a sacristy, where a priest and cura are selecting and re-engaging the choir. An old man, and probable leader of the choir, who is carrying his violin, has been told by the precentor that he is no longer qualified for duty, and he is sorrowfully departing, the intercession in his behalf of the benevolent cura being without avail. The anguish and distress in the old man's face and sorrowful sympathy of his little grandson are full of pathos, and the picture throughout exhibits all the intelligent labour, and matured knowledge of Spanish life and character of which Mr. Burgess is undoubted master. He has another picture, "The Widower," of a peasant at his devotions in church, with his three children, in which the sentiment is alike obvious and dramatic.

Mr. Briton Riviere has taken a curious subject for illustration in "Aggravation"—a red-coated jester who has climbed to the top of a wall and is doing his utmost to irritate and stir up to madness a group of dogs of the period assembled in a courtyard beneath him. The brutes are so infuriated that in their attempts to get at their tormentor they are quarrelling among themselves. They are probably the class of animals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries used for the chase, and are of nondescript breed. The design has the merit of originality, and reminds one of Mr. Riviere's picture "Of a fool and his folly there is no end," which was in the Academy some seasons ago. Another of Mr. Riviere's contributions is a noble portrait of "Mr. J. F. H. Read and his Dogs," a likeness of a handsome, bearded old gentleman (a director of the Great Eastern Railway), with his three favourite animals grouped around him.

Professor Herkomer, in addition to several portraits, to which reference may be made by-and-by, sends a rather touching picture of a little invalid who after long battling with death is taken out



THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK AT EVENTIDE.
(From the Painting by F. Goodall, R.A.)

to breathe once more the pure air of her native village. In a sweet country lane the child who has been brought "Back to Life" is supported by her nurse, and looks joyfully on the fair face of nature, while the villagers watch her with interest on her reappearance in their midst. We must confess to feeling greatly struck with the

War," which is painted on a rather minute scale, and shows us, at the end of the battles of the Pyrenees, Wellington passing his army over the frontier Spanish river on to French soil. Having waited for a time when the river was passable, and having thrown Soult off the scent, the Duke managed in October, 1813, to pass his whole army into France.



A FAIR WIND.

(From the Painting by Arnesby Brown.)

picture. The subject is an appeal to common humanity, a simple but tender record of daily life, and is one of those incidents which compel our sympathy. Outside this, and as far as the mere execution of the work is concerned—apart from a perhaps monotonous tone of colour that may be open to question—it is, evidently studied from nature direct, and that, it is needless to add, with no feeble or faltering hand.

Mr. Andrew C. Gow, R.A., who always makes his mark in the exhibitions, has for his chief contribution "The Crossing of the Badissoa: Peninsular

The scene pictured is that of Wellington, having successfully manœuvred, watching with his Staff on a sandbank the passage of the Royal Horse Artillery, Dragoons, and a column of infantry struggling through the river. In the distance are Spanish mountains, partially obscured by mist. Mr. Gow is an artist who, whilst as a rule avoiding the more repulsive and revolting details of actual warfare, suggests with historical accuracy and much force what is taking place in the scene he depicts. The picture mentioned could scarcely be improved or added to with any advantage.

M. P. J.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMOURISTS: KENNY MEADOWS.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.



KENNY MEADOWS.
(From a Water-Colour Drawing
by Lucy Bentley-Smith.)

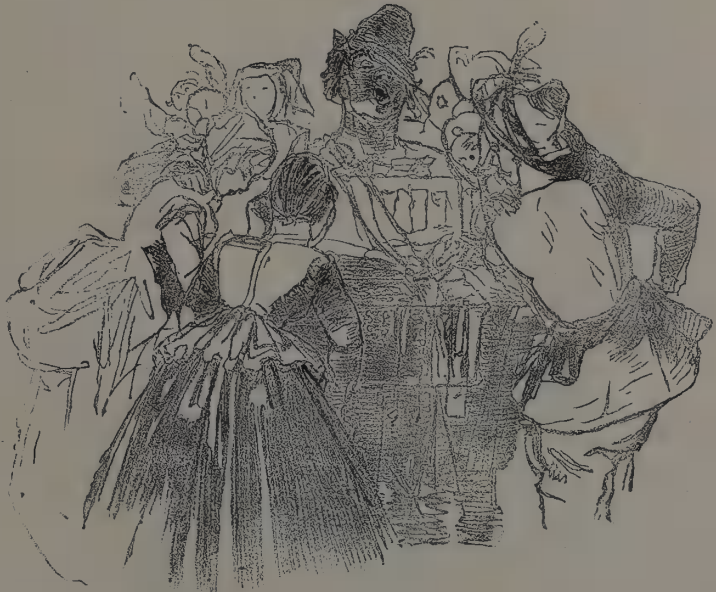
FEW among the graphic humourists of his day enjoyed so great a measure of success as Kenny Meadows. Although he could not stand on equal footing as an artist with his great contemporary George Cruikshank, the demand upon his pencil was nearly as extensive. The work that he put forth is scarce remembered now, but the honour of his name survives; so that to mention "Kenny Meadows" is to call up memories of the typical illustrator's art and of the so-called comic draughtsman distinctive of the earlier half of the present century.

He was born in Cardigan in November, 1790, and, as both his parents died while he was very young, his uncle sent him up to London so that he might be articled to an engraver, at a time when, as he himself told the late H. G. Hine, he could speak no language but Welsh. But he soon left the profession of "wood-pecking" to adopt that of art, and gradually made his way into the circle—not then overcrowded—of those who devoted themselves to book-illustration; and later, when the press began to realise its artistic potentialities, he threw himself into the work of the illustrated newspapers. These papers, however, were at first extremely rough; and although they afforded ample practice for the rising draughtsman, they did little to school him in the direction of any artistic quality, and refinement was the last thing sought or asked for. Nevertheless, Kenny Meadows—who, by the way, now dropped his first name of Joseph, as his friends persuaded him that his second, bracketed with his patronymic, would afford him far more professional distinction—made the most of his opportunities; and his undoubted fancy and invention saved him from the pitfall in which so many of his companions fell and were accordingly lost.

The number of books which he illustrated from first to last was very large, and his newspaper-work extensive, especially when he began to draw for *Bell's Life*. It is true that from these heads—drawings of low life chiefly—he is said to have succeeded in eliminating any trace of gracefulness or beauty; but Douglas Jerrold, for one, did not think so, for after

meeting him one day with Laman Blanchard in Duncombe's shop in 1828, and becoming every year more familiar with him and with his work, he commissioned him to illustrate the well-known "Heads of the People," which the great journalist edited in the year 1840, and for which he had secured the co-operation of Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Samuel Lover, William Howitt, and other brilliant literary lights.

Henry Vizetelly, who was intimate with Meadows for a time, wrote to me but a few months before his death of his acquaintance with the artist. Kenny Meadows, he said (as I have recounted elsewhere), "was witty and epigrammatic in conversation. He was a singularly incorrect and feeble draughtsman, but abounded with clever and often highly poetic ideas. Like most of the members of the Mulberry and Shakespeare Clubs, he knew all the principal passages in Shakespeare by heart, long before he became an illustrator of the plays. Like many artists and literary men of the period, he was always in financial straits. Every sixpence that he earned he handed over to his wife, a quiet thrifty woman, sister of Archibald Henning, and she used



AUTOLYCUS.

(From the Original Pencil Sketch for "Shakespeare.")

to give him a small sum whenever he spent his evenings abroad in company with Macready, Laman Blanchard, John Forster, Jerrold, and others, at the Shakespeare Club. Meadows was a little man with a feeble frame, and much addicted to convivial society." He was, in fact, a boon companion,

generous, kind, and light-hearted, and a delightful *raconteur* when at the Club, and a jovial, rollicking Bohemian when he left it. "A sad Bohemian," writes Mr. Frith, "a jovial soul, loving company, and the refreshments that attend it, in which he



"SINGLE MEN MAY BE TAKEN."
(From "*Backgammon*.")

indulged in happy forgetfulness till 'all but he departed.'"

At this time Meadows was fifty-one years old, and, in spite of his conviviality and delicate physique, he was destined to live in fair health and undoubted happiness to the good old age of eighty-five. He was, therefore, not only the Nestor of *Punch's* staff, but of the comic draughtsmen he was by far the most distinguished and the most popular. "Meadows was essentially valuable to *Punch*," wrote his nephew, George Hodder, "for the thoughtfulness of his designs, which were intended to portray something more than a burlesque view of a current event



PLAYING FOR LOVE
(From "*The Book of Whist*.")

or a popular abuse." His delight when he made a hit was like a boy's who has gained a prize, and with pride he always claimed that his drawing of a butterfly at the mouth of a cannon, typifying peace

—published in *Punch* in February, 1844—inspired Landseer with the subject, or at least the symbolism, of his famous canvas entitled "Peace," in which, in the picture, the butterfly was replaced by a lamb. He was "general utility," not so much on *Punch* as on the illustrated press of the day, and nothing came amiss to him—grace, melodrama, farce, *Punch*, and Shakespeare in all his moods, he attacked them all indiscriminately. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether he showed any prevailing sense of humour with his pencil for all the reputation he bore, though his conversation was full of it; for his comic ideas on paper ran to fun and grotesqueness rather than to wit and humour, while his art made little pretence of being helped by the living model.

With Henning, Newman, Crowquill, Hine, Tomkins, Brine, and Leech, Meadows shared the early



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.
(From "*The Book of Whist*.")

duty of drawing *Punch's* cartoons, or "pencilings," as they were called. He cared less for actual politics than for symbolic treatment of subjects—such as his "Temperance Guy Fawkes," his Cruikshankian "Gin Drop" and "Water Drop," "The Irish Frankenstein" (for the Irish question was giving as much work to cartoonists in 1843 as a half a century later), and "The Bull and the Frog." But far better than this he enjoyed work of a more decorative type, in which grace and humour, as he understood them, might be imported. With the latter class may be ranked the wrapper he drew for *Punch*, retained throughout the fifth volume, and his illustrations alike to

Douglas Jerrold's "*Punch's* Letters to his Son," and "Complete Letter-Writer," which, reprinted in volume-form in 1843, so moved the admiration

Night's Dream, almost poetical in their realisation of the scenes of that immortal play;" while the labour as a whole evoked the loud admiration of the appreciative Timbs for Meadows' "poetic fancy and inventive faculty." It is interesting to note that the original designs for these drawings are still in existence, and are in the hands of his daughter.*

These drawings, which are distinctly original, and sometimes wonderful, undoubtedly constitute Meadows' *magnum opus*, comprising, as they did, more than a thousand drawings on wood and thirty-five etchings on steel. It is, perhaps, not unworthy of remark—in illustration of the earnest side



FROM THE ORIGINAL PENCIL SKETCH FOR "SHAKESPEARE" HEADPIECE.

of his friends and co-workers on *The Illustrated London News*. He contributed, too, a couple of large drawings to "*Punch's* Valentines"—"Young Loves to Sell" and "The Speculative Mamma"—and to the ordinary issues a great number of smaller cuts; but although he had, like Jerrold and others, become indebted to the publishers for pecuniary assistance in advance, he broke away in 1844. He straightway transferred his pencil to *The Great Gun*, which aspired to be *Punch's* rival, to the brilliant little *Man in the Moon*, a sharper thorn in *Punch's* side, and to many another paper besides; and in 1850 he was drawing for *Life*, the *Mirror of the Million*. Such was the demand for Meadows' work, for his comic views of life and character, conventional as they were, and for his poetic fancies, that he usually had several undertakings on hand at once, from the illustration of early works of Thackeray to "The Family Joe Miller" and "Corporation Characters."

But although the chief present value of Kenny Meadows' work is the light it sheds on the fashions, the life, and humours of his day—in spite of all the exaggeration, conventionality, and careless errors of his draughtsmanship—there is no doubt that the illustration of Shakespeare, to which he devoted his best abilities, was a work of considerable magnitude, the courage of the undertaking being almost justified by its success. This success was partly perhaps, but certainly not wholly, due to the fact that this was then the only complete illustrated edition of the National Poet. "He was a fellow of excellent fancy," says Mr. Frith, "quaintly humorous at times; seen, I think, at his best in his Shakespeare illustrations, which, in spite of some extravagance, are full of character, and, as in the *Midsummer*

of Mr. Punch's artistic staff (an earnestness which enters into the character of every true humourist)—that two other of his artists, William Harvey and Sir John Gilbert, have equally devoted their pencils to the task of picturing the works of Shakespeare; and that a fourth, Mr. J. Moyr Smith, has proceeded some way in the same direction. It is not



FROM THE ORIGINAL PENCIL SKETCH FOR "SHAKESPEARE."

necessary to do more than mention as "excursions into Shakespeare," the "comic illustrations" by Sir

* I learn that the owner is willing to part with them to any collector likely to value them.

John Tenniel and Charles Keene, and some others of the staff.

But though, had Meadows been of this present generation, with no better artistic education than he had, he would have taken lower rank as a comic



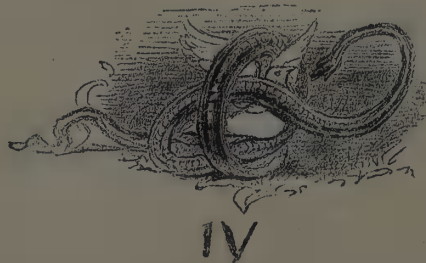
ROOK AND PIGEON.
(From a Pencil Sketch.)

draughtsman, he would yet assuredly, with proper study from "the life," have occupied a high position where grace and imagination were demanded—a section of the illustrator's art neither now, nor at any other time, too well filled. Indeed, his ambition when he first laid down the graver was to become a painter, and he studied the figure for some time with that object in view; and whether or not the quaint life-size portrait of Mr. Punch which meets the eyes of the thousands who daily perambulate Fleet Street is really from his hand—(for my own part I believe it to be by Charles Tomkins, member of the Society of British Artists)—there is no doubt that he executed at least one really clever picture, "The Lily and the Rose," which was engraved, and enjoyed a considerable measure of popular favour.

Yet so far as his fame will live, it will rest greatly—I had almost written entirely—on the value of his drawings upon the wood. He used to

say that he was aware of the unacademic quality of the draughtsmanship, which he excused by explaining that a too strict attention to Nature only trammelled him, and that he preferred to trust more to the thought expressed than to the drawn line—the reason, perhaps, that in a double sense his lines would sometimes fall in unpleasant places. The truth is, he was trammelled not only by Nature, but also a good deal by education, and still more by the engraver for whom he drew. Like many an artist first educated as a wood-engraver, he was often apt to be hard in line, and to insist a little too much on a sort of mechanical, forced simplicity in order to facilitate the labour of his reproducers, for whose work he felt a natural sympathy. Yet he need not have troubled himself for them, for such masters of the graver as W. J. Linton and Orrin Smith—who did him such splendid service in his "Chess" and "Backgammon" and other works—were quite capable of dealing with any drawing he could have sent them. But for this reason his finished work, refined though it was, lacked a good deal of Cruikshank's freedom and of Hablôt Browne's, and all the easy exuberance of Leech. This peculiarity belonged equally to Henning and a few others of his day—a school of which Kenny Meadows, who died in 1875, at the ripe age of eighty-five, was one of the last representatives. Before he ceased to work he saw not only the art of photography displace for ever the drawing on the block itself, but the dawn of that "process" through which the pen was destined almost wholly to supersede the pencil. An interest, if only a negative one, will therefore always attach to his technique; and even if his humour loses its hold upon us, his graceful and sometimes dramatic fancy, as displayed in his Shakespearean work, will certainly retain an enduring interest for a large and appreciative class.

A C T



SKETCH FOR A "SHAKESPEARE" TAILPIECE.



JENDRÁSSIK JENŐ

Budapest 1931

Magazine of Art.

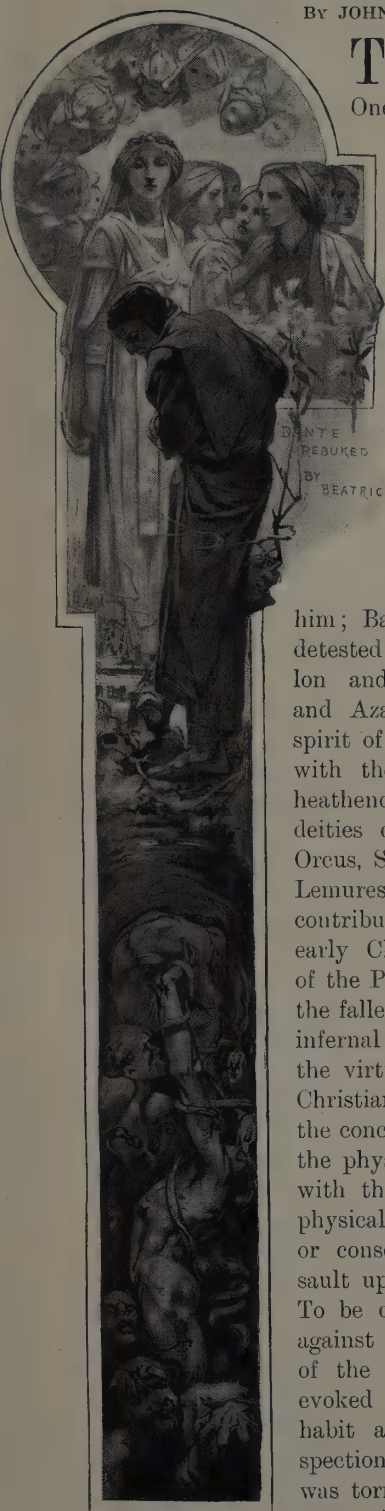
Copyright 1892 by Franz Hanfstaengl

Photo. Hanfstaengl.

On the Balcony.

THE "EVIL ONE" IN ART.—II.

BY JOHN LEYLAND. ILLUSTRATED BY ARCHIE MACGREGOR.



THE varied conceptions of the Evil One which had grown up in the old world of Judaism and Pagandom were the basis of those which shaped the sombre Satan of the new. The Judaic Satan, who was neither the son nor the brother of Ahri-man, but was shadowed to darker colours by contact with him; Baal and Moloch, the detested divinities of Babylon and the Ammonites; and Azazel, the enigmatic spirit of the wastes—these, with the rejected gods of heathendom, the immoral deities of Greece, and the Orcus, Stryges, Larves, and Lemures of the Latins, all contributed to build up the early Christian conception of the Prince of this World, the fallen archangel and his infernal kingdom. It was the virtue of Judaism and Christianity that they held the conception of evil above the physical plane. Satan, with them, never inflicted physical ill, save as a means or consequence of his assault upon the moral man. To be on watch and ward against the insidious toils of the Most Wicked One evoked in the Christian the habit and duty of introspection, and the disciple was torn in the conflict between the aspirations of his

animal being. To subdue the flesh became the work of asceticism, and men were now found, like Anthony, who fled to the desert to escape the fatal witchery of the world. Out of this conception of the Evil One and his minions grew the dim spirits which betrayed by the semblance of sanctity, the incubi and succubi of which haunted the night, and the beings that walked in darkness. Out of it, too, came ultimately the seducer who, by immoral pact, bartered, as to Faust, the full delights of the animal sense for the final possession of the soul.

Two aspects of the Evil One were chiefly to find expression in Christian art. They were Satan as the tempter of Christ, laying out the enticements of the world for the undoing of men, and as the triumphant demon who grappled with and tortured the souls of the damned. In neither aspect did the monarch of the "kingdom dolorous" rise often to the gloomy height of the conception. In my last article, indeed, I laid some stress upon the limitation of art which would forbid the painter to depict Lucifer

"Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,"

or, taking another example, vainly to trace that "tract oblique" with which he crept,

"As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail."

It was only rude archaic grotesqueness that could shape the first; to give material expression to such a poetic figure was impossible. Archaism, indeed, presented to the sculptor of wood and stone, the illuminator, and the glass-painter a wide field for the exercise of fantastic imagination in the creation of diabolic beings, and ultimately, by the hands of rude Northern artists mostly, led to the true grotesque. But, when grave subjects were seriously presented—as, for example, by early Italian artists—the horned, satyr-like devil answered ill to the conception. There are examples enough in the Campo Santo at Pisa of the early and serious representation of Satan and his minions which run perilously near the grotesque. There we may see how Giotto torments Job by the presence of half-human demons, long-eared, horned, hoofed, and winged; how Simone Memmi besets St. Renier with the strangest of bipeds; and how Pietro Laurati punishes St. Anthony by the assaults of beings from the nether world, who belabour him unmercifully with flails. Orcagna's "Last Judgment" in the Campo Santo possesses neither dignity nor just expression. The humanised Satan, who sits in the Inferno, peopled by demons, grasping the wicked in his hands, has

higher nature and the alluring snares of the sensuous world which aroused the passionate impulses of his

a pose and countenance that sanction even a jovial interpretation of his character. Very singular, again, is a demoniac fresco by Giunta Pisano (fl. 1210-50) in the upper church of St. Francis at Assisi, where Simon Magus is borne aloft by draped satyr-like demons. Not, certainly, without a shudder can we regard the "Last Judgment" which Fra Angelico painted for the Friars of the Angeli, now in the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Florence, wherein a horned devil, grotesquely human, stands up to his middle in a caldron, grasping souls, and consuming with his mouth one of the damned.

Between the archaic art of Cimabue, sweetened

Inferno with a myriad of writhing forms and demoniac shapes, human in character, sometimes hairy, with horns and satyr- or bird-like faces, a few of them headed like swine, or with the wings of bats and the legs of birds or beasts, in every posture that untrammelled imagination could devise. At length, reaching Dis (canto xxxiv.), where Lucifer rises breast-high from out the ice, in filthy hideousness, with three heads, vermilion, pallid yellow, and black, a strange task lay before Botticelli. Such a monster for art to give shape to, depicted by him with upturned nostrils, the teeth and tusks of the boar, long-eared, and with the wings of a vampire, half-skeletonised!

"With six eyes did he weep, and down three chins
Trickled the tear-drops and the bloody drivel.
At every mouth he with his teeth was crunching
A sinner, in the manner of a brake,
So that he three of them tormented thus.
To him in front the biting was as naught
Unto the clawing, for sometimes the spine
Utterly stripped of all the skin remained.
'That soul up there which has the greatest pain,'
The Master said, 'is Judas Iscariot;
With head inside, he plies his legs without.
Of the two others, who head downward are,
The one who hangs from the black jowl is Brutus;
See how he writhes himself and speaks no word,
And the other, who so stalwart seems, is Cassius.'"

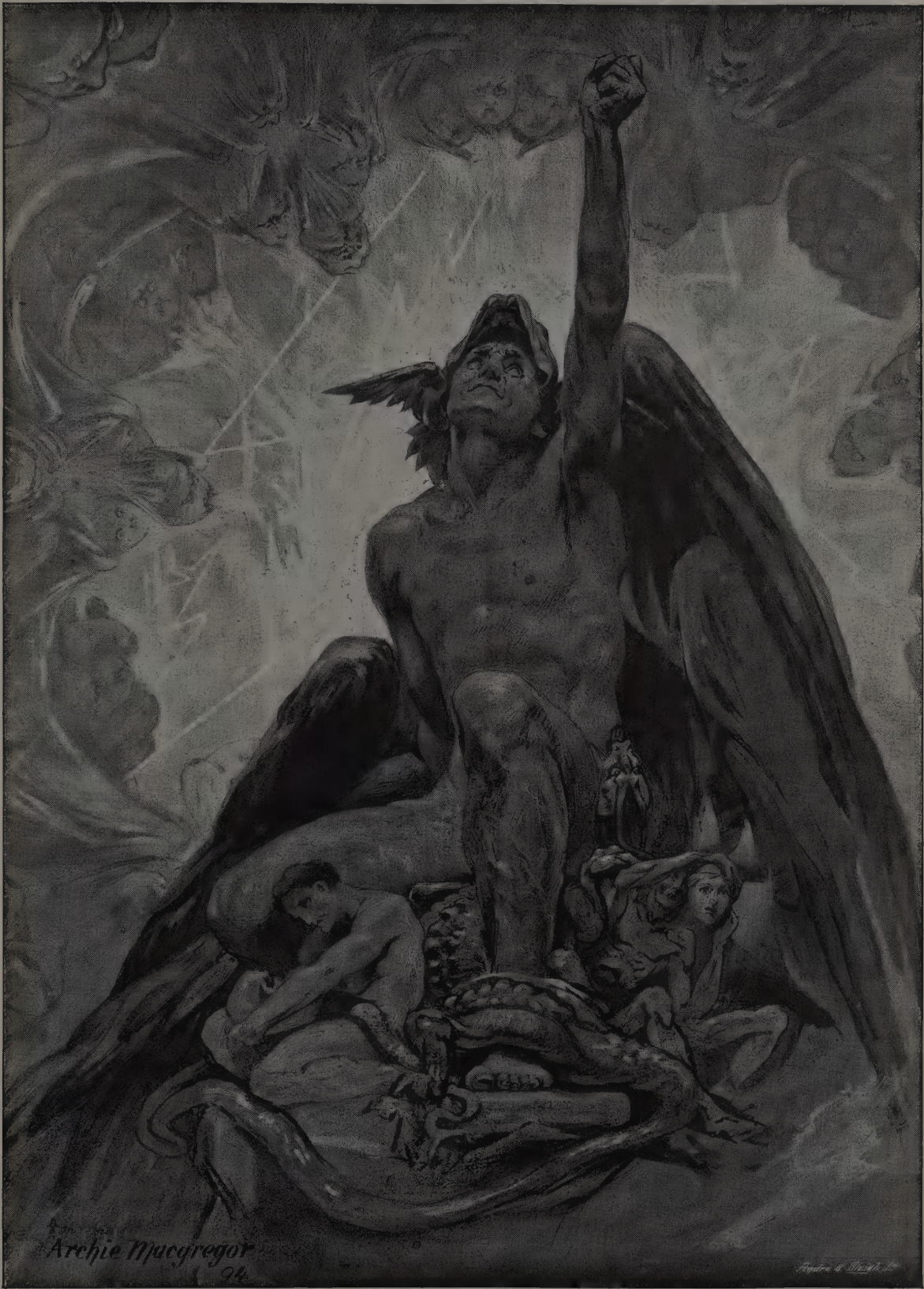
The horror of this terrible scene has been grappled by other artists—among them by Cornelius Galle, the Elder, a sixteenth-century Fleming, with strange grotesqueness, as I said in the last article, and by Gustave Doré in a sombre picture, wherein the brooding shape of Lucifer weirdly shadows us, scarce presenting those monstrous features in which only artistic grotesqueness could revel.

Italian art, as we have seen, was rich in diabolic features in the earlier stages of its development from archaism, and a host of other examples might have been described, extending even to later times, such as the extraordinary demons on the façade of the Duomo at Orvieto. But, with the advance of naturalism, the excursions of fantastic imagination into the realm of the grotesque were checked, and Italian literature presented some great and terrible pictures of the Evil One. One writer described him in such mighty and beautiful splendour that his radiance almost compelled the knee to bend, until suddenly the beholder, through the magic crystal of wisdom, saw him black, with flaming eyes and serpent hair, weighted down to the nether world by the gloomy greatness of his wings. The works of the master-spirits of the Italian prime present little of specialised character to the searcher after pictured diabolism. The Satan of Michelangelo and his contemporaries was generally a larger and darker man, with some small animal features, as of long ears or claw-like nails. Thus we may see him in the



SANCTUARY KNOCKER, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

by the gentler hand of Giotto, and the splendid prime of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Titian, lies a period of absorbing interest to the student. It was a period largely illumined by the intellectual influence of Dante; but that influence, though it breathed new earnestness into subsequent literature and awoke slumbering but imperishable ideas, did little to vivify or sway the expressions or developments of art, and contributed nothing to displace those beautiful scenes in the life of Our Lord and the Virgin which were the traditional subjects of painters. We turn, therefore, with interest to the Dante illustrations of Sandro Botticelli at the Vatican and in Berlin. Here an artist famous for exuberant fancy and facile drawing has peopled the



THE FALLEN ARCHANGEL.

"Last Judgment" of the great Florentine. Raphael has depicted him, in his "St. Michael Triumphant," with the claws of a beast, the horns of a ram, and wings neither bat-like nor of a bird, lying prone beneath the trampling of the archangel.

I shall not, in this article, deal with the fantastic, grinning, and misshapen monsters, those quaint and curious conceptions which give life to our mediæval architecture, look at us out of early stained glass, and people the pages of manuscripts and early printed books. The northern genius readily grasped the grotesque decorative and humorous possibilities of a fantastic demon and his imps, and, as I have suggested in my first article, art had something to do with the degradation of the conception of the Evil One that ensued. The devil became a rogue, a droll hobgoblin akin to the northern Loki, playing awkward tricks upon human kind—reddening the nose and cracking the lips of Abbot Richalmus—terrible, indeed, at times, but often deluded and befooled. There came a time when it was possible for St. Guthlac at Crowland, disturbed by a horrid howling without as of Britons coming to destroy him, to feel comfort in discovering that they were "only devils." In the pictorial art of Lower Germany and Flanders the devil generally took strange, fantastic, and often obscene forms. Martin Schongauer (1450-41), who worked at Colmar and Mülhausen, has an extraordinary "Descent into Limbo," in which Our Lord tramples upon a hideous and even filthy demon, while another, with long snout and spiny arms, grasps the broken door. The same artist drew a marvellous "St. Anthony Tormented," in which the saint, with placid countenance, is borne up and surrounded by gross creatures, who tear and beat him without mercy: some biped, one fish-like, two quadruped, with ragged spiny flesh, wings, and tails. A print of the "Temptation of Christ" remains from the hand of an unknown artist, "L. Cz.," who worked in Lower Germany about 1490,

which is still more extraordinary. Our Lord, a well-drawn figure, stands on the left, and opposite to Him the most hideous of all devils—grotesquely human in form, having a head half-bird, half-animal, with long ears and jagged horns, the breasts of a withered woman, the wings of a bat, thin, spiny legs, the claws of an exaggerated bird of prey, and hideous heads starting out from his obscene body. Lucas van Leyden, who drank deeply at the Italian fount, treated this theme differently. His Satan is a venerable, long-bearded man, but with little of benevolence in his countenance, habited as a monk, with a pointed cowl which has something of the effect of a horn, and eagle claws emerging from beneath his robe. Joachim Patinier treated the Temptation in a very similar manner, but in the aquiline nose and piercing eyes of his Satan devilry is expressed, and the hands as well as the feet have talons. In later times this precise method of picturing the Adversary has been seized by Overbeck for his Gospel illustration of the enemy sowing tares among the wheat. Thus the art of the Low Countries—though it produced much that was gross in its grotesqueness, and sometimes puerile in its conception, as might have been shown by the work of Jerome Bosch (van Aeken), Peter Breughel, and others—has given us a characteristic presentment of the Evil One. The last diabolic creature to which I need allude is Albert Dürer's "Knight, Death, and the Devil"—that plate which exercises its grim fascination, not so much because of the devil, swine-headed and horned, but because of the unrelenting step with which he stalks behind the panoplied knight, at whose heels rides inevitable Death.

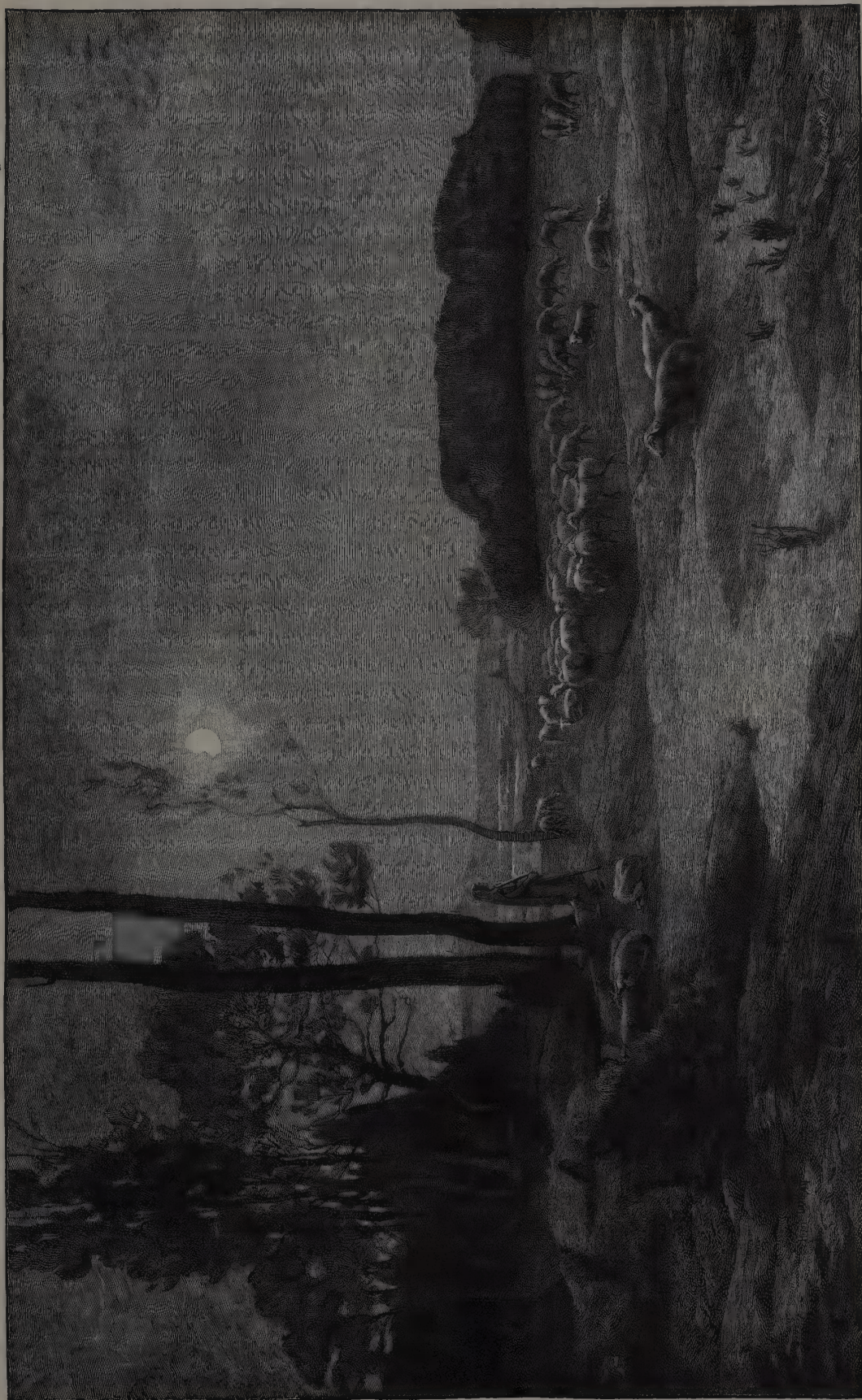
The survey made in these articles of the presentment of the Evil One in Art is in some ways disappointing; but we have seen that the direct anatomical and definite representation of the devil can rarely suggest to us the gloomy and awful greatness of the moral and poetical conception.

"SAINTE GENEVIÈVE DE PARIS."

By M. HENRI DUHEIM.

THE patron saint of Paris is a favourite subject with French painters, and there is scarcely an exhibition there of works in which there is not some representation of the virgin shepherdess. The painting by M. Duheim, engraved on the opposite page, is a poetical rendering of the pastoral life of the saint. On the skirts of a wood St. Geneviève is tending her flock, while silhouetted against the horizon stands Paris of the fifth century. To the left the hills

of Montmartre, on which to-day towers the great Convent of the Sacred Heart, and to the right Mont Saint Geneviève, now occupied by the Pantheon—built originally as the church dedicated to the saint; in the valley between lies the Seine-engirdled city. The picture is low in tone: the day is already gone. The painter has endeavoured to realise the loneliness and the solemnity of the night vigil of the shepherdess.



SAINTE GENEVIÈVE DE PARIS.
(From the Painting by Henri Dubéin. Engraved by Marguerite Jacob-Bazin.)

EXTERNAL COLOUR DECORATION OF BUILDINGS.

By HALSEY RICARDO.



NOT a long while since, the concerns on which I was engaged necessitated my being again in Italy; and, hearing—at Avignon—that my good friend, Sir Andrew Doria, was back from his expedition, I wrote to him to inquire whether his affairs would permit him to entertain me for a night at Genoa.

I received a hearty reply to my question, to the effect—amongst other courtesies—that he would not pardon me if I attempted to pass over into Italy without tasting of his hospitality. In consequence of this cordial invitation, I found myself one early morning, the eve of St. Michael's Day, before the gates of his residence.

The Admiral himself had gone to San Pier D'Areno to make the final arrangements for the launching of the *Carlo Magno*, which was to take place on the morrow, but had left word that he would be back before the midday meal. I was not displeased to have some small space of time to compose myself after my journey; and so, after looking at the new decorations in the entrance hall, I wandered out into the garden to await his return. In no great time I could observe his barge entering the port, and soon a fanfare of trumpets announced his landing. I found my friend in the plenitude of health and vigour, carrying his years with a firmer grace than I dare hope to do; and, after many salutations and inquiries, we sat down to our repast. I learnt that Sir Andrew, mindful of my interest in the divine art of architecture, was for carrying me outside the town to see the new street of palaces that Galeazzo Alessi was building.

I had known Alessi in the old times at Rome, before the evil days had come upon her, when he was one of the small band of attendants on that marvellous man, Michelangelo; and I was fain to be a bearer of some small recommendations to his divine master during my stay in that city.

However, when we arrived at the new street, we found on inquiry that Alessi was not at present amongst the workmen, but had gone off with a friend to the Carignano Hill to consider the site for the new temple proposed to be built there. As Alessi was already under engagement to spend the evening with us, we made no attempt to overtake him, but bent our steps towards the cathedral,

on the chance of picking up Perino del Vaga, who was at work on a fresco hard by. We arrived at a fortunate hour. Perino had finished, to the last detail, his fresco, and was standing in the square, watching the effect it made as, bit by bit, the scaffolding was being pulled down and the painting stood revealed. It so happened that, though I knew Perino's work, both at the Vatican and in Genoa, pretty familiarly, we had never till now met.

Sir Andrew would have it that he should walk home with us, to which he readily consented. Our talk ran entirely on the launching of the great ship, which was to take place next day, and about whose destination there was much shrewd conjecture, but no one durst talk openly. When we reached the Palazzo Doria, we found Alessi already there with his friend, who was no other than Sansovino, home for a short holiday, from Venice.

"What's this talk, Galeazzo, about your temple on the heights of Carignano?" said the admiral. "Signor Parodi, who is watching his house rise with the anxiety of a hen over ducklings, is full of admiration for your model, and says that it marks a new era in sublime architecture."

"Signor Parodi is too good," replied Alessi; "he confounds in my poor performances the will for the deed, and sees only the former. If the structure in the end embodies but a tenth part of what his enthusiasm prophesies for it, I shall die content." Turning to me, he said: "As for the reference to the new era, I should explain that my aim has been to follow in my master's steps and my master's master's—the learned Signor Bramante." Then, turning to Perino, he said: "I overheard a criticism from a worthy citizen upon your fresco, which was that if every noble took to painting histories and allegories on his house-front in our narrow streets, there'd be a sad plenty of stiff necks."

"Well, Galeazzo," said Perino, "you and I are always girding at each other on this topic; let us have it out. We shall not, I doubt, convince each other, but at least we shall have cleared our breasts and shown each other the worst that lies dormant there. You must know," said he, turning to me, "that I am engaged to paint three of the palaces he is building in the new street, and my friend has been so complaisant as to design his buildings expressly for this decoration."

"It may be very well to describe it in that way," retorted Alessi, "but the simple truth is, our friend here has got his hand firm in the paint-pot, and is burning to paint all Genoa from top

to toe, and has so bitten some of my patrons with this pernicious madness that, by their commands—as you must have observed—half the palaces in the new street are so many clothes-horses merely to hang his painted rags upon. All this distraction of colour and incident seems to me incompatible with the dignity of true architecture. I thought we had now learnt to put away childishness; to recognise how ignorant and unrestrained the work of our forefathers was; to recognise that, in spite of the charms of many delightful detached bits, their work was at heart barbarous. There was no one informing idea—no master-mind—beyond the necessary elemental concert. Each craftsman was allowed to go his own way, and, as there were various grades of excellence employed on any one building, there appeared, in consequence, no uniformity of excellence in the invention of the parts and in the way the work was done. Contrast for a moment the wayward licentiousness of such a building with the measured gravity of the Chancellor's Office in Rome! I would not call a building perfect unless at a glance you could comprehend the idea in the master's mind. Every proportion, every line, every shadow, should contribute to exemplify this idea, until the whole mass rang in lovely consonance of rhythm to the cadence of the mind creating it. Now these conditions are so subtle and so involved as to be almost unattainable even in chiaroscuro; and the element of colour (apart from that of the building material itself) seems, I must own, a quite unmanageable factor. I mean, of course, colour such as you are putting on that façade uncovered to-day."

"Dear Alessi," said Perino, "there must, to my thinking, be something wrong in an architecture of such delicacy that its equilibrium is upset by a painter's brush. At least, such architecture is too refined for daily wear. I can suppose that in the open, sunny squares of Rome, where the spectator can watch at his leisure and his ease, the shadows stealing over the many-hued travertine, the wonderful half-lights under the cornice, the mysterious darkness of the entrance-opening seen through the palpitating air, where each dust mote sparkles as it reflects, now the blue of the heavens, now the yellow of the Tiber, now the blinding white of the roadway. By-and-by will come a cloud shadow, flecking and dappling the front, tracing the quaint developments of its own form with shy, loving finger over each hollow and projection. Or, say, in a villa on our mountains here. Withdrawn from the fret of the hurried passers-by, bosomed in the soft grey velvet of the olive, with the rich green of the young vine, the dry green of the pine, and the rusty sables of the ilex and cypress, your house may look down the broad avenue and across the

wide lawn with the chaste dignity of pilaster and colonnade. But here—here, in our narrow streets, such harmonies of proportion, if they involve any sacrifices, are misspent."

"Not so," replied Alessi; "the vulgar and the thoughtless may not appreciate correct design and form; on the true connoisseur it is not lost."

"I cannot believe that our nobles rear their palaces to please only the connoisseurs," answered Perino. "I know that pride of power, pride of knowledge, and pride of wealth have all much to do in the forming of their façades—but I am sure the resolution of pleasing even the humble and ignorant is no mean ingredient as well. What say you, Sansovino—what do your adopted Venetians do in their streets?"

"I was a boy when I left Florence," said Sansovino, "and my memories centre round the Duomo. My recollection of the wealth of coloured marbles and blazing heraldry was sharpened by watching old Luke Robbia decorating the streets with his coloured ware, and Florence has lived in my mind like a cluster of onyx piers of varied hue. But in luxury and brilliance of colour it is but a spider's cobweb in comparison with Venice; and each time that I revisit Florence I wonder at first whether I have been debauched at Venice beyond recovery, or whether after the usual interval I shall settle down into my youthful appreciation of the Tuscan palette in architecture. I should have thought it very strange that Perino should hold it necessary to defend colour on the exterior of buildings but that Alessi's views as to the necessity of keeping architecture pure and scholarly have begun to penetrate Venice. They'll not get far, I fancy, for the Venetians are habituated to the use of colour in far greater completion than we others. They are architects in a wider sense than you, my good friends, are! You, my dear Galeazzo, are a sculptor at heart, and a sculptor always. When you design a house, what do you do? You take a large slate and some clay, and you pinch out a façade; and when that is fingered to your heart's content, you hand it over to a mason to realise."

"Of the choice or humouring of stones—of their wise shaping and distribution—you know scarcely anything: your design would be every whit as well if it could be puddled up in clay the real size and fired into terra-cotta on the spot."

"You, my dear Perino, you take a sheet of paper and paint a picture upon it, and hand that to the masons—and at least you have this excuse to urge, that your patrons, when they build their houses, being able to afford only to have the plinths and string-courses in marble, the rest must be made out in brickwork and stucco and painted somehow."

"I know these immense palaces can't be built of solid marble, and that stone here is virtually unprocurable—therefore they must be faced with brickwork or veneered; but your brick is a dull dog and gets duller as he gets dirtier. Is stucco the only alternative?"

"I will tell you what there is," said Alessi; "there is veneer of stone, plain and sculptured, veneer of brickwork and terra-cotta, plain and sculptured—of marble, inlaid as they use it in Florence—or as a kind of coarse mosaic, the way the Pisans and Lucnese apply it. Then there is mosaic of glass, marbles, and what-not—and there is your painted stucco, flat and modelled."

"In Venice we paint the marble too when there's carving," said Sansovino.

"And in England," I added, "we do the same; or rather, as we use marble but rarely, we paint the carved stonework; also many of our houses, being built of wood, have large smooth wood panels which we paint."

"In the affair at Tunis," said Sir Andrew, "we pillaged a good many infidel houses, and it was a very noticeable thing how they used coloured glazed tiles to line their houses and temples. All round Amalfi intercourse with these Saracens has led to the use and manufacture of tiles. The steeples and domes of Salerno and Naples are roofed with them, whilst in Spain, where the Moors were, the decoration by means of tiles is universal. Nor are they unknown here in Genoa."

"There was Andrew, of the Robbias," said Sansovino; "what a pride he used to take in his medallions on the Foundling Hospital in Florence! He was quite infatuated about children—of all the many hundred little heads that he must have modelled he could give a name to each—tell you each little urchin's history, out of what especial gutter he had picked the brat, and which kind of sugar-plum was its especial weakness. I stopped at Pistoja on my way here to see what his son John was doing on the Hospital there. Only a bit of the frieze was yet in place, but it is a stupendous work—much larger, much freer in scale, and more realistic in treatment than his father's or his grandfather's work. He was deep in many schemes for the improvement and wider range of his colour. He showed me a basin—got from the Levant—which was enough, he said, to make him put his brushes on the rubbish heap and sit down in despair!"

"Ah, ah!" said Alessi, "what you admire as breadth and realism of treatment seems to me misconception of the nature of the material and defiance of the principle of decoration. I think Brunelleschi's subordination of Robbia's work—keeping it strictly subordinate to and bound by the leading

lines of his architecture—is a far more correct treatment."

"I will not dispute about correctness," said Sir Andrew, "because I am not versed in the scholarship of architecture. The decoration to the façade may not be correct, as Alessi says, but it will be a most charming addition to the building and a pleasure to every interested spectator."

"Oh, if I could only make my frescoes imperishable!" said Perino. "You fellows don't know the joy in mere size—the liberality of the space over which you are going to travel. Even if my paintings out-of-doors only last a hundred years, I shall have had my delight. I shall be inches taller; my chest wider; each time I breathe I shall take a deeper inspiration of the glad air; my brain will be clearer; my touch broader . . . I shall have lived!"

"And there is your mistake, Perino," said Sir Andrew. "Had you taken a more confined system of decoration, as it faded it might be renewed. But—take my nephew's house, for instance, with its gay cavalcade of horses and horsemen riding round the top storey under the cornice; your gods and heroes in the tiers below—who is going to repaint them when they fade? Indoors, I doubt not, your paintings will stand immortal; but what chance out-of-doors have they of withstanding the corroding sea air that is eating into the marbles of San Lorenzo? And here is my quarrel with you artists: you are so afraid of being thought childish—of being small—of being fanciful.

"When I was a boy, my passion for the sea was as strong as it is now, and I was sent to my cousin at Venice to be apprenticed in the dockyards there, more than fifty years ago now. I never saw colour like that of Venice elsewhere. The houses were sheeted in marble and alabaster; there was carved marble in all manner of tossing and rampant heraldry, painted and gilt; there was mosaic of glass and mosaic of marble—and all this, as it were, in duplicated beauty; for the pavement, now emerald, now sapphire, reflected the glowing colours above with an added glory of its own, every now and then shivering and scattering its counterpart like a cascade of jewels as a puff of wind came down the *callé* and rippled the surface of the water. The owner could renew the paint and regild the carving to the marble of his house without fear of being detected in a solecism. But nowadays you are so learned and so refined that you are afraid to let another body touch your work: all those pretty toys of gold and inlay you dub goldsmiths' and jewellers' work, fit only to amuse children. You have banished them already from your pictures; you are going to banish them from our streets. Poor dear Raphael's 'Athens' at the Vatican is

as dry a piece of architecture as ever I saw. In my young time you painters could not make your architecture gay enough; and when I used to hint that in real life we didn't see such splendour of colour and gilding, I was answered that we had first to exhibit our ideals, and then the reality would soon follow of due course. If you painters had been less lavish of your luxury; if they had left their marble unsculptured and ungilt occasionally—if, in short, they had represented our buildings decorated in a humanly possible way—we should not in despair have turned from a style that declared itself to be costly beyond the means of princes."

"Sir Andrew," said Alessi, "there was more than the mere extravagancy of expense; there was the riot and extravagancy of taste that shocked all cultivated people. The prodigality of their invention reached insanity. I remember Charles Crivelli—Sir Charles, by the way, as he would have us to call him—on his visit to Rome from Naples, showing his pictures to the bigwigs there. They were just the conceptions of a jeweller intoxicated with the delight of his materials. Every ornament was gilt or inlaid, everything was of marble or precious stones; and, as if that was not enough, there were carpets hanging from every balcony, peacocks strutting on the pantiles, and festoons of peaches, apples, pomegranates, and gourds dangling from every projection. In all this mass of oppressive detail the subject of the picture became quite subordinate—in some cases it was of so little importance as to be scarcely discoverable."

"And yet," said Sansovino, "when we deck our city for a *festa*, is not that just the effect we aim at? At Venice peacocks, I grant you, are rare, but there are some brilliant cockatoos. Besides carpets, we hang out flags, and our garlands of flowers and fruits are quite as sumptuous, if not so lasting, as Sir Charles's. And why do we do this? Because we think the city looks her best garnished in this fashion. We can't have our ideals in solid materials in permanence, but we can gladden our hearts by reaching them occasionally in temporary fashion, and by picture and by fresco we can record for ourselves and posterity our conception of what is supreme in civic architecture."

"Alessi," said Perino, "do you not care to delight the humble and ignorant as well as the doctors in your architecture? Are you going to wrap yourself up in the proud seclusion of your frozen music, with no charity for the multitude that throng our streets? I ask not this charity for the dweller outside our walls—he has Nature's canvas spread for him—but here in our town we have driven Nature from our paths. Between our streets is a narrow riband of blue sky; on our shop-

counters is the rich display of herbs and fruits and the scaly glitter of fish. For the rest, whatever there is of interest or colour in our streets must be of our own making. Where should we be without the coloured heraldry on our walls, without the sumptuous dresses in our streets, the brilliant banners on our flagstuffs and on the shipping—nay, the very washing fluttering on the clothes-lines across the streets over our heads? You attack my frescoes because they are pictures, and because their technical qualities will require exceptional skill when they come to be retouched. So far, it is true, they have been pictures that I've painted; but then you must remember that each building stands with quite a good-sized square of open space in front of it, so that the spectator views the façade from some way off, and can take in the composition at a glance. Were I painting in a street, I should do differently. There I should attempt no picture—possibly, not even single figures——"

"You've got winged terminals," broke in Alessi, "in Count Cambiaso's palace already modelled in the stucco, and I understand that there's to be a range of trophies and garlands as well."

"Yes, but of so simple a kind," rejoined Perino, "that they count for little more than pilasters and bosses, whilst they are far more convenient to treat in colour. As I was saying, in our streets I should use large fields of colour, gradated by some simple pattern such as chequers or trellised foliage, so that I may command variety and harmony of colour; nor would I be careful to have each space designed for itself, but would rather the windows and the other openings entered upon the field as they chose, and without consideration of the decoration. And so I would meet Sir Andrew's second objection—that when the frescoes fade they cannot be renewed except by greater skill than we are likely in the future to command. But who knows? The art of fresco painting is young; it marches with great strides—one need only recall the Sistine Chapel to see that—there's no dearth of young painters to take our places and improve our works. Were Orcagna's frescoes in Santa Maria Novella to require retouching, is there a painter in Florence but what could repair the damage, and even improve upon the original? But take my broad fields of chequer pattern—your house-painter and his lads would set the sea, the air, and the storm at defiance, and for a ducat or two you could keep your palace in the unimpaired vigour of its first brilliancy. But is it so sure that our frescoes will fade? The Venetians do not seem to hold that opinion, and they are even more on the sea than we are. Sansovino tells me that stout George Barbarelli has made the most splendid effect on the palace in the

German quarter, and that Titian, in rivalry, is painting the palace on the other side of the Rialto bridge. They have had frescoed walls long enough done there to make them feel quite confident in their permanence, before they would suffer young George to spend his marvellous genius upon them. As we had to admit—we can't build here in marbles. Since Nature has begrudged us her palette, let us proceed with the paint-pot."

"Mosaic and faïence," I said, after the pause that followed Perino's outburst, "stand in the same category as marble here, I suppose—unavailable on the score of expense."

"After all," put in Alessi, smiling, "the paint-pot is certainly the cheapest, and perhaps the most harmless of the modes of colour decoration."

"Well, Alessi," said I, "I am for colour in our streets at any price—for the paint-pot if need be, but rather as a last resource. Let us try and develop the colours of our building materials—let us have our palette permanent if by good effort we can. And what is your difficulty? Not from want of material. Why do you not work in mosaic, Perino, and give us a front like the ones to the Pope's Basilica in Rome; or in faïence, as the Moors and Saracens do? Because you will paint pictures instead of designing decoration, and these materials do not lend themselves to pictures. Why do you not use coloured diapers of tiles, Alessi, or broad masses of mosaic and the beautiful harmonies of marbles and stones? Because at heart you care nothing for colour, and despise it. In my country, where our streets are grim because our architecture is savage and our building materials sombre, your doctrine of the refusal of colour has begun to show its head, and to formulate that strangest of all strange dogmas, that in the twilight of England we may not use the wealth of colour permissible in the sunshine of Italy! Why, the very contrary is the truth! What are the conditions under which Nature flaunts her fullest tints? What are your dry, dusty hills, with the grey bloom of olives and the black green of pines, to the lush green of our meadows and the many-tinted verdure of our woods! Your famed blue sky is blue because contrasted with the dusty black of the ilex or the silver grey of the olive. Would it look so blue from beneath our beeches? Sunlight blanches colour. Your Umbrian and Venetian painters know this well. Recall the pictures of Vanucci or of Bellini—what hour of the day do they choose to call out the strongest colours on their palette? When is the glory of our colour most seen? I will tell you.

"It is spring, and the long May day draws to its close; the daffodil sky in the west, where half an hour ago the sun sank down, is barred by purple

clouds, and the still air, charged with moisture—for it has only just stopped raining—hangs trembling like a veil of some finer element than water and more translucent than air. Amid the sparkle of the raindrops on its blades, and from out the intense blue shadows, burns the green glory of the grass. It is more than colour, it is more than jewellery, it is more than enamel. Even stained glass falls short of the strength and the fire and the multiple harmonies of the many shades of green. The evening anthem of the birds forms part of it, and their chorale completes the music of its beauty. Around it are the fringes of copse, their green flecked and wreathed with the snow-garlands of hawthorn blossom, and behind stand the tall sentinel trees, their sturdy boles transparent in the evening light, their foliage a shimmering mass of gold and green and bronze. Beyond and between the pillars of their stems—clear cut out of pure amethyst against the yellow sky—is the far-off range of hills, whilst waywardly and slowly flickers down a white petal from the apple-tree near at hand—that creamy splendour with the mantling blush—where the chaffinch has built her wondrous nest, and on whose boughs the nightingale pours out his flood of rapture. Or shall we take our scene on an October day; translate the green of our trees into russet and scarlet and gold; hang globes of flame-colour and copper on the apple-tree? The sum of beauty will be no less.

"Why, we can bear thrice as much depth and intensity of colour as ever you need tinge your houses with, if it is to depend upon the relative brilliancy of your light and ours! Nay, more—the less light there is in our streets, the more we desire the comfort and protection of colour. We want our streets warmed and clothed, upholstered and furnished with colour.

"Few of us can pronounce on the architectural excellences or demerits of our streets, but most of us feel that ache of heart, that home-sickness and dim longing for something that shall mitigate the grim rigour of the sullen splendour that scowls down upon us as we go our ways through the dark labyrinth of our town. . . ."

"Well," said Sir Andrew, "my good friends all, I am an old man, and to-morrow morning the ceremony begins at sunrise; and when our ship is safely launched my master, the Emperor, will expect his report of the affair. If you"—turning to the three artists—"have a mind to see the function, there are places in my barge at your service; but punctuality, as you know, is my foible. You," said he, addressing me, "I know, are bound to-morrow for Rome. On high matters we may not talk, but there are many messages that you may carry for me to my friends

there—to one of which I know Galeazzo will be ready to subscribe. We hear that, now Anthony San Gallo is dead, the works of the new Basilica are to be put into Michelangelo's hands, and you must bear him our congratulations. His is a great age for so vast a work; and whilst we all rejoice that the building is entrusted to his genius, we all hope that the labour may not prove too much for his strength, and that his life may be prolonged to enable him to see the completion of his design."

There was a little silence after this, and then our company dispersed, promising to meet each other next morning in the Admiral's barge. I made my excuses that I could not attend (for my business with Cardinal Pole admitted of no delay), and, after many courteous salutations from my host, I retired.

Our ramble through the town and the discussion thereon had made me tired, and I had scarcely undressed myself and laid my head upon the pillow, when . . . I awoke!

THE PEYRE COLLECTION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

IT is by no means easy now to find a large collection of Mediæval and Renaissance woodwork and ironwork which has not been restored to such an extent that its artistic and educational value is very greatly diminished. Such, however, is not the case with the large selection recently acquired by the South Kensington Museum from the collections

of M. Emile Peyre, who has been engaged for many years in gathering together what may probably be called the most important private collection of woodwork, ironwork, and architectural details existing at the present time. The South Kensington Museum has not hitherto been rich in fine specimens of the earlier periods of French wood carving, but that want

has now been supplied by the important examples on view in the temporary iron building in the quadrangle of the Museum. It is always an extremely interesting study to be able to trace the development of a handicraft from its early attempts through the best periods to its decay by means of actual examples. In this collection there are specimens of woodwork ranging from the thirteenth century to the eighteenth century. One of the oldest examples is a coffer of the second half of the thirteenth century, very roughly hewn from oak, and strengthened by iron bands and scrolls resembling the ironwork which was formerly on the slype door of St. Alban's Cathedral, but which is now shown in the ironwork gallery of the Museum. To the next century belongs a smaller coffer, carved in front with two knights tilting in a tournament. Its French character is clearly seen in the resemblance of the warriors to those carved so delicately on the backs of the ivory mirror cases. An extremely graceful statue of the Virgin with the Infant Saviour on her arm is of the same century, and has ample remains of the beautiful tempera colours used in the decoration. There are many examples of carvings of the close of the fifteenth century with Gothic tracery, showing infinite skill in the variety of design. A large coffer of walnut-wood should especially be noticed, as well as a little cabinet with the remains of a group of St.



OAK DOOR: "LABOURS OF HERCULES" IN LUNETTE.



CARVED "ROOD," WITH THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN.

Michael slaying the dragon. There are two specimens of the rood or crucifix from rood screens in this collection, one being remarkably complete with the statues of the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist. The transition from the ogival style to the Renaissance is very well represented. A little gilt retable is composed of niches with canopies, having curved instead of pointed arches. Two little tables are supported on classical columns, but between them at the top is open work decoration, reminding the student of the tracery of an earlier period.

A very heavy door of oak belongs to this time, and is boldly carved with an amusing subject of a youth who has apparently been stealing plates and hiding them in his garments. The owner has caught

him, and is about to administer a sound thrashing. The largest specimens in the collection are two portions from a rood screen, which would cover the staircases; they are carved with panels of Gothic tracery and floral ornament, including vines, hops, and thistles. To the earlier years of the sixteenth century may be assigned three chimneypieces, hewn out of huge logs of oak and walnut, and covered with a rough but bold carving.

The collection is exceedingly rich in wood carving executed during the reign of François I., who invited many Italian craftsmen to cross the frontier and work for him. Although the designs are very Italian, yet there is a something in the execution which points to a French origin. A beautiful example is a piece of oak arcading with its floral ornament carved in relief within arches which betray a feeling of the swiftly passing Gothic. Another specimen is a portion of a screen with slender columns carved with Renaissance designs. To the



OAK SCREEN (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

same reign belongs an oak door with a lunette above, carved with the Labours of Hercules, and a delicate scrollwork frieze beneath. A cabinet in walnut-wood is attributed to the reign of Henri II., and is carved with lions' masks; it has a curious arrangement for concealing the keyhole. The next period, classified as that of Henri IV., includes many specimens; amongst them is a walnut cabinet elaborately carved. There are also two large portions of the front of a singing gallery with open work panels, two of which are ornamented with devices resembling the letter H.

The finest examples of work of the end of the sixteenth century are four corbels, said to come from Troyes; they are carved in a very spirited manner with mythological subjects, and are interesting to wood carvers, since they show the tool marks, which were not cleaned up as the intention was to paint them. Traces of the original colouring may still be seen.

A case is full of small figures, some very delightful in their naïveté. The top of a standard in the form of a boat containing St. Ursula of Cologne and her maidens has been painted and gilt, and is almost Italian in the delicacy of execution. A beautiful little figure is the Magdalene at the tomb, overcome with grief at the loss of her Lord.

In another case is a very charming box, carved in the most skilful way with scrolls and medallions containing heads; it comes from the district of Auvergne.

The large collection of Gothic and Renaissance locks, knockers, keys, and bolts will form a most valuable addition. Many of the locks of this time were decorated with tracery and buttresses; some have niches for little figures of saints. Amongst them is a large lock wrought in an inscription in honour of the Virgin.

A. B. S.



CARVING FROM DOOR. (See p. 317.)



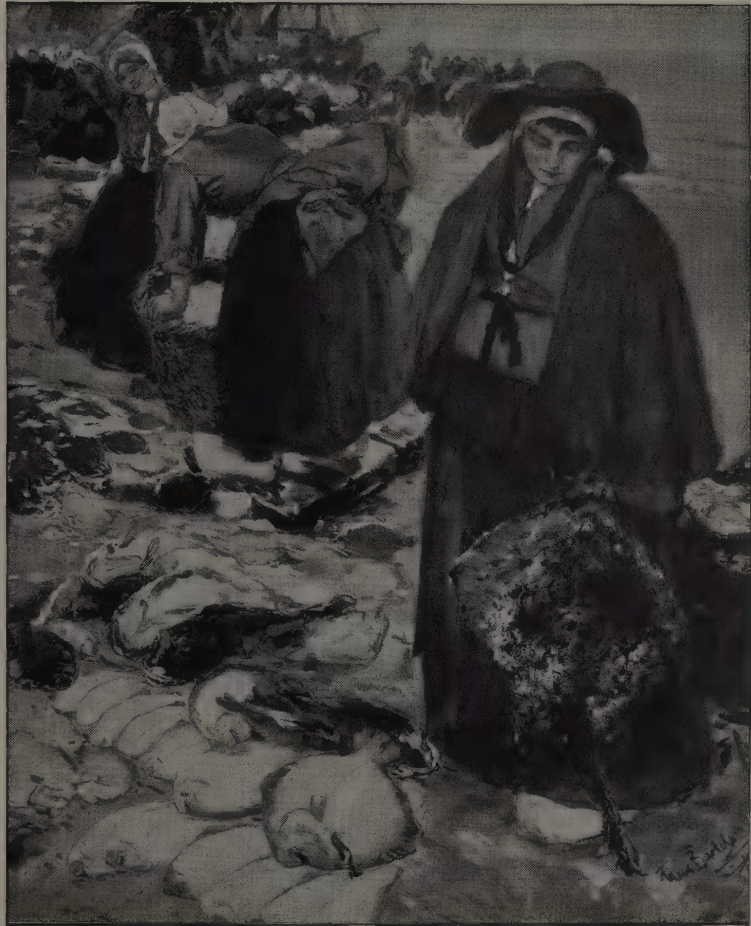
WALNUT GOTHIC COFFER.

CURRENT ART.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

SINCE the Institute, on the change from its old quarters in Pall Mall, inaugurated the broadly liberal policy of admitting the works of outsiders to the exhibitions it has followed as a matter of course that the periodical collections have been larger and more miscellaneous in character. But the wisdom of the members in this proceeding scarcely admits of question, as variety is almost as much an element of success in an exhibition as the average merit of the works. It is also rather wearisome—sometimes saddening—year after year to see only pictures from the same artists, and that especially when bright talent has faded and the hand has lost its cunning. Popular feeling in the present time is opposed to close corporations, and societies act in accordance with it when they admit as far as may be the idea of open competition. This at any rate has been the view of the Institute, with an ever-increasing popularity that loses nothing in its present exhibition. Sir James D. Linton's "Katherine and Petruchio" is an apt and forcible reading of the characters. Mr. E. M. Wimperis helps the exhibition with a number of drawings noticeable for bright, effective touch and observant imitation of nature; and Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., who paints portraits of children with uniform and sometimes very brilliant success, has a fascinating example in "Leslie, son of Mr. W. Newall." The child's face is a sweet realisation of character; and the scheme of colour in the drawing, full of tender tones and tints, is refined in conception and admirably suited to the subject. An artist calling for attention as an able exponent of domestic genre is Mr. Carlton A. Smith, whose group, "The Mother," is one of the leading works of the West Gallery; it is full of the sweet sentiment of maternity, and the design is skilfully artistic in treatment, and every detail is carefully and thoroughly worked out. His remaining contribution, "The Magpie," is not less charming.

Mr. Yeend King sends several drawings of quality, among which may be mentioned "The Laundry Maid," a landscape with cottages, foot-bridge, stream, and a lass with a bundle of clothes. The South of France, which is now the adopted



A FISH SALE ON THE DUTCH COAST.

(By Professor Hans von Bartels. At the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.)

home of Mr. Bernard Evans during many months in the year, furnishes scenes for many of his more recent works. He is represented by two large drawings, "A December Afternoon—Cannes and the Esterels from Californie," and "St. Cezaire, near Cannes." The latter drawing, which is perhaps the better of the two, shows us the power possessed by Mr. Evans of depicting the subtle gradations met with in foliage, giving to each mass its proper place and distance. The principal contribution of Mr. James Orrock is a group of fishermen among their boats, "On Worthing Beach," a well-designed, boldly-drawn work.

Among foreign contributors Mme. Ronner, as usual, sends studies of cats, her kittens at play, "Give us Joy," being of its class excellent; and we have from the hand of the Munich master, Professor Hans von Bartels, a very fine work indeed in his "Fish Sale on the Dutch Coast." Mr. Edgar Bundy, from whom one is wont to expect something of marked ability, hardly does himself justice on this occasion. His two naked lads in a wood, playing with horse-chestnuts the old-fashioned school-game of



A SWEET OLD LEGEND.

(From the Painting by T. Windsor Fry, R.B.A. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.)

"Conquerors," is indifferent in the flesh-colouring and exaggerated in the drawing. The background is, however, delightful. Mr. F. G. Cotman strengthens the collection with more than one good drawing, and among them may be noticed "The Setting Sun," in which the architectural beauty of Wells Cathedral has appropriate setting in the golden glory of departing day. Painted with infinite care, sentiment, and sweetness is Mr. Walter Langley's cottage interior, to which he gives the title



CHILDREN BATHING.

(By H. Caffieri. At the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.)

"Once upon a Time." Mr. John Fulleylove sends a marvellously accurate and beautiful drawing of the façade of "The British Museum;" and Mr. J. Haynes-Williams contributes one of his popular female figures in "Waiting." There is something attractive in Mr. H. Caffieri's "Children Bathing," the little ones disporting themselves in merry mood in the clear waters, and the bright sunshine giving charm to a happily-conceived group.

Among the lady artists Miss A. M. Youngman asserts her right to premier position among the flower-painters on this occasion with her mass of blossom in pots and baskets, "An English Winter." The extremely minute drawings, "Butterflies" and "Shells," by Miss Kate M. Whitley, are quite marvellous in the technique of art; clever little landscapes are "Red Roofs at Winchelsea," some roadside cottages, by Miss Amy Scott, and "Pennance Wood, Falmouth," by Miss Beatrice E. Parsons; and "Water-Carriers—Cairo" is a group of Arabs at the gate of the city, by Mrs. M. Murray-Cookesley.

M. P. J.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

If a first glance at the pictures in the Suffolk Street Galleries is disappointing, the visitor taking the trouble to examine the collection carefully can scarcely feel that his time has been wasted. Interest certainly does not centre in many of the larger and more conspicuously placed canvases—but it is rather in some of the smaller works we find evidence of thoughtful motive and skilled workmanship. Mr. Wyke Bayliss suggests familiar ideas of solemnity and grandeur in his "Interior of Milan Cathedral."

One of the best landscapes in the collection is "Limburg-on-Lahn," by Mr. W. H. J. Boot, who has found in the romantically situated castle, cathedral, and other buildings perched on a huge rock, rising abruptly from the river, an admirable subject for his pencil. The *motif* of his picture is the great mysterious mass in shadow against the bright sunlit plain beyond, whilst the river winds like a silver thread throughout the scene. That facile draughtsman, Mr. George C. Haité, in "The Harvest Moon," has a study full of sentiment, and Mr. W. Follen Bishop one of his favourite Burnham Beeches views, "Between the Winter and the Spring," a scene in the woods with figures of a woodman and children. Another example of English scenery, truthfully and skilfully painted, is "The Calves' Breakfast," by Mr. G. Hillyard Swinstead. Mr. E. A. Fellowes Prynn

ventures on the almost obsolete art of allegorical design in "Twixt Memory and Hope," a venerable pilgrim, painfully making his way through the thorns and briars of life, helped forward by a winged figure of Hope, whilst Memory lightly holds him by his girdle. Such a subject may not be generally popular, but it at least exhibits much



THE MAGPIE.

(By Carlton A. Smith. At the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.)

careful thought and executive skill in working out the details. The cattle-dealers with their cows and horses on a moor, "A Question of Price," by Mr. Charles Collins, is in all respects excellent, well composed, drawn, and painted. Mr. Albert Kinsley's "Golden Glow of the Dying Year" is a fine view of the Hunting Tower Wood in Perthshire. There is also a sweet silvery-tinted drawing, "A Pearly Morning," by Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram; a gem-like little picture, "March Mists," by Mr. Yeend King; "Midnight," by Mr. J. Noble Barlow; and a powerfully, broadly-treated landscape, "A Royal Forest," by Mr. Alfred de Bréanski.

M. P. J.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

This year's exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers does not reveal a novel genius—shows no new inevitable successor of Méryon and Jacquemart, or of the great Englishmen—but it is not at all a disheartening exhibition for all that, and is far from being a discreditable one; for even

this it will be impossible, probably, to avoid referring incidentally to certain individual achievements which have a claim to be memorable.

Mr. Frank Short—busy with his remarkable tasks of translation, which have no place in this gallery—exhibits nothing whatever; and Mr. Strang, a master of technique, enamoured of the grotesque,

and yet whose imagination is opulent enough to be unconfinèd to the grotesque alone, exhibits very little; for a show of his own held in another gallery, and, to boot, much preoccupation with the work of illustrating books with weirdness and with power, have prevented his preparing for the Painter-Etchers anything approaching to his usual number of coppers. But Mr. Watson is here with perhaps the customary number of carefully-wrought plates; one or two of them strangely and freshly Whistlerian in their inspiration—as if he had laid to heart the suggestion that it is possible in Etching to be a little too posi-



KING'S LYNN FROM A DISTANCE.

(From the Etching by Oliver Hall. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.)

where nothing is exciting, a good technical level is maintained, and we are to congratulate the Painter-Etchers (influenced, let us hope, to some extent by the literature of the subject as well as by the now familiar examples of excellent performance) upon the wider diffusion of correct and masculine conceptions of Etching's legitimate function. Certainly the etching that aped some other art and made no effort to secure an etching's proper and characteristic virtues, is less and less in evidence. More and more is it getting to be recognised that the ideal etching—whether it does but suggest a little, or whether it realises much—must be endowed with easy vigour and with learned economy.

To speak in any great detail—in a short notice—of individual works would be a mistake. Rather will it be well to point out the relative position, as against last year, or as against several years since, of some of the more considerable men, and in doing

tive, a little too uncompromising. Even where his vision does not abound in individuality, his craftsmanship is never at fault. Free as some rare dry-point of Geddes is Miss Bolingbroke's admirable sketch of birds upon the wing near the outbuildings of a lonely farm, and there is at least one other lady contributor—a contributor of aquatint—who in inviting judgment does not need to sue for grace; has no occasion to remind us of what it seems now only old-fashioned to speak of as her sex's claim for indulgence and a charitable verdict. The most important of Mr. Cameron's pieces—not the engaging if elaborate *pastiche* of a young Italian woman—has extraordinary solidity, strength of light and shadow, weirdness, forcibleness, one may almost say permanence of impression. Mr. Axel Haig is full of amazingly clever, even if rather too detailed, execution in his great belfry scene; while in a smaller piece he works with a more orthodox reticence, and

so certainly frees himself, as he has freed himself before, from the charge that he is concerned wholly with the elaborate presentation of the obvious.

It is now pretty generally recognised that the prints of Colonel Robert Goff have no business whatever to be associated with the production of the amateur. He lacks neither a well-digested knowledge of what is good in Art, nor persistence of effort, nor wisdom in choice, nor abundance in achievement. His "Water of Leith" is a subject of immense difficulty, manfully grappled with. The mere objects in "Lucerne" are supposed to be so picturesque that there is there less opportunity than usual for the addition of the art of the artist. The plate, therefore, would never be a favourite one of mine. But "Aix les Bains"—the view is on the route to Marlioz, with healing waters of its own—is assuredly characteristic and attractive; and in "Low Tide: Mouth of the Hampshire Avon," the etcher is seen absolutely at his best—the quiet water, the great reach of muddy shore with the low fences, and the line of short fir-trees, a dark screen against the sky. Mr. Oliver Hall—not perhaps always so great in composition, though even here he is rarely astray—has in execution, it

"Whom the gods love die young" being only another way of saying that those whom the gods love at all, and endow with gifts, do not tire and age and deaden, like mediocrity and the commonplace. A whole array of M. Legros's works is here: from the impressive "Coup de Foudre," which may take its place by "L'Incendie"—if not to "La Mort et le Bûcheron"—to the simplest vision of a humble countryside. Legros has his deficiencies, but what deficiencies might not be readily pardoned in presence of dignity of style, of austerity of treatment, of imaginative tenderness! Legros is always an artist on a high plane. In this magazine and elsewhere I have drawn attention more than once to Mr. Holroyd's claims to thoughtful study. Let also a word be said here in recognition of the grace and it may be the increasing truth of Mr. Jacomb-Hood. And let the page be closed with sympathetic and appreciative reference to the light yet lasting charm of a Frenchman whom Mr. Jacomb-Hood himself—who much appreciates him—all too timidly expounded: the inheritor to-day of no small portion of the instant truth and justified fascination of Watteau. Paul Helleu is a recognised master of the themes with which it pleases him to deal—modern dress, the



CIGARETTE.

(From the Etching by P. Helleu. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.)

may be, sometimes, even a freer and lighter hand than Colonel Goff. He is a young man, always charming, and always suggesting the possible performance of some yet finer artistic deed.

Legros is not "a young man," except that he has the youth of genius, and so is loved by the gods:

turn of a well-laced figure, the tumble of dark hair, the delicate indicative movement of fair and nervous hands—all this, and sentiment besides, expressed exquisitely, but not so much the sentiment evoked by a dramatic event as the sentiment roused by the beauty of that which is a part of a delightful nature. F. W.

CORPORATION PLATE.

BY FREDERICK G. STEPHENS.

EXCEPT the "College and Corporation Plate" which Mr. W. J. Cripps—a capital authority in respect to gold and silver smithery, its history, anecdotes, and hall-marks—compiled for "South Kensington" as a handbook to the reproductions of silver plate which the national museum contains, no work like that before me,* treating the subject historically and at large, has been published in this country or elsewhere. Mr. Cripps's book does not, of course, aim at or even approximate the far higher and more nearly exhaustive standard of these noble volumes; but it is, some minor defects and deficiencies apart, an excellent sketch of the history of the silversmith's craft as it has been practised in England.

Accordingly the tyro, even before he studies the admirable "Introduction" to the greater work, cannot do better than read Mr. Cripps's handbook. The more advanced antiquary may dispense with this task and proceed at once to the Introduction. Apart from this, however, no one should think it possible to profit fully by the new work unless he not only reads but thoroughly masters those preliminary remarks for which the archaeological world is mainly indebted to the accomplished Assistant Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, whose name is the second on the title-page of this book. To the late Mr.

Ll. Jewitt the inception of some such work as this is due; he collected a mass of materials for that compilation which Death did not allow him to

* "The Corporation Plate and Insignia of Office of the Cities and Towns of England and Wales." By the late Ll. Jewitt and W. H. St. J. Hope. Two volumes, illustrated. (Bemrose and Son.)

complete. Mr. Hope revised his forerunner's labours, greatly enlarged his collections, and arranged the whole in sections, each dealing with a separate county, its cities and towns being treated severally in alphabetical order. When the plate and insignia are of peculiar interest and importance, engravings of these articles accompany the text.

It will be seen at once that while this admirably systematic method of arrangement must needs result in producing a first-rate book of reference to the relics, their functions, histories, and associations, of great use as concerns the handicrafts to which we owe those articles, it can hardly serve the student's turn who is seeking knowledge of design and the development of silversmithery from the days of the Plantagenets to those of Queen Victoria. On this account I have specially referred to the serviceableness of Mr. Cripps's handbook and the Introduction of Mr. Hope. There is still room therefore, notwithstanding Messrs. Bemrose's handsome publication, for a good, studious, and researchful text upon decorative toreutic design in the precious metals as reigned in England during many centuries. This larger view of his subject may be commended to Mr. Hope, that excellent and careful antiquary whose studies for this book must needs have furnished him with a prodigious



HEAD OF A NORWICH CRYSTAL MACE.

mass of materials of the utmost value in respect to the task to which we invite him.

As to modern civic plate, it was hardly to be expected that the authors would have time sufficient for including those portentous seals with which the innumerable "Councils" that recent legislation

has created have provided themselves. As to ancient armorials borne upon seals, Mr. Hope has—while referring to the so-called “dagger” in the escutcheon of the City of London, the uses of civic insignia, and the dignity of civic functionaries—not forgotten that that ancient labour-leader, Mr. John Cade, actually appointed to himself a Carver and Sword-Bearer in the person of one Robert Poynings of Southwark, who came to conspicuous grief in 1454. Mr. Hope reminds his readers that the popular notion that this “dagger” commemorates the killing of Wat Tyler is wrong. The fact is that this is no dagger at all, and therefore could not indicate the weapon with which Sir William Walworth defended the boy-king. It is really the sword of St. Paul, and, in combination with the red cross of St. George, forms one of the best specimens of true English heraldry. It was in use long before Tyler led his rabble into London.



ANCIENT MACE OF
THE CITY OF
CARLISLE.

A few specimens of insignia not properly belonging to bodies corporate have been rightly included in the enumerations, descriptions, and illustrations of this text, for which the compiler has found in John Taylor the Water-Poet's “Verry Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage” the happiest of mottoes for a book on Corporation plate.

“A Sword, a Cap of Maintenance, a Mace
Great, and well gilt to do the Town more grace;
Are borne before the Mayor and Aldermen,
And on festivities, or high days then,
Those Magistrates their scarlet gowns do wear.
And have six Sergeants to attend each year.”

How far it would have been right to include such symbols of honour as that alderman's thumb-ring through which an excellent authority averred that Master Slender was capable of creeping, has not presented itself to the author's mind; although undoubtedly specimens in silver as well as gold, or at least in silver gilt, might be found for the seeking and not of much smaller diameter than that which Falstaff must have imagined. Probably such rings were often strictly personal, and not civic ornaments. Yet it is noteworthy that while judges, and even sergeants-at-law, and all bishops, archbishops, and even some members of lower grades in the hierarchy, were endowed with rings of office, nothing of the sort seems to have been recognised in this book as pertaining to civic dignities.

Under the circumstances, and considering the many troubles that the smaller cities and towns of this country have endured, it is truly wonderful that so large a number of relics of the nature here in view have survived. It is plain, however, that proportionately, very little indeed of that multitude of ancient insignia which the old towns possessed remains not only in use, but even in existence. It is almost unnecessary to say that of all the categories of such relics those consisting of seals are now the most numerous. Among these some of the small towns, such as Conway, are conspicuous for the ancientness of their sigilla. For example, the seal of Conway still in use is obviously that made on the incorporation of the place by Edward I. in 1284; a seal of Pwllhelli dates from 1422; and Congleton boasts that its seal refers to 1451. Some existing seals, like that of Wallingford, are manifestly copies from originals of far more ancient date, and retain the Gothic motives, if not the Gothic art, of the Middle Ages. But all these are excelled by the fine ancient seal of the City of Exeter, which belongs to c. 1180;

while Taunton, Ipswich, Dunwich, Southampton, Gloucester, Oxford, and a few other places are fortunately conspicuous in this respect. It was scarcely to be expected that articles of Corporation plate and insignia of office would be numerous when very ancient dates are in question. In Norman times, for instance, such objects could, of course, whatever may be said of banners and weapons for the use of civic warriors, hardly exist at all, and at no time previous to the dissolution of the monasteries had the cities and towns of England anything like the wealth in gold and silver which pertained to the Church. On the other hand, the civil authorities were never exposed to such demands as that which, in order to pay the ransom of Richard I., sent more than half the Church plate of the country to the melting-pots of the dealers. It is thus plain that, rather to their rarity than to social and political catastrophes,



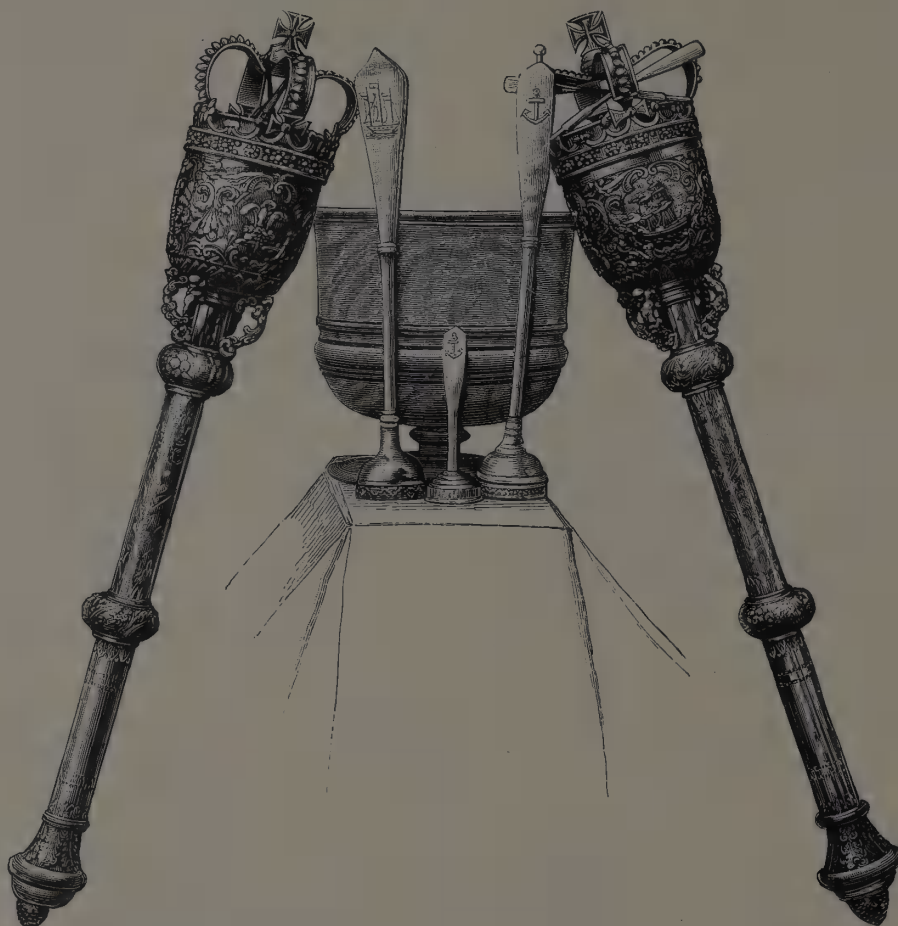
LEE CUP OF THE BOROUGH OF
PORTSMOUTH.

is due the fact that very ancient civic insignia are practically unknown in England. Of the maces used by sergeants-at-arms in the employment of the cities, which are among the most ancient of insignia, it does not appear that any exist older than those of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Bristol, which date from

originals to be repaired, actually allowed them to be joined, so that the upper portions of the shafts become the lower, and *vice versâ*. This was done at Pevensy between 1676 and 1715. It is possible that such a proceeding was less ignominious than that which, at Chichester, occurred in 1836,

when the whole of the ancient city's silver plate, 650 ounces in all, was sold by auction. A body of patriotic persons bought certain old examples and, under the name of the Mace Club, still retain the relics; while the mayor's and bailiff's staves, as well as the mayor's ring—the sole instance of the kind here mentioned—have been returned to civic use in Chichester. The Corporation plate of Cambridge, Exeter, Leicester, Lincoln, Boston, Newcastle, and Kingston-on-Hull, was similarly sold, by way, presumably, of proving the "reforming" zeal of those eminently incorrupt places.

This text, which, on account of the anecdotic matter already mentioned, may be cordially commended to that omnivorous per-



MACES, SILVER OARS, AND PUNCH BOWL OF THE BOROUGH OF SALTASH.

the fifteenth century. It is manifest, as the fact suggests itself, that those weapons were distinct copies of the war-maces then in use. Doubtless, indeed, the earlier civic maces were neither more nor less than real soldiers' maces, whose forms were reproduced in silver when emblems of authority, rather than actual weapons, were found sufficient. Mr. Hope tells us that at least a dozen silver maces of the fifteenth century are still in existence, and that the number of later examples is far greater. Some of these articles, to which this text is largely devoted, are of very graceful and appropriate design; a considerable proportion of them is shown in wood-cuts, some of which illustrate the stupendous ignorance of those authorities who, dissecting the

son, the general reader, abounds in curious notices of out-of-the-way-articles, the existence of which illustrates the genial way of civic Corporations. These relics comprise the tobacco-boxes of silver of Calne, Ludlow, Oxford, Dover (which is on wheels), Northampton, and Liverpool; a domestic utensil of York (which is unique),* the two garters of the above-named Kingston, the rose-water basin of Guildford, which is very fine and of Antwerp manufacture, the Lady Mayoress's staff of honour, the Mayoress of Lewes's badge, and the silver oars of Liverpool, Lostwithiel, Southampton, Dover, and Kingston-on-Hull.

* As to this article, see Hogarth's "A Modern Midnight Conversation."



MAINLAND FROM SKYE.
(Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

THE WESTERN ISLANDS.—II.

BY W. M. GILBERT. ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

OF all the Hebridean Islands, Skye for varying features of interest takes the palm. Its history links the past and the present together in a fascinating way ; its magnificent mountain scenery is a source of perennial attraction. It is the land of Ossian, who in Homeric strains sang of Fingal and the Celtic heroes of antiquity. It is associated with the Norse invasion, and with Haco and the early Vikings, whose war galleys sailed the Western seas. On every headland there is a ruined Danish "dun," or "fort," and philologists note with interest that, while the spoken language of the people is purely Celtic, most of the important place names in Skye, such as those of the three large peninsulas in the north—Trotternish, Water-nish, and Duirinish—belong to the tongue of the Norse invader. Later, Skye was the seat of the power of the McDonalds, whose proud title "Lords of the Isles" has been perpetuated by Sir Walter Scott in his great romantic poem. The ruins of Duntulm Castle, in the north of the island, still attest to the greatness and might of these island chiefs. James V. paid a visit to Skye to endeavour to restore order among the clansmen. His flotilla anchored at Portree, which is Gaelic for "the harbour of the king." Skye is also associated with the fallen fortunes of Prince Charles Edward Stuart ; it was one of his last hiding-places after the fatal field of Culloden, and two large sea-caves are still

pointed out in which he sheltered himself from his enemies. Nor can it be forgotten that the island was the birthplace and home of one of Scotland's dearest heroines—Flora Macdonald, who aided the Prince to escape, and whose dust lies in the wind-swept churchyard of Kilmuir. And did not dear old Dr. Johnson and Boswell link Fleet Street and Skye indissolubly, and leave to the world impressions of the Highlands of their day which have now become valuable historical documents ?

The extreme length of Skye is forty-five miles. Its breadth is a varying quantity, from three or four to twenty-five miles ; but its coast is so cut up by lochs running deep into the land that no part of the island is more than three miles from the sea. The island has been described as a great mountainous moorland. Its mountain scenery certainly cannot be surpassed in Great Britain for picturesqueness and rugged grandeur. The mountains group themselves into three ranges, and between them are high plateaux cut up by many a verdant valley, in which run streams of pellucid water. Skye is a land of moisture. The high peaks of the Cuchullin Hills and the Storr range catch the Atlantic clouds as they float in from the Minch, and send them down in drenching torrents upon the ground beneath. The whole atmosphere is in a constant state of unrest, and cloud and mist constantly brood over the island. Many of the

lower hills are grass grown to their summits; they abound with springs, and afford excellent grazing for the flocks of sheep and herds of Highland cattle, which are the main wealth alike of the large tacksman, or farmer, and the small crofter.

From Portree northward to Hunish the Storr

marvellous crags and peaks fascinates the beholder; or when they are seen, as they often are, under driving mist and storm cloud, they have a most impressive appearance. One of the marvels of the Quiraing, a sight of which rewards the climber of its rocky sides for much toil and endeavour, is a



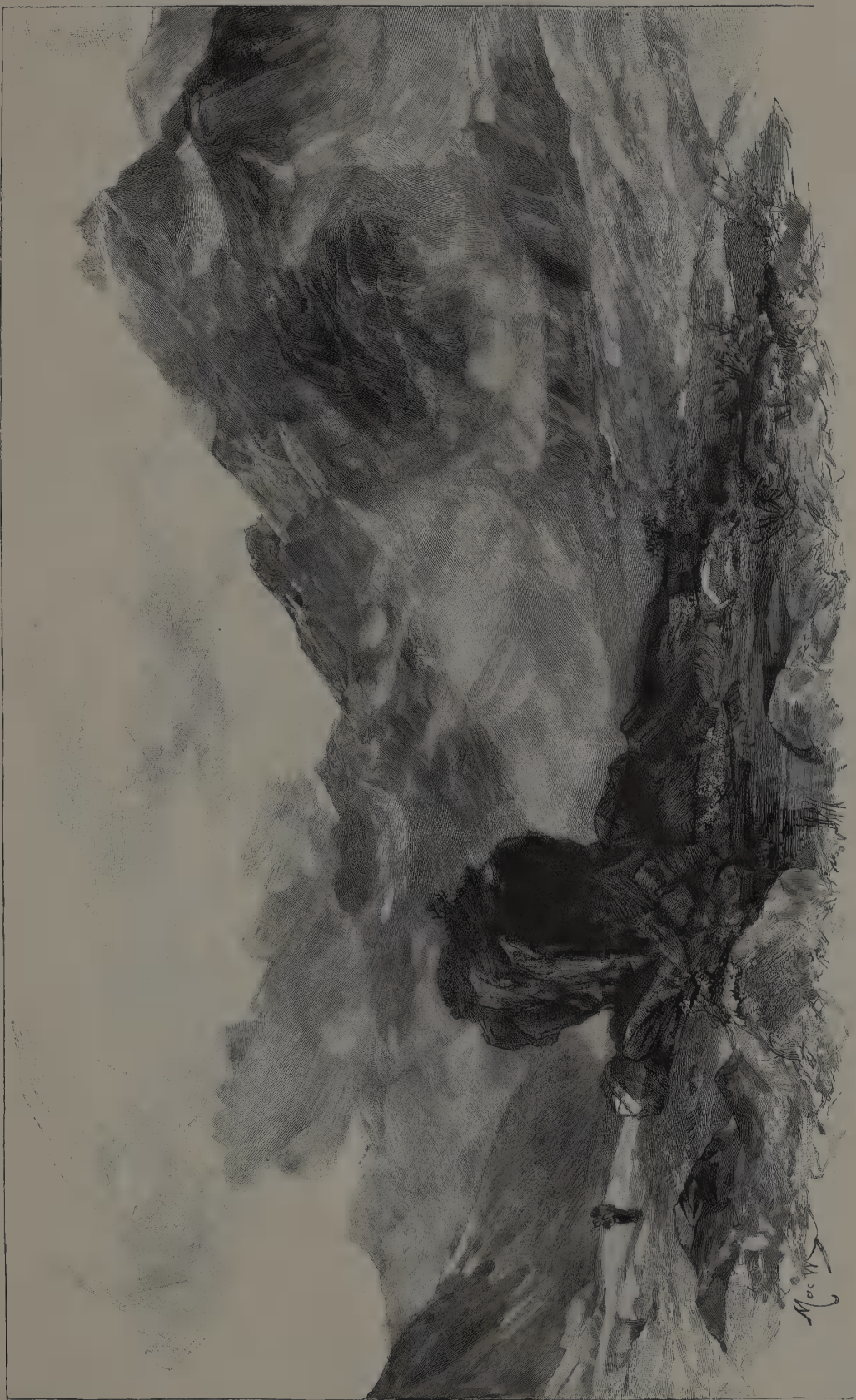
CORRIE-NA-CREECH ("VALLEY OF SLAUGHTER"), SKYE.

(Engraved by H. Gadan.)

range runs parallel with the coast, and sends its flanks into an emerald sea in an almost unbroken range of bold cliffs of great height and variety of outline. The Storr Rock and the Quiraing are the outstanding features of the range. The base of both is limestone or other stratified formation, and on this are piled basaltic columns of picturesque aspect. Out of the midst of a fantastic array of spires and turrets, the Storr, in the form of a huge pyramid, shoots up to the height of 2,300 feet above the sea. The appearance of the Quiraing is even more striking, for there, flat, rocky terraces, rising one above the other, carry groups of basaltic spirals which terminate in a crown of jagged peaks and minarets of great beauty. The play of light and shade at morning and at evening upon these

plateau of the greenest lawn high in the heart of this stack of rocks. It looks as if the crater of the volcano responsible for all the fantasy of nature around had been filled up and sown down in grass. Enclosing it, and hiding it from view except to the adventurous mountaineer, is a guardian circle of precipitous walls.

The two peninsulas to the west of Loch Snizort, Waternish and Duirinish, with the district of Minginish to the south—constitute the Macleod country, a clan which has an unbroken pedigree from the tenth century. Part of Dunvegan Castle, the ancestral home of the Macleods, dates from the ninth century, and is believed to be the oldest inhabited house in the country. The castle is a fine old pile built on a promontory at the head



GLEN SLIGACHAN, SKYE.
(Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

of Loch Follart, and must have been a place of great strength in the days when the Macleods and McDonalds were at constant warfare. Sir Walter Scott, when in Skye gathering inspiration for his poem, was at Dunvegan, and describes its cherished treasures in his notes to the "Lord of the Isles." One of these, which the privileged visitor may still see, is the "Fairy Flag"—the palladium of the house of Macleod. Legend invests

Head the cliffs, grand and imposing, are between 900 and 1,000 feet in height.

Though the bagpipes are now only heard in Portree when the volunteers are on parade, it is interesting to recall that at one time in Skye there were two schools, or colleges, for pipe music—one at Borreraig, taught by the Macrimmons, the hereditary pipers of the Macleods, and the other at Pein-

gowan, conducted by the Macarthurs, the hereditary pipers of the McDonalds. Both colleges were endowed with lands, and to them gentlemen in all parts of the Highlands sent their pipers to learn the martial music of the "gran' Heilan' bagpipes." It was a veritable Academia; for master and pupils sat on green knolls in the open air to teach and to learn, and to this day differ-



MACLEOD'S MAIDENS, COAST OF SKYE.

it with marvellous qualities. Three times only, however, could the virtues of the flag be utilised. Twice, we are told, it has been unfurled with magical results. Its last reserve of power must only be employed if the clan is ever "on the verge of utter extinction," and of such a calamity the contingency seems far removed. The name of this famous clan is, however, engraven on more enduring material than the faded silk of the fairy flag. Two circular mountains in the neighbourhood, with regular grassy slopes and perfectly level summits, are known as "Macleod's Tables," and off the cliffs at the southern end of Duirinish are three fantastic basalt pillars rising out of the sea, called "Macleod's Maidens." There were originally four "Maidens," but one has succumbed to the fret and fume of the Minch. The three rocks rise perpendicularly out of the water, the highest to an altitude of 200 feet, the others to about 100 feet; and it needs no great effort of imagination to think of them as three gigantic cloaked and hooded figures. The whole precipitous coast here, as on the eastern seaboard, is honey-combed with caves, and looks from the sea like a vast Gothic arcade. At Waterstein and Dunvegan

ent spots on the old college farms have names which suggest that the instruction was of a very systematic character. A few years ago the present writer, when travelling in the Highlands, had to seek shelter for the night in an old tumble-down inn overlooking the coast of Skye. The landlord claimed to be the last of the Macrimmons in the male descent, and he was as proud of his lineage as if he had been the Macleod himself. On being asked to play a tune upon the pipes, this degenerate Macrimmon confessed that he had never learned them; but to help to pass the dark hours of an early spring evening he produced a concertina he had bought in Glasgow, and discoursed some music of a not very inspiring kind.

The grandest part of Skye from a scenic point of view is the extensive district of Minginish, where are situated the Cuchullin Hills, named after one of Ossian's great chiefs—the mighty son of Semo. They cover an area about ten miles square, which for savage grandeur and absolute sterility it would be difficult to match. For the most part the rocks are igneous; and in dull weather the hills in consequence are almost black in colour. When the sun shines, they sparkle with a metallic brilliancy. The

scarred slopes of the hills are destitute of verdure or of vegetation of any kind; in their deep dark corries the tumbled fragments of a world lie piled, and their serrated peaks are crowned with clouds.

This grand temple of nature has two portals—Glen Sligachan, on the north, and Loch Seavaig, on the south. The entrance to Glen Sligachan can be reached by open boat or by road from Portree; and the tourists will find in this outlandish region one of the most cosy and comfortable of Highland inns. The glen (see p. 329) opens up almost from the inn door. It has been called “the most savage scene of desolation in Great Britain.” It is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and the road in it is rough and stony and fatiguing. The glen is wilder and more impressive than Glencoe, especially towards its upper end, where the mountain sides rise abruptly and tower aloft to a great height. The only cheerful note in it is the sound of the Sligachan Water, which, reinforced by many a rill and cascade from the dark hillsides, flows in the summer in foamy bells over a rocky bed. In winter, or when the storm-cloud has burst on the hill, the stream becomes a dark and turbid torrent. The

golden eagle still haunts the Cuchullins, and may not infrequently be seen from the glen soaring high among the dazzling peaks. Wild passes and corries separate the hills of the Cuchullin range. Of such is Corrie-na-Creech (“The Valley of Slaughter,” or as the latest reading would say, of “Plunder”), so

called from its having been the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the two great clans of the island—the Macleods and McDonalds.

Loch Seavaig is a sea-loch the scenery of which partakes of the sublimity and grandeur of this interesting region. As we sail up it the great mass of Blaven fills the eye, and we follow its contours

from summit to base until they disappear beneath the waters of the loch. Right ahead, and to the left, are the stately tops of the Cuchullins, and as we near the furthest shore we see that the waters are hemmed in by high basaltic precipices, over one of which a cataract leaps into the sea. In this dark-bosomed loch boatmen have to keep a sharp look-out for squalls. The Cuchullins are a veritable Pandora's box. In a moment a tempest of wind and rain is distilled, and violent gusts, rushing down the steep hillsides, lash the waters into surging waves. In a few minutes the scene will be changed—a calm will again fall over it, the clouds will be divided in the heavens, and the inconstant sun will again shine forth. Deep in the heart of the Cuchullins is Loch Coruisk.

“Rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone,
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.”



LOCH SEAVAIG, SKYE.

So sang Sir Walter Scott, in “The Lord of the Isles,” and this mystic mere has been painted and described by many artists and writers since his time. It is twilight there when the sun shines bright on the outer world—so high do the jagged and scarred peaks of the surrounding hills tower into the sky. There eternal silence reigns, save for the lapping of

the water on the shingle and the sigh of the breeze as it hastens over this awe-inspiring place.

A word, in conclusion, as to the people of Skye.



A PERCHED BOULDER, SKYE.

A tradition lingers among them that at one time the island was, figuratively speaking, a land flowing with milk and honey. There is not much solid foundation of fact for such a belief. But it is there, and is brought into sharp contrast with the condition of the islanders in the early half of the present century, when "clearings" took place of the people from the pasture land to make way for great sheep farms, and when crofters and cotters were planted on the miserable lots they now occupy by the sea-shore. There they have lived and multiplied, and subdivided their small crofts with their relations until the pinch of poverty made them cry out against their wrongs. One of the fruits of the Crofter Commission has been the establishment of a Land Court in the Highland counties, which by lopping of hopeless arrears and fixing "fair rents" has done something undoubtedly to ameliorate the condition of the islanders. The Skyeman is told that he is lazy, and that he ought to fish. To the former charge, it may be replied that until recently, at all events, he had no inducement to improve his croft; and to the latter, it may be said that the Skyeman does not take kindly to

the sea. It is only dire necessity that compels him to do so. In Skye the people are housed a little better than they are across the Minch. There is

generally a window in the living end of the hut, a chimney with an old herring-barrel sticking through the thatch for chimney-top, and a partition of some kind between the family and the cattle. But the cultivation of the croft is still of the most primitive kind. The caschrom, or crooked spade, is used to turn over the land; the furrows are manured with seaweed brought

by the women in creels upon their backs up stiff rocky paths from the sea-beach; and it is not uncommon to see the women harnessed to light harrows and dragging them over the fields after the seed is sown. To the crofts of the different townships there is generally attached an outrun to a moor or hill, which is held in common, and on which the crofters feed their cattle and sheep. Increased means of communication with the mainland will help

to lift Skye out of its poverty. Every boy and girl now learns the English language; but, as an old Skye woman once said to the writer, "I do not like your English; it is the wings on which my children will fly away from me!" Well, one can but say, "More power to such wings!" for there is work in the world to do better fitted for the brain and sinew of the men and women of Skye, than trying to tickle into fertility the barren land by the sounding waters of the Minch.



A SKYE CAVE.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JUNE.

The ninth P.R.A. **T**HE controversy which has proceeded in the *Times* as to whether Sir JOHN MILLAIS is the eighth or ninth President of the Royal Academy has clearly demonstrated the incorrectness of the contention



MIDSUMMER EVE.

(By D. Farquharson. Recently acquired by the Manchester Art Gallery.)

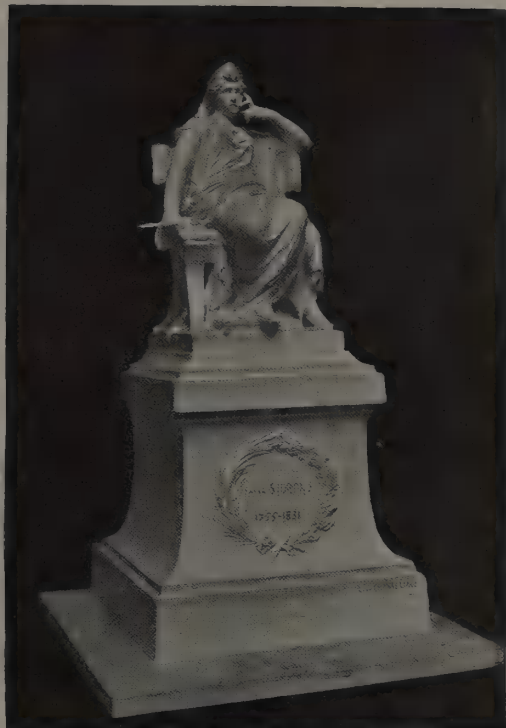
put forth by the Royal Academy. Mr. Eaton, its Secretary, though he does not deny that James Wyatt was duly elected and actually served for a year (the customary term of office for every President, a new election being annually required), contends that he must not count, as in his case no formal document was signed by the Sovereign! If we are to admit that this technical omission not only invalidates the election but relegates Wyatt to oblivion, it therefore follows that every official act of the Royal Academy carried out during that *annus non* was illegal and invalid! We can hardly believe that Mr. Eaton will seriously maintain so untenable a proposition. We would remind him that Wyatt, the Court Architect, was elected the 10th December, 1805, when seventeen Academicians attended—a number which, though undoubtedly small, was only three less than voted at the election of Benjamin West in the previous year. As a matter of fact, Wyatt was as much President of the Royal Academy as Cromwell was Ruler of England—an authority which will hardly be the less allowed him or his Acts of Parliament because he was never crowned at Westminster. Sir John Millais, therefore, must be regarded in every accurate historical consideration of the subject as the *ninth* and not the eighth P.R.A.

Our National Galleries. **T**HE public and the directors of our national galleries are alike to be congratulated on the annual reports. That of the National Gallery records the purchase of sixteen and the presentation of thirteen new pictures, all of them worthy additions to the institution. We are glad to see the acceptance of a picture by PRESCOTT-KNIGHT, R.A., expressly "for the National Gallery of Modern British Art," which Mr. Tate is erecting at Millbank. The extensive loans of pictures and drawings to sister-institutions constitute another important feature of the report—such loans in the cases of the National Portrait Gallery and South Kensington Museum being, in fact, in the nature of permanent exchanges. By these means the

proper sorting of our national collections is likely to proceed in accordance with common-sense, without violating the deeds of gift, which want of foresight often unduly restricted the authorities by their terms. Over half a million people visited the Gallery, and 14,000 catalogues were sold. Among the donors of the Gallery are the Duke of Westminster, Lords Carlisle and Savile, Sir Charles Robinson, and Mr. Heseltine. Lastly, 887 copies were made of 315 pictures by 148 painters.

To the National Gallery of Scotland there were over 84,000 visitors; the copyists numbered 322, and over 2,000 catalogues were sold—these figures, taken in conjunction with those of the National Gallery in London, showing that about one person in forty buys a catalogue. Only three pictures were added to the collection, these being examples by RAE BURN, NASMYTH, and ALLONZO CARNO. The Scottish National Portrait Gallery maintains its popularity. It enlarges its collection by but slow degrees, the absurdly inadequate sum of £10 being considered adequate to its needs of expansion in the course of the year!

Death among the Caricaturists. AMERICAN comic art has suffered severely of late. The death of Joseph Keppler, which occurred a couple of years ago, has been followed by that of BERNARD GILLAM,



THE SIDDONS MEMORIAL.

(From the Accepted Design by M. Chavalliaud.)

whose caricatures, first in *Puck* and then in *Judge*, established his name as that not only of an extremely clever and

caustic artist, but also of an invaluable demonstrator, in black-and-white and colour too, of American politics of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Later still there has passed away KONSTANTIN VON GRIMM, who, after being caricaturist on *Kladderadatsch*, transferred his pencil first to the Parisian comic press, and finally to that of the United States. The upper walks of caricature art are never overcrowded. At present the ranks of humorous draughtsmen in the States—so dense in numbers though not in wit—have been strangely impoverished in the rarer section of cartoonists; so that there is admirable opportunity for new talent to assert itself.

Exhibitions. THE sixteenth exhibition of the New English Art Club may be fairly considered to rank as one of the best shows that the younger artists have as yet held. It was possibly from the popular view less striking than some of its predecessors under the same management.

on this occasion induced to come from his long retirement and show to the present-day public some examples of his admirable art.

Mr. T. McLean succeeded in obtaining for his spring exhibition a finer example of M. VAN HAANEN'S work than has been seen in public for some time past. This "Brune et Blonde," a study of two Venetian girls, presented qualities of colour and brushwork which were exceptionally good; and the picture was important in scale. Another characteristic example of the same school was M. E. DE BLAAS'S Venetian comedy, "Teasing," good in characterisation and pleasant in colour. In the gallery were also representative works by Mr. LUKE FILDES, Mr. ORCHARDSON, MEISSONIER, and several artists of the Barbizon school.

M. TISSOT, in abandoning pretty frivolities for the more serious motives of religious art, increased his sense of realism and his power to observe. His series of paintings,



THE TIARA OF SAITAPHARNES.

(Recently acquired for the Louvre. From a Photograph by Giraudon, Paris. See p. 333.)

because it happened to be of unusually level quality and to contain hardly a single picture which could be accused of wilful eccentricity. In landscape especially it was notably strong, as Mr. MARK FISHER, Mr. BUXTON KNIGHT, Mr. WILSON STEER, Mr. FRANCIS BATE, Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER, Mr. J. L. HENRY, Mr. ARTHUR TOMSON, and Professor BROWN all sent admirable work in this class. The best portraits were Mr. Steer's "Miss Molly Dixon," Mr. ROTHENSTEIN'S "The Swordsman," and "Miss Margaret Falcon," by Mr. H. TONKS; and the finest figure subjects were Mr. Tonks's "The Toilet," a low-toned but well-painted composition, and Mr. JAMES CHARLES'S "A Peasant Proprietor." Among the water-colours were three admirable landscapes by Mr. H. B. BRABAZON. Mr. WALTER SICKERT sent three oil studies of Venetian architectural subjects, and Mr. GEORGE THOMSON a soundly handled painting of a row of houses at "Strand-on-the-Green," reflected in a stretch of calm river. The special feature of the exhibition was a group of three works by Mr. W. L. WINDUS, the veteran Pre-Raphaelite, who was

illustrating the life of Christ, which is now on view at the old Doré Gallery in New Bond Street, shows him to be as competent to put down cleverly the facts that appeal to him as he was in his unregenerate days. His exhibition is interesting on account of its novelty to the people who know him as he was, and on account of its subject-matter to those who do not.

Mr. W. PALIN, a young artist of some capacity, has been exhibiting at his studio in Kensington his cartoons and painted designs for the decoration of the McEwan Hall, Edinburgh University. These designs show a very considerable amount of imagination, and are treated in a commendably serious and intelligent manner.

Mr. JOHN FULLEYLOVE has recently been to Greece; and H., who writes a preface to his catalogue of Grecian sketches at the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, points out that the most classic of all soils is the least visited by the English landscape-painter. But Mr. Fulleylove's century of sketches is hardly an incentive to choose Greece.

The architect overpowers the painter in the large majority of these water-colour drawings; Mr. Fulleylove has dealt accurately with the splendid remains of ancient glory which he has found scattered throughout Hellas, but has not supported them with much landscape. Here and there the case is reversed: for instance, the main



THE HEART OF SURREY.

(By Vicat Cole, R.A. Recently acquired by the Manchester Art Gallery.)

feature of the Castle of Karytoena, in Arcadia—the famous pile—is accessory to the romance of the *paysage* in which it stands. When this is so, we get a charming drawing; when it is not so, an architect's memorandum.

Mrs. F. C. ROWAN brought home from Australia one hundred drawings of its wildflowers in water-colour, and exhibited them at the Dowdeswell Galleries. Their interest is mainly botanic, and the lady who paints them takes rank with Miss North, of Kew. Some of these flora caricature their English cousins in shape and colour; others are wholly novel to us.

Ridley Art Club is a title which rouses some curiosity. What are its qualifications for membership? It has none. Mr. Ridley was a drawing-master; he had the knack for teaching and making his pupils understand in a week what other teachers failed to do in a month. When he died, his class held an annual commemorative exhibition of their produce. It will be seen the present constituency is broad, and that very different artists use it. In the exhibition held at the Continental Gallery Mr. T. HOPE McLACHLAN shows a graceful figure, "St. Geneviève;" Mr. MOFFAT P. LINDNER in "Breakers," finds a subject for the expression of his individual impressionism; Mr. THEO. ROUSSEL, in "Rochester," shows the tall cement chimneys, their trailing smoke, and barges with furled sails abeam—all perfect as tone studies.

"Salt-water Studies: Sunshine, Storm, and Calm," said Mr. W. L. WYLLIE, at the Dowdeswell Gallery. "Incidents on Marine Pleasaunces of the Empire," he might have added, since it is mainly as recreation fields of ocean that he deals with the restless moving planes of the Medway and Thames, the sheltered Solent, the open, choppy Channel, towns seen along the shore, and with coasts more remote. Of the nearly sixscore drawings, big and very minute, not one but is pleasant in subject, bright in treatment, and agreeable in effect—a record of things enjoyed and to enjoy. The elegance of Brighton Chain Pier; some Netherlandish off-shore scenes; New York

River, the Cattegat, Elsinore, Wexford, the Weymouth Mail, deep paddling *en route* for Guernsey; the mauve hull of H.M.S. *Victorious*, mastless, engineless, slipping from Rochester yards; *Felixstowe Ferry*; *Britannia*, *Iverna*, *Meteor*, *Ailsa*, *Satanita*, all the flying forties and the gad-fly class, under every conceivable condition of weather and in performance of all possible racing evolutions. Experience established across the Straits Mr. Wyllie broadens by daily traffic on the home river and frequent matches.

At Mr. Lefèvre's gallery there has been on view the latest work of Madame ROSA BONHEUR, a representation of the famous duel between the two stallions, "Hobgoblin" and "The Godolphin Arab." The two animals are painted life-size at the moment of the latter's victory, with a realism that the artist, perhaps, alone could accomplish. Of more interest than this was a recent portrait of Madame Bonheur, executed by M. CONSUELO FOULD.

Mr. A. G. TEMPLE has got together a most interesting collection of water-colour drawings for his annual exhibition at the Guildhall. There are examples of nearly all our great artists in this medium, many of them of the highest interest. It is, indeed, an illustrated history of the art of water-colour painting in England. TURNER is well represented, there being, in addition to several large works, a series of charming vignettes done for Campbell's Poems, which have never before been exhibited. The exhibition should be as successful as any of its predecessors.

The eighteenth spring exhibition of modern pictures at



(Maurice B. Adams, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.)

the Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport, is well up to the average of merit. The late Lord LEIGHTON's "Candida"

has a place of honour, and among the members and associates of the Royal Academy represented on the walls are Messrs. VAL C. PRINSEP, DAVID MURRAY, J. B. BURGESS, P. R. MORRIS, ARTHUR HACKER, H. W. B. DAVIS, and J. SANT. Mr. Hacker's "The Children's Prayer" has been selected for purchase by the Corporation. Notable canvases by other artists include Mrs. NORMAND's "Zephyrus and Flora;" "In a Cider Country," by Mr. A. PARSONS; "The Black Watch at Quatrebras," by Mr. W. J. WOLLEN; "The Jews' Wailing-Place," by Mr. G. SHERWOOD HUNTER; Mr. S. MELTON FISHER's "Sale by Auction, Venice;" and "Crossing the Bar," by Mr. W. H. Y. TITCOMB. The collection of water-colour drawings is a strong one.

Miscellaneous. THE National Gallery was opened on Sunday, May 3, for the first time, when there was a large attendance.

Mr. H. STACY MARKS has resigned his membership of the Royal Academy. He was elected an associate in 1871, and full member in 1878.

The design for a lamp-post by Mr. J. W. GILLMAN, which we published last month, has gained him an artisan scholarship under the London County Council.

The copyright of the picture by Mr. DENDY SADLER, "The Widow's Birthday," was wrongly ascribed in our last issue to Mr. H. L. Lefèvre: it belongs to Messrs. Agnew and Son. Mr. Lefèvre wishes us to state that his etching of "A Hunting Morn" was executed by Mr. MACBETH RAE BURN.

The following works have been purchased from the Academy exhibition under the terms of the Chantry Bequest:—"The Man with the Scythe," by Mr. H. H.

LA THANGUE; "Alleluia," by Mr. T. C. GOTCH; "The Morning Bath," by Miss MILDRED BUTLER (water-colour); and "Griselda" (bronze bust), by Mr. ALFRED DRURY.

The South London Fine Art Gallery has been transferred to the Commissioners of Public Libraries and Museums. By a grant of £3,000 from the City Parochial Charities the gallery has been cleared of all liabilities. As a memorial to the late Lord Leighton Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS has promised to build an institute for the



THE LATE E. DUEZ.
(From a Photograph by Braun, Paris.)

teaching of art subjects, to be in connection with this gallery. We reproduce the design for the institute, the architect of which is Mr. MAURICE B. ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A.

We reproduce on page 333 the design for the memorial to Mrs. Siddons, which is to be erected on a site given by the Paddington Vestry in close proximity to the old

cemetery at Paddington, where the celebrated actress lies buried. The design is by M. CHAVALLIAUD, the portrait being founded on the celebrated painting of the actress as "The Tragic Muse" by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. A small amount is still required to defray the cost of the memorial, donations for which may be sent to Mr. Frank Dethridge, the vestry clerk of Paddington.

On page 334 we give two illustrations of a magnificent specimen of Greek goldsmith's work recently acquired for the Louvre. The inscription states that the tiara was offered by "the senate and the people of Olbiapolis to the great and unconquerable King Saitapharnes." The tiara is 22 centimètres in height and about 18 in diameter at the base; it is divided into seven concentric zones containing representations of Homeric scenes in repoussé. The work was discovered in a tomb at Olbia in the Crimea, and has been placed in a special case in the jewel-room at the Louvre, together with a beautiful gold necklace found at the same time.

It is with deep regret that **Obituary.** we have to record the death of Mr. ALFRED W. HUNT, R.W.S., one of the most distinguished of our water-colour artists. He was born in Liverpool in 1831, in which city he received his early education, passing thence to

Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1854 he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and soon his charming landscapes earned for him well-deserved reputation. He became an associate of the Water-Colour Society in 1862, and was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours as it now exists. Mr. Hunt's work will take a high place in English landscape art, for it was as poetical as it was delicate and refined. The artist was singled out for special praise for these qualities by Mr. Ruskin in several of his "Notes" on the Academy.

We reproduce a portrait of the late M. ERNEST DUEZ, whose death we recorded last month.

M. VICTOR TILGNER, the well-known Austrian sculptor, has recently died at the age of fifty-two. He was born at Presburg, and studied at the Academy of Fine Arts at Vienna. His principal ideal work is a group in the Volksgarten at Vienna, "The Triton and Nymph," but it was as a portraitist that he acquired his reputation.

The death has occurred of Mr. C. DENOVAN ADAM, the well-known Scotch painter of landscapes and cattle. He was only fifty-four years of age.



CHRIST RISING FROM THE TOMB.
(By Gaudenzio Ferrari. Recently acquired for the National Gallery, Room IX., No. 1,465.)



THE LATE BERNARD GILLAM.
(See p. 333.)



William Hunt, pinx.

André & Sleigh, photogravure.

PREPARING FOR THE SOIRÉE.

(In the Collection of T. Humphrey Roberts Esq. the owner of the Copyright)

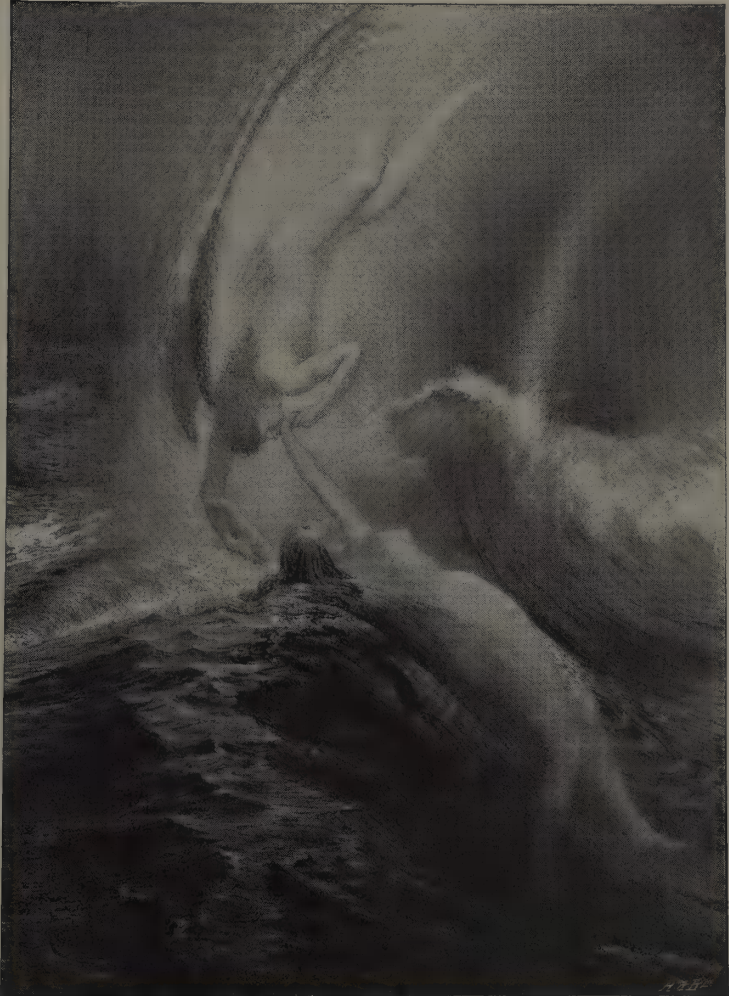
CURRENT ART.

THE NEW GALLERY AND ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

UNLIKE the "Old Society," the promoters of that much less "close" exhibition who flourish in Regent Street, and are, nevertheless, more of a coterie than their neighbours, have this year not succeeded in collecting so many good things as it is their wont to put before the public. Their best pictures begin with Mr. Shannon's "Lady Mappin," an elderly lady in black, with a face Velasquez might have painted. Mr. A. F. Hughes's unwisely chosen subject is "Meeting of Nausicaa and Ulysses," and his picture is soft and sweet, but weak in taste and style; the difficulty of Ulysses concealing himself while naked from the virgin princess is not only not got over, but accentuated by Mr. Hughes's artless treatment of it; yet Nausicaa's slender and lovely form redeems many such faults. "Risveglio, the Sun's First Rays on the Carrara Mountains," a marsh just before daylight, with hills like lapis-lazuli, is very fine and poetical. It is by Professor Costa, whose still more beautiful "Sleeping River, San Rossare," triumphs in its sober poetry and charms us with its harmonies of colour and tone. Mr. W. R. Symonds's "Miss Bedford" is in a white dress, and has delightfully painted and tender carnations that harmonise well with it. I like Mr. E. Stott's "The Old Gate" greatly, because it is a sound, broad, and bright view of children in a twilight landscape. Mrs. Alma-Tadema shows the value of her training in "The Ring," a group of lovers on a window seat, having apt and expressive faces shown in a difficult light. Very lovely and tender indeed are Miss Gow's contributions, "The Sampler" and "An Interlude," both of them exercises in diverse and brilliant whites, with jewel-like sparkles of deep and resplendent tints, comprised with pretty figures in Louis XIV. interiors, which are daintiness and luxury in perfection. Mr. W. Crane's vigorous and romantic "The Rainbow and the Wave" is a very telling and interesting antithesis to a work of Professor Costa. Mr. Alma-Tadema painted solidly and skil-

fully, as it is his wont to do, a number of his friends in "A Family Group," with his own face reflected in a mirror behind them.



THE RAINBOW AND THE WAVE.

(From the Painting by Walter Crane. In the New Gallery.)

The "Hebe" of Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton will never be one of "Olympus' lovely ring of Goddesses," but she may remain a strapping and plump Devon girl, as ripe and rosy as one of the apples in the sunlit orchard about her comely and soundly, if rather roughly, painted figure and happy face. The "Aurora" of Sir E. Burne-Jones is not "Day's har-binger" Milton thought of as "dancing from the East," but such a virgin as—had she been as fair and graceful as the picture shows—the Local Board of a little Apennine town in Botticelli's days might



THE EVENING OF LIFE.
(From the Painting by Flora M. Reid. In the New Gallery.)

have employed to trip through its old streets and athwart the wooden bridge that spanned its swift blue stream descending from the mountains over whose loftiest ridge Phœbus' face was soon to rise. "Aurora" is a pretty and tasteful piece, but not one of the artist's ambitious productions. Though more ambitious, Sir Edward's other picture of "The Dream of Lancelot at the Chapel of San Grael" is not very much more successful, nor a closer approach to the standard of the painter's art, than the modest "Aurora." Sir Edward's design in some important respects is identical with that of Rossetti's picture in the now almost perished series of distemper pictures in the interior of the Union Room at Oxford. It is curious that Rossetti's model of the sleeping Lancelot was no less a person than the painter of "The Dream."

A very important element in the present exhibition is Mr. B. Riviere's large painting of "An Old-World Wanderer," which represents the landing upon a newly-discovered island, unknown to all but the ocean-birds, until an antique voyager has happened upon it during a dead white calm, and found the rocky shore peopled by innumerable gulls and other feathered tribes. The brilliant and accomplished author of "The Magician's Doorway," "Persepolis," and many fine pieces, has given solid and powerful expression to the poetic idea which underlies the legend of the wanderer, "who was the first that ever burst into that silent sea," and he has painted the birds as only he could paint them. Mr. Richmond's portrait of "Miss G. Lewis" is a graceful three-quarters length figure dressed in white and a large black hat, and altogether very charming and artistic. Equally charming, in another way of art, another subject and type of thought, is Mr. Wetherbee's "The Shepherd's Pool," a choice and harmonious, silvery and semi-classic landscape, beautiful in its tonality and coloration, and comprising boys bathing. There is original energy and poetry in Mr. C. Harper's picture of the "Pythonesse." From the subterranean regions where she is thus raging in oracular agonies to the placid sunlit coast of Penwith, where Mr. A. Stokes found the scene of his "Behind the Dunes," the distance is great; greater the difference of the art which presented each theme so happily as it is presented in these almost adjoining pictures.

The Society of Painters in Water-Colours describes its now current exhibition as the one hundred and twenty-fourth of a series which—in whatever way we reckon it, *i.e.*, to include or to exclude the somewhat irregular displays of the winter seasons—has never failed to give pleasure, unique of its kind, and instruction to those who know how to profit by what they see. It is right to say this because a party seems to have been formed in what calls itself the critical world, whose members take perverse and



TIME, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT.

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. In the New Gallery.)

ungrateful pains in depreciating the "Old Society" as an effete institution of worn-out conventionalists and mannerists, not of that self-praising order—the *fin de siècle* artists, who leave off studies at a point where wiser men know they have only just begun to profit by them. Be this as it may, the body which has already charmed three generations of mankind, and reckoned among its members the greater number of the more illustrious professors of the art in England, will surely record in its archives that 1896 is memorable by two circumstances: by the death of

A.W. Hunt, a *quondam* Vice-President, and very poetic and subtle scholar in all the lore of colour-producing light; and by the excellence of the gathering which is now in question, and comprises an unusual number of capital pieces, as well as those which, being here engraved, need not be criticised in words.

What makes an exhibition memorable on its own account is, of course, the large proportion of its elements which more or less permanently impress, or deserve to impress, themselves on the minds of its

powerful, but less delicate and harmonious, method is manifest in Mr. R. W. Macbeth's picture of "The Foster Mother." Of Mr. S. P. Jackson's coast pictures the bright "Fishguard Bay" is neither the most characteristic nor the best; these distinctions belong to that pathetic, grave, and expressive poem, "A Solitary Shore"—which represents part of the majestic and melancholy Cornish coast, with enormous headlands receding into the twilight as far as the eye can reach. There, on the horizon, a lurid bar attests



THE GARDEN OF CHANCES.

(By H. A. Olivier. In the New Gallery.)

visitors. These, as they appear, to a writer familiar with not fewer than forty of the "Old Society's" shows (and therefore anything but a *fin de siècle* critic), are the following more or less admirable examples, before naming which severally I may observe in the Society's honour, that some of the most distinguished painters do not contribute to the gallery this year; so that it is impossible to say what, with their aid, the collection might have become.

The old-fashioned method of painting with little or no body-colour, of which his father was an illustrious professor, is admirably employed in the pure and pearly atmosphere, broad and simple drawing of Mr. S. T. G. Evans. This gives poetic expressiveness to the ever-memorable "Golf-Links, Eton," and has Windsor Castle like a huge opal in the distance. A newer, more brilliant, oil-like, and

the day's farewell, while the silence and awful serenity of the foreground are broken by the slow lapsing of the waves upon sands. In its art, as in its motive, quite unlike to this, is Mr. G. A. Fripp's "Corrie Etiehan," a vista of a valley, with a torrent at the foot of the cliffs. There is that in Mr. Fripp's works which may be taken as a touchstone of art-critics' competence for their office. He is an exquisite and learned draughtsman and especially skilful in foreshortening; he understands how to graduate colour, to render aerial effects and light; his knowledge of the harmonies of lines, the composition of masses, and of what painters call solidity, is very great indeed. All his works are instinct with poetry, idiosyncratic and original, and they excel in respect to style. There is so little that is trivial or pretentious about them, that while measurable by inches,



RACING NYMPHS.

(From the Drawing by J. R. Weguzin, in the Exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society.)



AUTUMN.

(From the Drawing by Lionel Smythe, in the Exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society.)

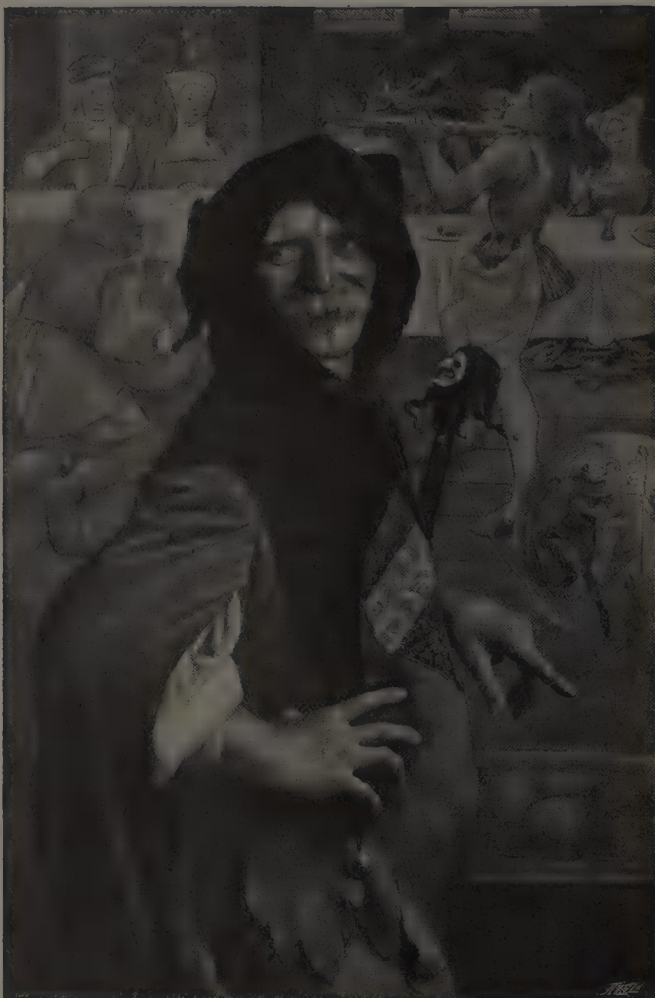
they are grand enough to be measured by yards, and lose nothing in the process.

Mr. M. Hale has improved prodigiously of late, and with "A Glen in Ross-shire" almost outdone

lady, who salutes her visitor, and who, being dressed in pure white, is the brightest object in the chromatic scheme. The result of this curious exercise is at once quaint, attractive, and piquant. The piquancy of the work arises from its novelty, the resources of the painter, and his courage in tackling so difficult a subject. Of course to treat thus homogeneously and veraciously a white interior illuminated as in Mr. Abbey's crypt is not in itself a new thing. There are indications of Fra Angelico having essayed such a task; Raphael's *Ansidei "Madonna"* refers to it; Correggio, the greatest of the older chiaroscurists, achieved it with prodigious success; Rembrandt, that incomparable chiaroscurist and master of the poetry of light and shade (which, whatever amateurs may think, is not the same as *chiaroscuro*), triumphed in this matter over and over again. Only M. Sautai, a modern master-poet in this limited field of light and colour, has excelled Mr. Abbey in depicting golden light reflected on the white walls and vaults of the austere majestic Romanesque churches of his native French province.

The "Wreckers" of Mr. N. Hemy comprises some fine, learned, and solid painting of the tumultuous sea, urged by a fierce, cold gale upon a rocky shore. There is solid and thorough good craftsmanship in Mr. E. R. Hughes's "Fugitives," but the picture, although it represents a circumstance or incident, fails in telling a story. This may be called a fatal failure. Students will like Mr. R. T. Waite's "In the North Country," because it combines the romance of *De Louthembourg* and the solemnity of *De Wint's* best mood. Very choice and beautiful in its way is Mr. G. L. Bulleid's "Chaplet Weaver." I further commend Mr. Poynter's admirable, sound, and learned three-quarters length seated figure of "A Dancer," with a finely studied and pathetic face.

Much art and beauty of various kinds and degrees will be found in the following examples, the names only of which can be given here: Mr. T. Lloyd's "Bats," Mr. Rooke's "Rue Damiette, Rouen," Mr. J. H. Henshall's "Little Mother," Mr. J. J. Hardwick's "Edinburgh Castle," Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Autumn, Bratton Court," Mr. A. Hopkins's "Signal for Jack at Sea," Mr. G. Parker's "Morning Sun, Woolhampton," Mr. Poynter's "The Gorgeous Palaces," Mr. A. Goodwin's "Benares," and Professor Herkomer's striking "Crucifixion."



THE JESTER.

(From the Drawing by W. J. Wainwright. In the Exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society. By Permission of J. Thackeray Bunce, Esq.)

himself. Sir F. Powell's "Harrowing" could not be broader, more harmonious, or more pure than it is. Very fine and artistic indeed is Mr. D. Murray's "Drowsy Autumn," a picture of almost lurid heat, where his fine sense of the choice gradations of air and colour, both local and general, may be discovered.

Perhaps the greatest novelty here is Mr. Abbey's interior of a whitewashed and vaulted chamber of stone, lit by warm and strong sunlight reflected from below and without, and, consequently, innocent of positive shadows, and brighter overhead than elsewhere. Its most positive local colours are those of a garment of a gentleman bringing a bouquet to a

THE DRAWINGS OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

THERE is a very important technical lesson to be learned from such an exhibition as that of the sketches and studies by Sir Edward Burne-Jones which was recently held in the galleries of the Fine

his own mental qualities and the training of his best powers of perception.

It would be difficult to find a better type of artistic endeavour to study than that of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. He has the rare quality of devotion. His art is with him the one and only occupation of his life, and his only aim has been to make himself proficient in all those technical matters which go to the making of a method and to the building up of the ability necessary for the proper expression of artistic convictions. He is a man of no school but his own; the product of no studio traditions, and the creation of no master with hard and fast views on the question of the right training for an artist. The basis of his art is an intellectual one, a solid foundation of thought upon which his individuality has raised a superstructure of original expression; but the



STUDY FOR NIMUE IN "MERLIN."

Art Society. Nothing is more valuable to the student than to be given an opportunity of seeing in what way a great artist builds up the pictures which represent him in the various exhibitions. To realise by what an infinity of labour real proficiency in art can only be arrived at is to the would-be painter the first essential in his training, and he can understand this best by analysing the practice of the men to whom he looks up as the masters of his craft. When he perceives that their easy idealism has been attained by an absolutely exhaustive series of experiments, by constant reference to nature, by incessant comparison of imaginary results with the definite authorities which are to be found in the world round about, he is in a fair way to perceive what is the responsibility on himself to labour incessantly at the cultivation of



STUDY FOR "THE GOLDEN STAIRS."

material of which this superstructure is composed he has himself gathered with an extraordinary amount of patient labour. He is an amazing instance of the

way in which an artist can be made by what is called self-teaching—by seeing art, that is to say, through his own organs of vision and perception, and by attaching himself to no set of dogmas which is not of his own working out and codifying. He has the advantage of a nature which regards work of the most incessant kind as essential for happiness. His patience is indomitable, and his application unceasing. He possesses, too, an inventive imagination which is



STUDY OF A HEAD.

always eager to find new suggestions for pictorial arrangement; and he has had the courage to put into form these suggestions as they have occurred to him, so that in the after-years of greater knowledge and wider experience he has been able to give them the fullest form which would express what has been all along steadily maturing in his mind.

By what process of comparison and adaptation these ideas take final form an examination of his sketches and studies shows us clearly enough. We see in these how he is always striving to secure that exact agreement between intention and expression which will set his conceptions before the world in the one form which he feels will suit them best. The right compromise between fanciful invention and strict realism is secured by settling in an immense number of detailed drawings in all sorts of mediums exactly what amount of adherence to nature he needs. These drawings are of moderate size, and are produced with the sincerest regard for correctness, but

at the same time with thorough consideration for the character and motive of the picture of which they are to form the basis. Everything is tested in them, and the ultimate results which are arrived at by comparing them are embodied in the completed work. Even the character of the drawings varies according to the mission they have to fulfil in the plan of the picture. If they are only notes of poses they are slight in treatment and indefinite in outline; if they are studies of important parts, of heads, hands, feet, or casting of draperies, they are carried far and finished with extreme care; if they are suggestions of colour, or cartoons for settling the relation of masses and groups, they are only so far realised as may seem necessary to ensure the correct placing of the different colour surfaces and the right balance between the component parts of the composition.

All these different classes of his studies were represented in the recent exhibition. A selection from them is given herewith; and in these preparatory notes for his well-known canvases "The Golden Stairs" and "Merlin and Nimue," and for his great unfinished picture of "Love's Wayfaring," is very perceptible the earnestness of the attention which he gives to his various works from their earliest beginnings. These drawings show well with what power of design and with what sensitiveness of hand he puts down his conceptions; how sincerely and unaffectedly he studies so that nothing may be lacking in the constructing and fitting together of his compositions; how systematically he applies his power of selection to

the collecting of what is necessary for his scheme of expression. Nothing is careless or merely tentative. There is a purpose in every touch, a motive for every experiment: and there is always clearly visible the intention to uphold that lofty ideal of pictorial art which has influenced him all through his busy life. Without such an ideal it would have been hardly possible for him to have faced and grappled with the accumulation of close study which his method has made inevitable. No one but an artist in love with his work for its own sake would have dared so to commit himself to long years of incessant labour, or to plan out early in his career, as he has, the occupation of his middle age. This, however, Sir Edward Burne-Jones has done deliberately and with intention, and his studies are as it were the hostages which he has given to art to bind him to carry out his youthful vows. It is to this deliberate intention, to this unwavering resolve, that his place in art-history is largely due.



STUDY FOR "THE CAR OF LOVE."



BY CHARLES WILLIAMS (WAR CORRESPONDENT).

MY reason for venturing into the arena of art-criticism—of which I know but little—is that the Editor, having heard me express long ago a certain practical view as to the work of war artists and the painting of battle pictures, has asked me to put my opinion on paper. I do so, foreseeing what a hornet's nest I am likely to bring about my ears. Far be it from me to say a word about the technique of art with brush or pencil. I am no judge of those wonderful productions of the easel which purport to depict battle-fields of ancient date. It is probable that they are just as authentic as the engravings representing the Tarquins, or Cicero, or Julius Cæsar, which used to adorn our Histories of Rome, or those of Achilles and Alexander which studded the pages of childhood's History of Greece. Indeed, in a later age there seems to have been a time when no artist dared to depict a famous soldier or statesman without a double chin. Once the present Military Attaché of the French Embassy called my attention to a bit of volunteer manœuvring, saying, "See, a red line, a red line, and a red line, just like an eighteenth century battle picture." How was the material for such pictures obtained? We have no record of war artists in the past. Mr. Simpson was nearly the first of them, as to my mind he was quite the best. But in the long ago we must suppose the artist did not pretend to have seen what he painted. It was confessedly more or less a work of imagination with, no doubt, certain information as a basis, and with more or less careful study of uniforms, arms, and effects. In other words, the picture was built up like one of Lady Butler's, with a certain care and a certain skill; but nobody took these decorations of public galleries and private corridors to be aught but works of fancy. It is surely different with the war artists of to-day. They are sent out, as St. Paul says, "in journeyings often, in perils of

waters . . . in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness" sometimes. And for what? To convey to the public truthful impressions of what they see. If this is not the case, for what are they sent at vast expense and to so much danger? And some of them do try to justify this view of their functions. One have I seen—now "gone under" somehow—who frequently stopped under heavy fire in Armenia to "get a good bit," and who strove hard not only to appear, but to be, realistic. There was a brother of the brush in the same campaign who was never within miles of fire, but the fecundity of whose pencil in illustrating the fighting and the fighters thereabouts did not abate, even after nearly nineteen years. Some artists there are who are recognised throughout that part of the army which has seen recent fighting as being plucky among the pluckiest. Others are a by-word and a scorn when their names are mentioned. One of the latter was, in the Eastern Soudan, compelled to run the gauntlet of the men's belts because he raised a panic. One of the former showed the very utmost coolness and heroism under the most difficult circumstances. Needless to say, most of the work sent home by the latter, if it lacked something, perhaps, in drawing, showed what the artist saw and not what he did not care to see.

I fear to trench on personalities, so this branch of the subject need not be pursued. But in order to show that the blind faith which the public at home put in the sketches of "war artists" is not always justified by facts, here is a story of a campaign in which I did not have a share even as a spectator. The facts rest not on the assertion of anybody; the evidence is documentary. It was the 28th of August, 1882. General Graham was holding Kassassin Lock with about 1,900 men.

Arabi's cavalry made a demonstration between nine and ten in the morning, and Sir Drury Lowe's cavalry, called upon to come up about four miles, did so, and the Egyptians retired. Our horses and men suffered a good deal from the heat, so they were allowed to return to Mahsaneh in the afternoon. Then Arabi again advanced, this time in considerable force. He had about 8,000 infantry and 1,000 horse, besides 12 guns. Graham could not leave the Lock, yet his force was not sufficient to hold it, and at the same time occupy a ridge of ground that commanded it. He had only two guns and a captured Krupp gun with very limited supplies of ammunition. So, much as the cavalry of Drury Lowe had suffered from the heat, there was nothing but to call on them again. And they came up grandly. They swept round Arabi's left, and presently they got, at about a quarter to eight o'clock p.m., the order to "charge." And they charged—charged some troops which broke and fled, but not without inflicting some loss on Russell's Brigade, which included the "make-up" regiment of Household Cavalry and the 7th Dragoon Guards, or Black Horse. The success was complete, even, as it was said, to the capturing of "seven or nine guns"—note the uncertainty of the number—"which they were unable to secure owing to the darkness."

That night, about the witching hour, a number of correspondents and artists were sleeping off their fatigues miles on miles away from the scene of the charge. To them stumbled in a weary man, footsore and spent—a doctor, methinks—who told a wondrous tale about the charge and the capture of Arabi's guns. Some of the scribes rushed for the telegraph office, the artists rapidly took notes by a dim and uncertain light, and in the morning all the papers had an account of the heroism of the gallant lads of Albany Street and Knightsbridge, including the capture of the guns. Here was a subject for the muse. Poets celebrated the achievement, especially the capture of the guns. In due course the sketches of the artists arrived. They more than realised expectation. Here were the Egyptians running for refuge under the guns, from which shelter the stalwart troopers were picking them out on the points of their swords for all the world as they pick out periwinkles with a pin in Whitechapel and Bermondsey. The realistic touch of a "heavy" cutting down a fellah, notwithstanding the man defended himself with something resembling a gun-sponge, was the finishing touch of realism. No one saw it who was not thrilled to the core, partly with pity for the discomfited fellaheen, partly with the generous glow

of patriotism and pride at belonging to the same nation as the victor heroes. I believe a painting on these lines was even shown in the next Academy or somewhere else. And to this day the subject is often the theme of conversation in military circles. Even there not one man in a thousand suspects the truth. But when the evidence about the campaign came to be sifted, before Colonel Fred Maurice sat down to write the official narrative, it began to dawn upon some of the headquarter staff that there were none of Arabi's guns there when the charge was made; that officers of General Graham's staff had seen them retired a long time before; and that, though the charge was delivered, there was no charge on the guns! Nobody who was there now cares to contend that the guns were charged, and so the entire story, as regards them, tumbles to the ground. In the course of time the charge came to be called "The Midnight Charge at Kassassin," not because it took place at midnight, but because the news was sent at about midnight. There is an example of the way in which war is illustrated.

Other instances could I give; but a brief reference to one must suffice. A large block was published of the Battle of Abu Klea. It was not drawn for more than a week after the fight; it was not drawn on the scene of the fight, but many miles away; the artist never saw the fight, for he was in shelter a couple of miles off, with two shoulders of ground between him and the brief but desperate struggle. Yet this block has served as the basis of all the pictures of Abu Klea I have seen. Instead, therefore, of having any additional security nowadays by the presence of an artist with the troops, we are as much liable to be deceived as ever we were in the old days when there was little pretence of being in the fray. Even those artists who do face the fire—and they are not few or unknown—show a tendency to prefer "making a picture" to drawing the plain truth. Thus have I seen very small incidents magnified into prodigious feats of war. On the whole, the sketches that are most to be trusted are thumbnail work, leaves torn from note-books and sent home untouched, and generally work which shows no sign of being finished. Finished work in my experience is, with scarcely an exception, misleading—"the same with intent to deceive." What is the remedy for this is not part of my subject. The camera may ensure general accuracy, but it cannot give life. And there are occasions when it would not even tell the truth, for it would leave out factors in the situation without which the representation based on it would be far from correct.



THE BIG PACK.

(From the Painting by A. Stuart Wortley. By Permission of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., the Owners of the Copyright.)

SPORT IN ART.

SHOOTING.—IV.

By JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS, F.Z.S.



WERE it not for the greater attraction possessed by the pictures of Sir E. Landseer, there is little doubt that the numerous works of Richard Ansdell (1814-1885) would have taken a higher place in the mind of the public. There was not,

however, in the latter artist's compositions any true exhibition of romantic sentiment, which is, after all, the real key to human sympathy.

Richard Ansdell spent many years of his life in the little lodge built for him beside beautiful Loch Laggan, in the Forest of Ardverikie. Here, as in the case of Sir Edwin, he had ample opportunities of studying deer and deer-stalking; and the large number of canvases which he completed of these subjects and Highland shot-gun shooting are evidence of his great abilities and powers of observation.

Though Ansdell excelled in the grouping of his subjects and execution of detail, with the exception of his dogs, neither his large animals nor his birds completely satisfy. In the case of the deer, close observation will convince the reader that most of his animals were drawn from *dead* ones, and have their consequent stiffness of attitude; whilst with regard to the birds the artist, like Renaique, relied too much

on the inaccuracies from the bird-stuffers. Undoubtedly the best picture of a deer which Richard Ansdell painted was the "Combat of Reg Stags," a canvas that might well have come from the brush of Sir Edwin, for in it there is a splendid amount of "go" and action; also the animals are carefully and faithfully represented.

In the well-known engravings of "Blackcock-Shooting," "Grouse-Shooting," "Partridge-Shooting," "Woodcock-Shooting," and "Snipe-Shooting," we see quite the best pictures of these sports, as they existed thirty years ago. The attitudes of the shooters and keepers, as well as the nervous tension on the part of the pointers and setters at their work, have never been excelled before or since; and had the artist a greater knowledge of the objects of the possessed chase, these would be amongst the few pictures which, from their absolute truthfulness and realism, would defy criticism.

Although my father has never painted what may be strictly termed "shooting pictures," he has produced many well-known canvases of Highland landscape, which, as they are intended to do, practically appeal to sportsmen generally as perfect backgrounds where the chase of Highland game may be enjoyed. In "Over the Hills and Far Away," he, as well as the writer, has seen many a grouse meet its end. In the



BRIGANDS OF THE DESERT.

(From the Painting by Richard Frise. By Permission of J. J. Weber, of Leipzig.)

background of "Murthly Moss," I may say without any exaggeration I have seen thousands of duck and snipe fall, for it was our favourite shooting ground for thirteen years.

"The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night" is a favourite spot for roe at Murthly, as "The Fringe of the Moon" is for black game on Rohallion. In the wood where "Dew-Drenched Furze" was painted, capercailzie and pheasants have their favourite cover; and in the swamps of "Chill October" the snipe on migration rest in their southern passage. For a man

draughtsman has found so little time to spend on a subject which, had it been his will, he could have immortalised quite as amply as did Sir Edwin Landseer.

Mr. Briton Riviere, whilst quite the foremost animal-painter of the present day, has practically never painted shooting pictures, so that his work, with a few exceptions, comes far more within the range of the critic of animal paintings pure and simple.

The lion, which has always been erroneously termed the "king of beasts," has, from the fact of its dangerous nature and splendid appearance in northern



ON THE LOW GROUND.

(From the Painting by H. W. B. Davis, R.A.)

who has always been so devoted to shooting as Sir John, it may strike one as somewhat curious that he has never painted a form of sport which he *really* understands so well. But his reply to this is perhaps more or less conclusive. "My dear boy, the average man in check shooting-clothes is essentially an abomination. Why, therefore, should you exercise your art and spoil God's beautiful landscape by inserting so unromantic an element?"

To enumerate in turn the various works of our best animal-painters—Messrs. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., Briton Riviere, R.A., J. M. Swan, A.R.A., Arthur Wardle, and J. T. Netteship—trending on the subject of shooting, would scarcely be within the bounds of this article; so I must pass but lightly over their works, which come within the sphere of the animal-painter proper.

Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., has only painted three pictures which appeal to the sportsman—namely, "The Road to the Sanctuary," "The Deer Forest," and "On the Low Ground." Lovers of sport are indeed the losers in that so grand a colourist and powerful a

menageries, ever formed the favourite subject for the best animal-painters past and present. Doubtless there are circumstances under which the lion does make the splendid appearance in the field with which most painters love to invest him—notably in the early forties, when the nobly maned Algerian lions really terrorised the Bedouins, and cared little for their guns. We see this in the spirited sketches of Gustave Doré; but now, with the exception of Somaliland, where modern Expresses and '303's are rapidly exterminating them, the animal in nature has generally a skulking disposition, and flees before the face of man like some great clumsy yellow dog. No two men have depicted the lion so well as Mr. Riviere and Herr Richard Friese, the former being particularly successful in "Daniel," "Persepolis," "A Mighty Hunter before the Lord," and "The King Drinks;" whilst the latter (a German artist) has given us "Brigands of the Desert," in my humble estimation quite the finest picture of these great cats ever painted. Art-lovers had an opportunity of seeing a replica of this fine work in the Guildhall Exhibition of 1895.

The foreshortening of the lioness and the sinuous stealth of her partner, creeping down the rocky hillside, are simply superb. In this picture, as well as in "The King of the Jungle"—a tiger standing over a Nylghai bull (exhibited at Mr. Tooth's Exhibition—winter of 1895), the artist has wholly grasped the muscular liveness of the great cats; he has also managed to impress us with the reality of his composition. In the first is an entourage of stony desolation and blazing sunshine, which is entirely characteristic of African landscape; whilst in the

imagination, as in the case of "Maternity" and "They were the first that ever burst into that silent sea"—two polar bears swimming northward. At other times his work, such as in "Orpheus" and "Leopards Drinking," is to me incomprehensible.

Mr. Harry Dixon, too, has done some good work with lions and tigers for his models, notably the fine water-colour study of "Lions," a picture which was thought so highly of that the Royal Academy purchased it for the Chantrey Bequest collection.

What I should consider a really first-rate pic-



PHEASANT SHOOTING.

(From the Painting by Douglas Adams. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co., Limited, the Owners of the Copyright.)

latter the jungle and the maize-field are equally well expressed.

Germany has always been particularly rich in delineators of animal life. Wolf, although a naturalised Englishman, originally came from there, and to-day she numbers amongst her compatriots such splendid artists as Herren Muntzel, Paul Meyerheim, Specht, and Kuhnert; the latter an exceptionally powerful draughtsman of the *felidae*. France, too, has given us lions well represented by Mme. Rosa Bonheur and M. Gérôme; whilst M. Frémiet and Barye excel in the modelling of other animals of the chase.

Turning to our own country again, Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., has also made a special study of the great cats. He is one of those men whose familiarity with the subject strikes the critic as being in excess of his means of expression. Occasionally he astonishes us by his anatomical knowledge and poetic

ture of a typical big game shooting subject is that exhibited by Mr. Verreker Hamilton, under the title of "The Shot at Dawn," in the Royal Academy of 1894. The scene is Kashmir, the subject ibex-stalking, and therefore one which many a British soldier, who has wandered north from the broiling plains of India, can appreciate. The sportsman hangs over the abyss and is aiming at his quarry, whilst his shikari crouches behind him like a dusky shadow. Everything about the picture is as it should be, and without going further you can tell at a glance that the man firing the shot really knows what he is doing, and is no model dressed up in sportsman's clothes. The rifle is a .450 Express, every detail of which one can see is perfectly correct; whilst the clothing of the shikari and the details of the landscape are the work of a man who has studied his subject on the spot.

A perfectly accurate picture of big-game shooting is rarely seen in a public exhibition, and there is much need of more works such as Mr. Hamilton's, which (as I afterwards ascertained) *was* more or less done on the spot.

Of the artists who have specialised in shot-gun shooting of the present day, I may instance particularly Messrs. Archibald Stuart Wortley, A. Thorburn, Douglas Adams, Heywood Hardy, and G. Denham Armour.

Mr. Stuart Wortley has painted but few shooting subjects, which is a matter to be regretted, for, judged by his later successes, such as "The Big Pack" and "Partridge-Driving," he has reached a very high degree of perfection; and if one of the essentials to success in this class of work is knowledge of the subject, he is indeed well armed, for no one knows his own special line better. When criticising his work, we are thoroughly satisfied with the landscape and the guns. It is only in the representation and the natural history of the birds that he displays signs of weakness. The



POACHERS.

(From the Painting by Briton Rivière, R.A. By Permission of R. Douthorne, by whom an Etching is published.)

wings of his flying birds seem either too straight or too short, whilst the geese in "Punting up to Brent Geese" are certainly out of drawing and weak. Archie Wortley has undoubtedly the elements which go to make a great painter of shooting pictures, had he studied natural history a little more; and he is a splendid example through which the reader can be shown that it is not enough

for a man to be only a good sportsman and a good artist to ensure success in a shooting picture. The naturalist must be there too.

I do not know if Mr. A. Thorburn is a keen sportsman or not. At any rate, he is without doubt the most consummate delineator of common subjects such as partridge, grouse, black-game, and pheasant-shooting that we have to-day. That he is a brilliant artist of ornithology most of us who are naturalists



STUDY OF STAGS' HEADS.

(By Sydney Steel.)

have seen in his illustrations for Lord Lilford's "British Birds;" but in his recent work, in the form of shooting-pictures such as "Breaking up the Covey," "Grouse," etc., he has given us pictures of the sport which are entirely satisfactory from every point of view. Game-birds are evidently his specialty, and in this class of illustration he is without a rival.

Mr. Douglas Adams is also rapidly coming to the front as a painter of shooting pictures. His recently issued works of "Peace" and "War" show a very great advance on anything he has previously done, except "Pheasant-Shooting."

Mr. Sydney Steel and Mr. Denham Armour are two artists whose work deserves mention, although their pictures of sport and big game are not as well known as they should be. Mr. Steel is, I think, a coming man, for he has made a life-study of deer and deer-stalking; whilst Mr. G. D. Armour's work as an illustrator is of a very high order.

Perhaps there is no greater evidence of the popularity in which the gun and the rifle are held in the present day than in the immense growth of illustrated shooting literature. Each season brings

its toll of books and magazines dealing with sport, and with them appears the work of such men as Messrs. G. E. Lodge, Charles Whymper, and Lancelot Speed, all of whom maintain a degree of excellence that calls for admiration, considering the amount of work which they produce.

Of course, there are many others who could be mentioned as doing good work; but whenever we see my old friend Mr. George Lodge's work in small birds and wild sport, Mr. Charles Whymper's spirited big-game scenes, and Mr. Lancelot Speed's drawings of deer-stalking, we know that the subjects are being thoroughly and conscientiously treated. Considering the amount of research that is necessary, their pictures are much worthier of praise than the more ambitious and entirely inaccurate efforts that may be frequently seen in public galleries.

Mr. Caton Woodville has also at times turned his great talents to shooting subjects for the *Illustrated London News*, as Mr. John Charlton has for the *Graphic*. In the American magazines and shooting books the work of Mr. A. B. Frost and Mr. Frederick Remington is generally admirable.

AN EXPERIMENT.

By JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE two prints which are here published, from my drawing, are the result of an experiment—I am afraid not a new one—to show the difference which exists between process and lithography; to show which produces the nearer and the truer result to the original drawing. It may be said that there is no relation between these two methods of reproduction; but I think there is. The prints were produced in this way. I made the drawing on lithographic transfer paper, and it was then transferred from the paper to the lithographic stone, and also to a plate of zinc in the ordinary manner.

The lithographic stone with the print on it was treated as all lithographs are treated, and a print, a surface print, of course, made—the print on the zinc plate was etched—in the manner of etching zinc plates, which is really only carrying the lithographic method further, etching deeper, making the surface print into a relief block. Then the lithograph was printed on a lithographic press, and the zinc block in an ordinary press. And the results explain just how much is gained or lost by both methods. But, what is more important, a way is shown of drawing either on lithographic paper, and

having that transferred to the zinc plate, or of drawing directly—an even simpler method—on the zinc itself; and though, I believe, for quick rapid work this has often been done, I do not see why it should not be employed where work of sufficient size to draw easily and comfortably is wanted.

The advantage of lithographic paper would be that the drawing need not be reversed, as it must be on zinc or a wood block. On zinc itself, slightly grained, one can draw perfectly easily with lithographic crayon; but in either case the photograph is done away with, and everybody knows how much is always lost or changed by the camera. Here then it seems to me is a way of escaping from the photographer, which will be welcomed both by artists and mechanical engravers. As to the difference between the lithograph and the process block, the latter has become stronger, blacker, but has retained in a most wonderful fashion the greys and the character of the chalk work. The drawback is that the drawing, as in the case of one on wood, is destroyed. I am indebted to Mr. Carl Hentschel for the chance of carrying out the idea, which, it seems to me, is destined to have some useful effect in illustration.



CORNER OF VILLIERS STREET, CHARING CROSS.

(Process Reproduction of a Drawing by Joseph Pennell.)



THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—III.

REFERENCE has already been made to some of the exhibitors representing art in its older and more established phase, so that the list may be continued with the name of Mr. H. W. B. Davis, who sends only one work but that a *tour de force*, "An Orchard in Wales," lovely in its blossom-laden fruit-trees and sheep dappled with sunshine. Mr.

Mr. Val Prinsep's diploma picture, "La Révolution," a kind of single-figure reminiscence of his "À Versailles" design of a few seasons ago. He here seeks to symbolise the great French Revolution of last century in the not uncomely form of robust young womanhood—a girl in red cap and tricoloured sash marching through the streets of Paris as she yells



MISS SIMS.

(From the Painting by C. H. Sims.)

J. MacWhirter is busy and prolific as usual, contributing several landscapes, and is best seen in his twilight view, "The sleep that is among the lonely hills," a dark grey rock crowned with Scotch firs, against a calm but cloudy evening sky, looking through a ravine to far-off hills. The absence of all human or animal life assists the expressive lines of Wordsworth in the title. Descending, in some sort, from the sublime to the ridiculous, the same artist, in his "Otium cum dignitate," parodies a comfortable old philosopher in an aged donkey, who, sheltered in a cave from sun and rain, is within reach of tempting food—of luxuriant thistles. The classic-looking maiden, "Neobulè," from the Odes of Horace, is a figure wrought out with all Mr. E. J. Poynter's well-known learned skill in the technique of art, and

out the "Marseillaise," a background of sympathising citizens watching her progress. We are glad to see an example in "An Outpost," a sentry in armour and helmet, by our great delineator of mediæval chivalry, good old Sir John Gilbert, and the more so as there is a virility in the design giving no evidence of declining powers in the artist. Mr. P. H. Calderon illustrates his idea of "Spring-time" in a pretty maiden, bare-footed and bare-armed, seated in a landscape, her graceful form swathed in semi-transparent drapery which veils whilst it does not wholly conceal outline. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Pandora," like all his work, eminently refined and beautiful in colour, pictures the nymph kneeling by the partially opened casket, from which are escaping all the ills flesh is heir to. Whilst we could hardly do

without them, their works now having been for so long characteristic of the exhibition, Messrs. Peter Graham and J. C. Hook are represented by variations of

off among the Mountains in Skye" are really marvelous productions for one of his age. Mr. W. W. Oules sends a manly, characteristic, and well-exe-



PASTURES BY THE SEA.

(From the Painting by Carleton Wiggins.)

subjects like those we have seen from them for many years past. Mr. Graham's wild Scotch coast, grandly desolate and imposing, with myriads of sea-birds, "From beetling sea-crags where the gannet builds," is one of the views of which, however familiar, one does not tire, and Mr. Hook's seascapes, with fishermen, boats, and calm water, like his "Bread-winners of the North," are suggestive of sea-breeze and of the all-important industry of those dwelling on the coast. Mr. G. D. Leslie repeats his success in landscape last year with another study, probably of the Upper Thames, of the same class—"September Sunshine." It is so truthful and so powerful a realisation of motive as to make one almost question whether Mr. Leslie might not have distinguished himself quite as much as a landscape-painter as in the manner of art he has adopted. It would be ungracious to leave unnoticed the work of the very venerable painter Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, whose groups of cattle in "Rain Coming on" and "Mist Clearing

cutted portrait of Mr. Frederick J. Harrison, holding a hunting-crop in his hand; and Mr. James Sant's "Miss Dorothy Baird as Trilby" is successful both as portraiture and as an impersonation of character.

But it is to the work of our younger artists, those to whom we look as our coming school of the future, that leading interest attaches. Old manners, methods, and taste in art will change with the passing time; but if British art is to maintain the proud position it reached at the latter end of the last century, in landscape-painting and portraiture, if indeed it is, according to the motto of the Royal Academy in this year's catalogue, "To show mankind the unchangeable heart of truth," we must look to the coming generation to prove by their work that they are fully alive to the seriousness of the task they have set before them. Tentative effort may be desirable in order to elucidate truth, but at least that effort should always be governed by clear and definite purpose, which can hardly be said to be the case with

some of the eccentric products of our new schools. Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, who recently joined the ranks of the Associates, has claim to be in the very first rank, if not at the head of it, with his "Richard Duke of Gloucester and Lady Anne," showing us specious, oily-tongued Richard wooing the fair widow on the gruesome occasion of King Henry's funeral. Fine as the composition is as a whole, and particularly the figure of Lady Anne, and rich as is the blending of subdued colour to which the Duke's red cloak gives the key-note, the impression left on the mind is that this is a subtly wrought out Shakespearian pageant without too much reference to nature.

The very antitheses of such a design are the vigorous but homely studies of Mr. George Clausen, whose "Bird-Scaring," "Boy Threshing," and "The Haybarn" are rugged but wholly convincing transcripts of peasant life. Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes is best represented in his stable interior, with a man, his wife, and

and natural light being carried out in the moonlit window of the stable. Mr. Frank Bramley, whom one seems naturally to associate with Mr. Forbes, has a picture not wholly dissimilar in motive from the one just mentioned in a lamb, apparently *in extremis*, which has been rescued and is laid out in the ruddy warmth of a cottage fire, "While there is life there is hope." The figures of the woman and girl onlookers are well rendered, but the work otherwise exhibits no great onward stride in art. A flat landscape, "In the Fen Country," effective in broad masses of sunshine and shadow, by Mr. J. Aumonier, is one of the successes of the collection; and there is a sky study in "Clouds o'er the Sea," and a most sweet pastoral, "The Glow of Evening," by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, that do not belie that artist's power to charm us with the more tender sentiments of nature. Among other strong landscape-painters to whom one always looks for valuable help in an



MIDSUMMER MORNING.

(From the Painting by J. Noble Barlow.)

children watching "The New Calf." It is a variation of the artist's recent glowing forge effects, the light thrown upon the group being from a lantern, the now common artistic device of introducing artificial

exhibition—a hope certainly not disappointed on the present occasion—are Mr. David Murray, whose broad, manly work is perhaps best seen in his "Musk Mallows," the mass of pink flowers being shown

to advantage in a field of rich yellow grass; Mr. B. W. Leader, whose "Golden Eve" is an elaborate sunset effect on trees bordering a river, reflections, and a luminous sky; Mr. Alfred East, with his idyllic and very charming "Valley of the Ches," the winding river and meadows warm in afternoon



VESTA.

From the Painting by Isaac Snodman.)

sunlight; Mr. Alfred Parsons, in his wild cottage-garden with trees blossom-laden, "A Mid-May Morning;" and Mr. James Farquharson, in his realistic winter scenes, of which, perhaps, "And winter's breath came cold and chill" is the most expressive. Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Edgar Bundy, both men of mark to rank with those to whom we are now referring, have their pictures placed so high that we must confess to being unable to judge of their merits. Mr. Seymour Lucas illustrates an incident in Kingsley's "Westward Ho! A Story of the Spanish Main," with just the interest attaching to such subjects. It is brilliantly painted. Mr. Hacker, who is feeling his way to the front rank in his profession, is at present interested in imaginative and symbolical design. With his kneeling nun with good angel wistfully regarding her and the maiden with bowl of fruit, and Cupid hovering near, his "The Cloister or the World"

is perhaps too sectarian and narrow in suggestion wholly to grasp the idea which Mr. Hacker evidently had in his mind; but it is conscientious, finely drawn, and worked out with all possible care. The presentment of "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," by Mr. John S. Sargent, is an unusually fine example of the painter's talent. Mr. Sargent, to our thinking, is one whose brushwork always fascinates from its amazing freedom and dexterity; but close analysis induces the feeling that still something more is needed to secure position in the highest order of portraiture. His head of the Colonial Secretary, however, leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Henry Woods contributes in "A Venetian Christening Party" a bright, pleasant scene filled with many figures, and indicating strongly enough the almost Venetian nature with which the artist has become imbued. The devotional early art picture of some dozen or so of children singing "Alleluia," by Mr. T. C. Gotch, has been purchased for the Chantrey Bequest. A rather powerful and rich scheme of colour, aided by a gold background, together with frank sincerity in the work, scarcely compensate for figures lacking spontaneity and natural movement. Mr. Ernest Crofts has selected one of the many telling incidents of Waterloo in his "Capture of a French Battery by the 52nd Regiment," a determined onslaught by our gallant soldiers, and fierce resistance by the enemy. The wild turmoil and life-struggle of man with man in actual warfare was never better depicted by one who is in the foremost rank of our battle-painters. The French master Bouguereau certainly does not shine in the wax-doll-like example of flesh-painting he has sent, "Summer-time," a bare-legged little girl lying extended on the ground. There is more interesting work in the same gallery, and that by a lady, Mrs. Mary F. Raphael, who in "A Wood-Nymph" has a very sweet and tenderly painted presentment of the nude. Speaking of studies of that description, of which, by the way, the exhibition has far more than its usual number, there are beautiful examples in "Campaspe," by Mr. J. W. Godward, and "Summer," a nymph among rose-blossoms, by Mrs. Henrietta Normand. Of the remaining younger artists giving promise of future success, we can only mention Mr. Walter C. Horsley, whose Eastern scene, "Striking a Bargain," is a marked advance on his former work, and Mr. H. J. Draper, the Academy Gold Medallist of a few seasons ago, who in "The Golden Chain" has a lovely study of an auburn-haired maiden fixing a chain around her neck. M. P. J.

ANCIENT BRONZES FOUND IN LAKE NEMI.

By WILLIAM MERCER.

THE latest discovery of the wreck, described by the up-to-date Roman archaeologists as *Caligula's Ship*, is now attracting universal attention.

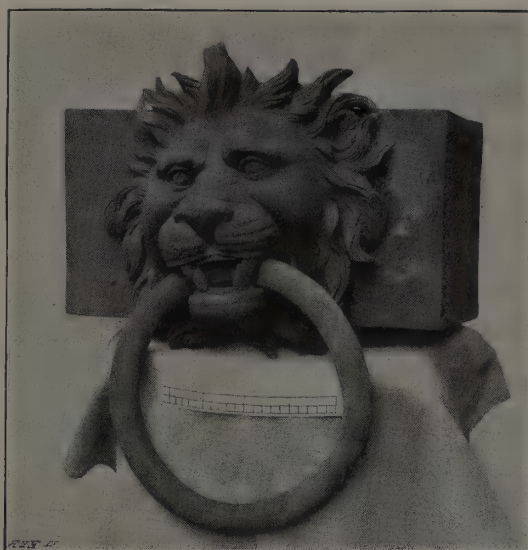
It is by no means true that the recent investigations furnish the earliest or only knowledge we possess that beneath what Byron, in "Childe Harold," called "the deep, cold, settled aspect nought can shake," Lake Nemi hid from view the remains of one or more large vessels dating from Imperial times; for written documents concerning repeated practical researches, made as far back as 1430, still exist in the archives of Rome. Certainly since, if not before that period, pieces of timber, bronze decorations, and fragments of mosaic and terra-cotta have been brought to land, notably two wooden beams fished up in 1827, which are now in the Vatican Museum.

Perhaps the most curious details regarding the search for these nautical relics are given in an old

oath not to reveal during the lifetime of Maestro Guglielmo (*inventore di tal stromento*) the secrets of this marvellous machine, which he dismisses from

our too-inquisitive minds as "*una cosa ingenuissima da sapere.*" The diver is described as "looking through a crystal large as the palm of a man's hand, which magnifies out of all proportion every object seen in the water. The fishes named *Laterini*, abounding in this lake, which in reality are less than the size of a finger, appear to be big as an arm, and if

not fully aware thereof," says the writer, "they would strike me with terror for the vast multitude swimming around me." "Furthermore, Maestro Guglielmo," writes De Marchi, "wished to plug my ears with wool steeped in musk and other scents, and I would not hearken, saying that it would hinder me from hearing voices calling from above. Descending under water I experienced such sounds in my ears that a bloodvessel



publication by a certain Dall'Oglio, in 1599, taken from the experiences of an architect called De Marchi, in his first trial of a veritable diving bell, in 1535. The writer states that he is bound by an

was ruptured, and blood flowed from my nose and mouth, so that when I began to use my hammer on the ship the pain was past bearing and forced me to give the signal for release. I was drawn aloft,

and all my white vestments, saturated with blood, were taken away by my companions to be kept as memorials of my hazardous enterprise."

"As soon as I essayed to bathe in the lake, swallowed water, and dipped my head, the blood was stayed, and I sought to try another descent. Forthwith, I stuffed my ears with scented wool, and the fish troubled me no longer, neither did the pains in the ears; and remaining an hour beneath the surface of the lake I succeeded in tying the side of the ship to a rope, and those above hauled it with a crane in quantity enough to load two mules. The spoil was judged by the Roman experts to consist of larch, pine, and cypress wood."

The whole of De Marchi's observations are too extended for quotation, but they are intensely interesting, although these his concluding words contain an

picture. He writes: "Caligula's ships were supplied with several ranks of oars and many multicoloured sails; the decks were adorned with precious stones



and marbles; and umbrageous fruit-trees and trellises of vines decorated the arcades leading to the baths, which were furnished with soft luxurious couches. There amidst the songs and dances of young girls, the Emperor, crowned with oak-leaves, spent his hours in the company of his Pretorian guards and chosen associates."

The bronze heads, as the illustrations show, represent one of a Medusa, and several of lions and wolves till lately submerged in the lake, and joined on to the extremities of timber beams; but it is uncertain if they belonged to those fixed on the upper or the lower deck; upon which circumstance it depends whether the rings served to attach light cords for



assurance unfortunately no longer exact: "Again I make it known that the said ship [he considered it to be of Trajan's time] in the said lake has only a small portion wanting, viz., the parts carried off by Maestro Guglielmo, and those which I myself took away."

Immense injury has been heedlessly accruing since this sentence, expressive of contrition, was written; and I rejoice to learn that a petition has been presented to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, urgently praying for orders that the destructive breaking-up may be stopped, and the ship, or ships, be scientifically examined and reported on, according to a project which includes the partial lowering of the water of the lake. This plan now awaits governmental confirmation.

The description by Suetonius of one of the favourite pastimes of the Emperor Caligula should strengthen modern efforts to preserve intact (as may be) the material part of the historian's glowing



awnings, and garlands of myrtle and laurel, rather than for the use of rough, heavy mooring-hawsers of which they show no indent or traces to-day.

THE PARIS SALONS.

THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.



MY SON ANDRÉ.

(By J. J. Benjamin-Constant. Acquired for the Luxembourg.)



THE WOUNDED SIREN.
(By Adolphe Laloue.)



THE DANCER.
(By Alexandre Falguière.)



THE DRINKERS.
(By Antonio Fabrè.)



USELESS MOUTHS.
(By Francis Tattegrain.)

CHAMP DE MARS.



BATHING IN THE LAKE OF ANNECY.
(By Albert Besnard. From a Photograph by Rouz, Paris.)



THE TOURNAMENT OF LOVE.
(By Doudelet.)



HOMER.



ÆSCHYLUS.

(By Puvis de Chavannes. From Photographs by Braun.)



VIRGIL.



A SOUVENIR OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(By Carolus-Duran. From a Photograph by Braun.)



SLEEPING WOMAN.

(By A. P. Roll.)

THE PARIS SALONS: AN APPRECIATION OF MODERN FRENCH ART.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.



THE sense of exhilaration with which a visit to the Salon was wont to fill the visitor now yields to a weary feeling of sadness and unrest. It is not that he has become unappreciative; for fine colour and sincerity ever awaken a response within, as keen and pleasurable as ever. But all this effort

—misplaced and futile, the greater part of it, vain and tasteless as Dead Sea fruit—what does it all express? The ineffectual striving of a nation for a year—ineffectual in the sum of its real achievement, though assuredly not in extent. When we think that in these two Salons are displayed about 7,000 works, and that these, estimating the rejections at the same proportion as in England, represent not fewer than 70,000 works produced, and that there are *nineteen other exhibitions of painting now open in Paris*, there is enough in the thought, I think, to stagger the mind and depress the lightest heart. What is to be the outcome of it all? One is irresistibly reminded of the story of the "Prix de Rome" who, after his school triumph, found that he had no artistic mind to guide his skilful hand, and sank lower and lower still, until he earned a livelihood by painting on the front of *charcuterie* shops representations of the cold meats sold within. But his pride outlasted his hope and his ability. One morning he was found dead, with a revolver by his side and a paper on which appeared the words, "I have failed in aspic jelly!" What is to become of the painters of all this great display? What is the destination of all this chaos of art—but aspic jelly? It is all confusion now and talent ill-directed, with here and there a fine work, a noble thought, or happy execution, like stars against the blackened vault of heaven, to prove the cult of fine art to be not wholly lost.

We pass with pleasure from the Old Salon to the New, and from the fine poetic works of style (yet how different!) of M. Fantin-Latour to those of M. Puvion de Chavannes—two men the combined quality of whose mind is to a curious extent reflected in that of our Mr. Watts. The breadth, simplicity, nobility of M. de Chavannes's work are enough, with the poetic graces of M. Fantin's, to save any year's art from a charge of utter degradation; and it is pleasant to notice that the former has imitators, if not real disciples. But even his art has its draw-

backs. The very tenderness of its tones have helped to lead to that colourless school which M. Zola so bitterly bewails. M. Zola proclaims himself the originator, the very Frankenstein, of the *plein-air* Monster, which has ended in the worship of Nature and the neglect of Art. In the attempt to render air, artists have forgotten the colour in the things and scenes they paint, and in their modern anxiety about light, tone, and value have lost the greatest charm of all. "Go to Nature!" cried M. Zola at a time when Nature was represented to him by Manet's celebrated nude and impossible cat. The artists hearkened and obeyed; but forgot the Art they left behind. And now the prophet, horror-stricken at his own falsity—or perhaps half-truth—cries out aloud that he is "scared by the monstrosities" he has called into being. The "reflected lights" he pleaded for have become daubs of primary colours, laid on with a skill that often routs the objections of the observer of green skies, violet countrysides, "orange horses, and multi-coloured women." M. Rochefort deplores the over-mysterious, nebulous school, in the faces of whose portraits the features are lost and the noses unattempted, reminding one of Mr. Whistler's drawing of his portrait of Mrs. Cassatt for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*. These things, even the "sexless beings" of the new mysticism, are doubtless more amusing than "La Source," "Femme Couchée," "Rêverie," "Le Bain," and so forth, of which so many even now proclaim the mental barrenness of their authors. But what else do these gentlemen expect? They forget that out of a natural tendency to exaggeration the pendulum of fashion, which has swung periodically from Art to Nature and back again, needs but the incentive of a crusade of novel "theory" to oscillate between fantastic extremes. So at last we have the sight of a whole school, leaders and all, exclaiming, "Nature is played out! We must go back to Art"—*their* Nature and *their* Art!

But in spite of all the blackness, colourlessness, bloodlessness, and extravagant eccentricity alike of the *chercheurs* and the agitators, there is still much to admire. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Lord's Supper," though thin in the painting, is a well-felt work of tender sincerity and genuine art. There is beauty in M. Vidal's study of a girl's head; and a delightful feeling for landscape in M. Gervex's "Valley of the Huisne;" in M. Gagliardini's "Roussillon, Provence," which breathes out from the canvas the summer heat; in M. Gosselin's picture of the Loire, and M. Harpignies' masterpiece of "La Loire;" even in M. Besnard's "Lac d'Annecy." Portraiture, in which

the French are so brilliant—perhaps rather superficially so—is interesting in the examples of M. Benjamin-Constant (portrait of his son and “Mme. W.”), even in M. Boldini’s affected canvases; in the charming work in which M. Blanche seeks to engraft the very latest ideas of colour on to the feeling and style of English portraiture of the eighteenth century; and in the dashing canvases of M. Carolus-Duran. And in the old tradition we have M. Bonnat’s picture of M. Ricard. And of course all Paris crowds round M. Rosen’s show portrait of the late Tsar. For sound and brilliant painting Mlle. Romani and M. Joseph Bail are remarkable; and the older painters exert themselves, not always with success, to maintain their place.

Contenting ourselves with a general impression of this vast conglomeration of art, we may form perhaps the truest judgment of all. This judgment, as I said at the beginning, is not favourable. Frankly, it is disappointment at the Champ de Mars, and, in spite of much good work, repugnance at the Champs Élysées. Repugnance; for here painters who know the business of their craft and can draw and compose with admirable skill are permitted to disport themselves in a spirit that must tell grievously against the art of the country.

French painters hold with Ruskin—and to do them justice they long have proved it—that every genuine artist belongs to the caste of workman. But how do they set about their craft? They use their tools with undoubted skill and mastery; but to produce what?—things that have neither charm nor use, beauty nor thought. “A true artist,” said Ruskin, “is only a beautiful development of tailor or carpenter”—whether in the direction of designing materials or carving sculpture. Such a one would rise to his greatest height in embellishing a House of Art, be he painter, tapestry-weaver, or mason. What part, I ask, would M. Tattégtrain play, or M. Surand, in such a place? How would *their* talent serve to beautify or delight? Their skill as draughtsmen (I say nothing of their poor colour or dexterous technique), their time and canvas, might have been put to better use than in the production of works which disclose but few merits, and the most colossal fault.

Who is the better—artistically, ecstatically—for being shown M. Surand’s conception of how Hamlet’s elephants trampled his barbarian prisoners to a shapeless mass? The scene was very well in Salammbô: did it want this stupid stripping of its romance and placing in *avorté* horror on canvas? Is M. Tattégtrain, is the public, edified by the ghastly, if brilliant, illustration of how the old and young—“Useless Mouths”—were driven from besieged Château Gaillard to starve or *eat* one another, the blood dripping from their hands as they

fight for the flesh? We may pass by M. Loysel’s marble sculpture of a nude woman in hysterical convulsions (“La Grande Névrose”) as a grimly-humorous decoration for, say, *La Salpêtrière*. We may pardon in an indulgent spirit of catholicity for the sake of the allegory M. Bérour’s “Queen of Kings,” for the allegory is in itself not a bad one. If we must have a moral, it is as well that it should point the true way; and this scene of men worshipping with eager passion a laughing female figure, beautiful in her nudity, states a fact and suggests a warning. But the painting is as poor as it is presumptuous, and this travesty of Mr. Watts’s motive of “The Court of Death” leaves the spectator entirely untouched. Equally unmoved are we at the sight of M. Rochegrosse’s ambitious but really ineffective and abortive “Human Anguish”—an allegory by a man who has not the slightest natural ability to represent one, however worthy his intention may be; and M. Trigoulet, with “The Way to Death”—counting for its cheap effect of contrast on the absurd association of men’s evening dress and the symbolic female nude—has rather the will than the power to impress us. But when we come to M. Thivier’s “Salammbô”—inspired “Defile of La Hache,” and are shown an army starving hideously to death; or to M. Simon’s hounds coquetting with living boar’s flesh in filthy realism; to M. Lemarquier’s “Leper” picking at his scaling sores; or to M. Lix’s “Medieval Tragedy,” illustrative of baby-burning—we ask if these painters really think their life’s mission to be the wringing of our hearts and the turning of our stomachs. If this be Art, how are we, whose lives are passed in urging the spread, the practice, and the love of it, to plead for it as a joy to be cherished, a delight to be encouraged in the land?

These things hanging on the walls, however much they may disgust us, would be powerless to corrupt our taste, and the taste of painters, English and foreign, were we but to recognise them openly as the symptoms of a disease. Horrors must sometimes be painted, the *demi-monde* pictured, and the nude portrayed, if subject-art is to be frank and loyal to its century and to itself, so that they be all presented with the reticence proper to all true art. That sensuality and crime are matters not foreign to artistic treatment, whether in literature, painting, or poetry, the world has seen and wise men proved; but until artists have learnt to know what to present and what to pass over, they have no right to disport themselves in public, and rival, so to speak, the acts of Diogenes in the highway, or of King Prempeh in the sacred grove. It may all be, as Ruskin says, the fault of centralisation that the best art viewed in “schools” has always been Provincial and not, as some think,

Metropolitan, with all the defects of metropolitan life—insincerity, cleverness, artificiality, and immodest passion—part of its very spirit. Degraded and pernicious is the tendency; and the painter, whose whole world and efforts in it are marked out by the boundaries of his little Bohemia, spends his life at one end of his pipe, while “his fame expires at the other”—in smoke. But none the less the debasement of much of the artistic effort of the day is defilement and contagion; for not only do painters produce, but the public for the moment applauds the production. A few voices are raised, in private and in the press; but the majority of men stare open-mouthed at these vast canvases, in admiration of the talent that could draw so big and the imagination that could realise such foulness; and in their enjoyment of it, palliate the appeal—in which they more than half share—to primeval passion and love of violence, by excusing the act as the mere effervescence of youth and effort. They might, indeed, point to M. Rochegrosse’s “Human Anguish” aforementioned as an allegorical illustration of the position of the painter himself and of his fellows. This motley crowd, clambering, blaspheming, crushing each other in the desperate, agonising climb—they represent the artists themselves engaged in a violent, suicidal struggle for life, scrambling, pushing up a height too small to accommodate a quarter of them; straining and striving madly—after what? Art? Not at all. After the Spirits of Publicity and Notoriety who float mockingly above them, far easier to be reached and seized than Fata Morgana, but as vain, empty, and unreal as M. Rochegrosse’s divinities themselves.

Art, it is true, has essentially nought to do with morals or ethics. But it must have nought to do *against* them. The thought that inspires it, be it sapid or insipid, must not be an outrage on taste, or it at once introduces an element entirely foreign to the true purpose of art. That, primarily, is to impart pleasure according to our individual notions of beauty, visual or intellectual. Now, skill in draughtsmanship can never blind our eyes nor keep down our rising gorge at the sickening or the repellent sights with which French painters often think it proper to startle us. I care not, generally speaking, whether a picture have or have not a subject, provided that the picture is fine as paint, as design, as workmanship. But when a painter who can give us all these things uses them to thrust upon us a loathsome subject, he obliterates violently from our intellectual sight the impression of beauty which the general composition first presented to our eyes—nay more, by the filthy smear he makes he offends past all pardon those physical eyes themselves. The figure of man or woman,

however perfect in proportion, fine in modelling, exquisite in line, cannot be admired if the surface of the flesh is covered with blains and sores and running with gore and steeped in dirt. The subjects, we are told, are symbolical; or they are historical. Neither excuse is good. Symbolism has a finer language than that to talk in. It legitimately may awe or, if need be, horrify us, solemnly and with dignity; but never disgust. As for history, the same test may be applied. At least it must be truthful, either in fact or in spirit. Often enough it is neither, but purely fanciful, as when we are shown on a scale as large as, or larger than, life—as we were a year or two ago—men drunk with the joy and lust of battle, lopping off each other’s limbs with hatchets, or repelling an attack by gouging out the other’s eye. Even when the scene represented is true, there is a limit to the subject—a line which may not be passed by Art; for there Literature comes in to take up the task of presenting discreetly to our imaginations what it cannot be permitted to Art to portray.

Now, there is not, I admit, so large a proportion of such pictures as these as we are apt to believe; but they are vast and obtrusive, and are not to be escaped. Moreover, as Mr. Herbert Spencer and others have pointed out, it is the characteristic of the human mind that the deepest impressions are made upon us by what is ugly, not by what is beautiful. So, when we leave the galleries of the Salon and recall the pictures we have examined, or quietly suffer our impressions to resolve themselves slowly, unassisted, in our memory, we find blood and violence paramount, exercising a strong hold on our mental vision, impinging on other subjects and scenes which we had admired, in themselves placid, beautiful, and delightful; thrusting themselves, like a curtain streaked with blood and discordancy, across our memory of the most honest and poetical canvases that charmed us as we passed through this purgatory of Art—in the shadow of this Valley of Crime and Death.

I may be told that this is a mere personal impression. Not so. I have never found myself more tender than others to scenes of violence, more sensitive to the sight of blood. But were I disposed to think so, I should still condemn it; for I find precisely similar effects produced on minds far greater, not only in the present day, but in the past.

Louis David is an idol long since hurled down, and the artists of to-day celebrate a very rightful iconoclasm by rowdy rioting on the temple steps, and mark the rout of the Classicists nowadays by a very orgie of paint, with clotted blood and festering flesh, with blind intoxication and unblushing lust. Classicism, Romanticism, Idealism, Realism, Naturalism—such has been the march of Art in the Old Salon of Paris. Impressionism, Prismaticism, and the rest, served

but to create a diversion, but not a revolution; and, disconsolate, they retired to a distance at the Champ de Mars, leaving the "Elysian" field in the great room of the Palais de l'Industrie

"circled by the vengeful band
* * * * *
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty!"

So the artists marched forth from the Temple of Art, and set about their declamatory work.

It is indeed a great deal more than a passing passion for notoriety, than a mere sudden craze to outshout his fellow, that leads the French painter to attract, to extort with the methods of the garrotter, the notice of the public. The sentiment lies deeper. It is fundamental. It consists in an admixture of the self-esteem and the love of effect-at-any-price that are at the root of the French character; so that when you add them to the combativeness and warlike tendency of a nation at once so high-spirited, intelligent, and romantic, gifted, notwithstanding, with relatively little self-restraint, the result which we witness and deplore on the walls of the Salons becomes not only intelligible but logical.

There is, too, a further inducement to this corruptive form of self-advertisement, to which men even less emotional might perhaps be expected to yield. In Paris and the greater cities, and among all persons of any pretension to taste and refinement, the Salon is a social factor of the first importance. And the artist who makes the greatest success or the greatest noise (which up to a certain point amounts to much the same thing) remains Somebody until the next Salon, when, if he repeat the effect of the year before or happily improve upon it, not only reputation but wealth as well are no longer a vanishing point in the perspective of his career. The motive, therefore, of the horror-monger is clear enough at the outset; while *after* the outset, it is not less clear that he must go on *crescendo* if he does not wish to be left behind in the race of his own starting; for by this time his taste is too highly spiced, or his eye too blinded by reds and blues and yellows, to permit him easily to turn aside from anarchical art, and by giving up all thoughts of maintaining a reputation gained by mere force of lung, to woo the Muse as she is only to be wooed—by sweet labour, manly honesty, and sincere poetic feeling.

But "beauty palls." That is the painter's excuse. Courbet discovered that the most delightful of all beauty lurked in ugliness: not, I believe, in entire sincerity. For all that, he succeeded to a very remarkable extent in proving his case; and M. Alfred Stevens has taught us to like, even to admire and demand, his *jolies laides*, just as the jaded palate learns to crave for spice and find its highest felicity

in caviare. All Paris rushes nowadays after a "*belle horreur*" as though she really liked it. In England, where morbid tendency has not yet reached the point arrived at in France—not because public taste is higher, but because neurosis is rarer and less sensitive in the more sturdy, lower-strung temperament of the British—people would hardly be attracted at all, or but a section only, and that in spite, rather than because, of the subject. In short, a love of the horrible is a vulgar characteristic, and the display of it an appeal to the lower passions of the people. As a motive for the expression of the highest art, the *monstrum horrendum* is anomalous and illogical. Delacroix, like Ribera, could be as terrible as he chose; but when he was most impressive there was no descent to nauseating incidents. Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa" would enjoy a higher reputation still were it not for details that disgust.

But after all, are they not "banalities," these monstrously clever canvases: vast painted posters—little else in intention—manufactured to advertise their monstrously clever authors? Does any one of them, I wonder, really raise art one jot, or lift its painter one inch nearer to the point towards which he would soar? "O blind race!" sighed Thackeray; "Have you wings? Not a feather. Come down, silly Dædalus; come down to the lowly places in which nature ordered you to walk. The sweet flowers are springing there; the fat muttons are waiting there; the pleasant sun shines there; be content and humble, and take your share of the good cheer."

In this spirit, indeed, many of the true artists of the two Champs have worked; and there is perhaps enough to console us for loathsome sight and vulgar uproar, if not to make us forget. We may pass from the dismal and violent, and enjoy the exquisite poetic art of Messrs. Harpignies, Français, and Gosselin; but while we acknowledge that here are true representatives of what is finest in French art, we cannot pretend to believe that as antidotes they are powerful enough to arrest the course or counteract the effect of what is bad: as soon might you hope to subdue the stench of offal and carrion with the scent of flowers and of the fields. So Art will work out her destiny. Defilement, like poverty and crime, will never die from out the land. We will have our Tattagrains, if the public wills it, as we should our Aretinos, did the law permit; and Flaubert will have his admirers and his *mis-representatives* to the end of time. But the adoration of the true art-lover is not for these. Posterity will not endorse the extravagances of an artistically unscrupulous age. Future applause, be sure, like homage in the past, will be reserved for those who gave the best they had, and of all they felt within them put their noblest in their art.



FRESCO AT LYN DHURST CHURCH.

(By the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A. From a Photograph by J. G. Short, Lyndhurst.)

LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.:

SOME REMINISCENCES, AND AN EXPLANATION OF THE METHODS IN WHICH THE SOUTH KENSINGTON FRESCOS WERE PAINTED.

BY JAMES WARD (MACCLESFIELD SCHOOL OF ART).



At the termination of my National Scholarship at South Kensington Museum in 1876, I was engaged by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., then the Director for Art, to assist him in some large ornamental decoration in fresco in the lecture theatre of the Museum. I was

employed about eighteen months on this work, which was executed in the old Italian "fresco-buono" method. I may here explain in a few words that this method is one of painting on the "fresh" or wet plaster as much work as can be done in a day, with colours ground in water and of such a nature that they remain unchanged by the chemical action of the lime. These colours consist chiefly of simple earths and a few mineral colours, the white used being the lime itself. The artist's palette in this kind of painting is necessarily very limited.

After the termination of this work in 1878, I was introduced to the then Mr. Frederic Leighton, R.A., by Mr. Poynter, and was employed by Sir Frederic Leighton afterwards as his assistant in the painting of his fresco "The Arts of War," and subsequently in his later work, "The Arts of Peace." I had also the privilege of assisting Sir Frederic in several of his larger decorative pictures in his studio. My connection as assistant with the late President extended from the summer of 1878 to the spring of 1887—a period to which I shall always look back with gratification and pleasant memories to the many happy days I spent working side by side with one whose princely culture, exhaustive knowledge,

and experience of art and artists was so wide and extensive, and who as an artist and a scholar has left a name which will long be remembered.

Sir Frederic—I shall call him by this title, as it is the one by which I best knew him—was keenly sympathetic with all forms of art besides his own. When at his work he talked continuously on art and on many other things besides, in which the loveliness of his nature was often apparent. He was very fond of speaking of Greek and Italian art and artists; especially when alluding to the art of Greece, and of Botticelli, Raphael, and Michelangelo, he would become very enthusiastic, and say many fine and precious things—more, I regret to say, than I can remember. He seemed to be as well acquainted with Greek art and life as an old-time native of that classic country. Dr. Murray, the Keeper of the Greek Antiquities Room at the British Museum, told me one day, when I was making there some measured drawings of Greek vases for Sir Frederic's picture, "The Captive Andromache," that "it was an extremely difficult thing to ascertain what he (Sir Frederic) did not know about Greek art and archaeology."

One day when at work I asked Sir Frederic what, in his opinion, he considered the greatest work of art (as a painting) in the world. He answered unhesitatingly, "'The Madonna di San Sisto,' by Raphael, in the Dresden Gallery," adding that "for grandeur of subject, virility and simplicity in the composition and colour, and, above all, for the poetic tenderness and grace that pervade the whole work, he knew of nothing as a work of art that came within measurable distance of it." He always spoke of Michelangelo with the greatest seriousness and reverence. I can remember, on one day in his studio



FIGURES FROM "THE ARTS OF PEACE."

he showed me his portfolio of old masters' drawings; amongst the latter he had one very fine specimen of Michelangelo's work. He was particularly proud of this drawing, and remarked that, "as so much of the work of the 'Great Florentine' is partially destroyed by time, neglect, and retouched by so-called restorers, it is difficult to say how much of the painting ascribed to him is really his; but here," he said, "when you put your hand on this drawing you touch the hand of the master."

The method of procedure in the carrying out of the South Kensington frescoes may here be described. The finished designs for both the frescoes were made by Sir Frederic about a little less than one-third of the full size. They were painted in a brown monochrome tint and finished in a careful manner. Tracings of these designs were made in outline on tracing-cloth, and on these tracings lines were ruled forming squares. A large canvas of the full size was then prepared, and on this corresponding squares were drawn of a proportionate size larger than those on the smaller original designs. The design was then "squared off" in outline to a larger canvas.

After the cartoon was enlarged on this canvas, Sir Frederic painted over the principal figures in thin monochrome in light and shade, in order to secure an outline that would satisfy himself. The next thing to be done was the tracing off on tracing-cloth the whole of the enlarged work; this accomplished, the traced design was pricked in holes with a needle-point all along the outlines, and was transferred to the wall surface by means of striking the pricked tracing with a muslin bag filled with powdered charcoal. A transfer of the design was thus left on the wall, but owing to the nature of the wall surface (which I shall describe hereafter) the charcoal outline could not be successfully fixed. All kinds of fixatives were tried, but without success, and the only effective proceeding was to go over the outlines with a black-chalk crayon.

The South Kensington wall-paintings are not "frescoes" in the truest sense of the word. A "fresco" proper is a painting which is executed on the "fresh" or wet plaster—this is the "fresco-buono" method. There is another kind—"fresco-secco," or the dry method, so called because the painting is done on the dry plaster,

although the colours are of the same kind, and water is the vehicle employed in both cases. There is yet another system—the German "water-glass" fresco, in which a silicate solution is blown over the work when finished. But all these systems have proved to be impossible in a moist climate like England, and especially in large towns, where the air is more or less impregnated with gases from various acids.

The "spirit-fresco" system, in which the wall-paintings at South Kensington are executed, is an admirable substitute for the real fresco. Though not quite so luminous in effect, it has none of the latter's tendencies to a chemical change, which is detrimental to the colours when the work is done in a damp climate. It has the great advantages of allowing the artist to use almost any colour he likes; it dries with a "mat" or dead surface, and permits of unlimited retouching. The colours being ground in wax and copal, are locked up, so to speak, in the medium; they suffer no injury from damp on the surface, and are very little, if at all, affected by the acid gases of the atmosphere. Sir Frederic told me that he had seen condensed moisture running down

the surface of his fresco in Lyndhurst Church (which is painted in the spirit-fresco medium) without it impairing the brilliancy of the colouring or causing the slightest injury to the work.

The wall surface of the "Arts of War" fresco was prepared in this way: a coating of plaster was laid on the brick foundation; this was composed of lime, (that had been slaked for over two years) and clean sharp river sand, in the proportion of one part of lime to two of sand. This coating was laid about three-quarters of an inch in thickness and left in a fairly rough kind of finish. When the plaster was thoroughly dry, the wall surface was prepared for the painting. The first operation was to give the plaster a thorough saturation of the wall wash, this being made from a mixture of the medium in which the colours are ground, with the addition of about one and a half of its bulk of turpentine. Two coats of this wash were applied, allowing a day between each coat for drying. The spirit-fresco medium is a mixture of Gum Elemi, pure white wax, oil of spike (lavender), and artists' copal.

After the second coat of wall wash had dried, a coating made of a mixture of dry white lead and gilders' whiting, and the medium as required diluted with turpentine; this coating was applied thickly. A little yellow ochre was added to this mixture in order to obtain a creamy white ground that would enable the artist to see his pure white lights wherever used as the work proceeded. The "Arts of War" fresco ground had only one coating of this mixture, so as to give it a coarse texture, while the "Arts of Peace" had three of these coatings applied, as the nature of the subject demanded a smoother treatment. The wall wash, preparation coats, and the colours used in the painting, being all diluted or mixed with the same medium; and the spike oil used in the artist's dipper, having the effect of "opening up" the ground coating, caused the work, when finished and dry, to form a continuous body from the surface right into the plaster. It is in the possession of this quality that spirit-fresco resembles so closely fresco-buono in the *rationale* of the system, which may be said to be a perfect union of one porous body extending from the surface of the painting to the depth of the plaster.

The process admits of repainting and retouching as often as may be necessary, though it is best for the sake of gaining a luminous effect to paint frankly with

a full brush, laying on the colour in an impasto, though some transparent effects may be obtained by washing thinly in the shadow parts, using the colours and medium as in water-colour painting. The system is really in execution a mixture of the techniques of oil and water-colour painting. One of the advantages of the system is the unlimited range of colours allowed on the palette, and another is that the artist may take up his work at any stage or time, neither of which obtains in fresco-buono.

In carrying out monumental works like those at South Kensington, an important section of the work is the placing of the architectural background and accessories in correct perspective, especially when they play such an important *rôle* in the composition of works as those under consideration. The architectural parts in both frescoes might have been measured and drawn from existing buildings so accurate are they in construction. They were carefully enlarged and subjected to an absolute perspective projection, vanishing points had to be found for the principal outlines, which involved a recasting of some minor shapes and positions. To get the



FIGURES FROM "THE ARTS OF PEACE."

required accuracy of the perspective, ground-plans of the architecture had to be prepared to a smaller scale, from which the perspective elevations were determined. The late President was so thorough and accurate that he would accept no data or position in his architecture as tenable, however plausibly cor-

whole truth in science, but the artist can select his truths.

It may be of interest to say a few words on the mode of procedure in the painting of the frescoes. A small coloured sketch was prepared by the artist in oil colour, which was faithfully adhered to in the colour of the larger work; and for convenience the original monochrome design was photographed in sections, from which the light and shade was copied, so that in the painting on the wall there was no hesitation or experimenting in colour. The first piece of work done on the wall was one of the largest and most prominent figures, and was painted as far as possible in direct and full colour. The nature of the medium does not always lend itself to finish the work off altogether in one painting; this is the case especially in the flesh-tints, or in elaborate drapery modelling. The method usually adopted was to lay in the tints with a full brush and solid colour, carrying the modelling as far as possible in the first painting. Too much working over the same part is liable to bring up the wax and to cause the work to dry unpleasantly glossy; when there is a danger of this, it is better to leave off and take up the part again, after allowing one or two days for drying. When any part required a second or a third painting, it was found best to moisten the whole of the part over with a very thin transparent tint of the local colour, using plenty of spike oil; this had the effect of "opening up" the wall surface by causing a slight melting of the colour underneath. The painting was then carried to a completer stage



FIGURES FROM "THE ARTS OF PEACE."

rect in appearance, that did not conform with an architect's idea of correct construction.

The shadows in these large wall paintings were also projected almost mathematically. I can remember when I had projected some of the shadows in the frescoes, that they came in awkward places, especially on the groups of female figures in the centre portion of the "Arts of Peace," and Sir Frederic was obliged to reduce their dimensions for the sake of the more important considerations of artistic unity and with less attention to the expression of a natural truth; for this is an illustration of a case in which the artist finds that the essence of art is selection, for "art is chosen truth," and all things, however true, cannot have the same value in an artistic composition, whatever they may have in science. We must have the

of finish by working on the higher lights and deeper shadows. The method lends itself to unlimited finishing by the use of subsequent washes of thin colour in the shadows. The rich embroidery on the draperies was drawn in and painted last of all.

There may be noticed a marked difference in the actual technique of the two frescoes. "The Arts of War," painted first, is treated broadly, and the colour throughout used rather thickly; while in "The Arts of Peace" a thinner method of treatment in the use of the colour is apparent, and the modelling in the latter, especially in the heads and nudes, is carried to a high degree of finish, without any loss of breadth, by means of "hatching." This method, though not considered good in oil-painting, is of special value in fresco-painting, and was adopted

to a very great extent by the Italian *frescanti* of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in all their great monumental works. Michelangelo painted his frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel in "hatched" lines. Sir Frederic had satisfied himself on this point by a close examination of the Sixtine frescoes. Many artists, however, prefer the broader style of painting in "The Arts of War," but the artist himself liked better the technique of his later work.

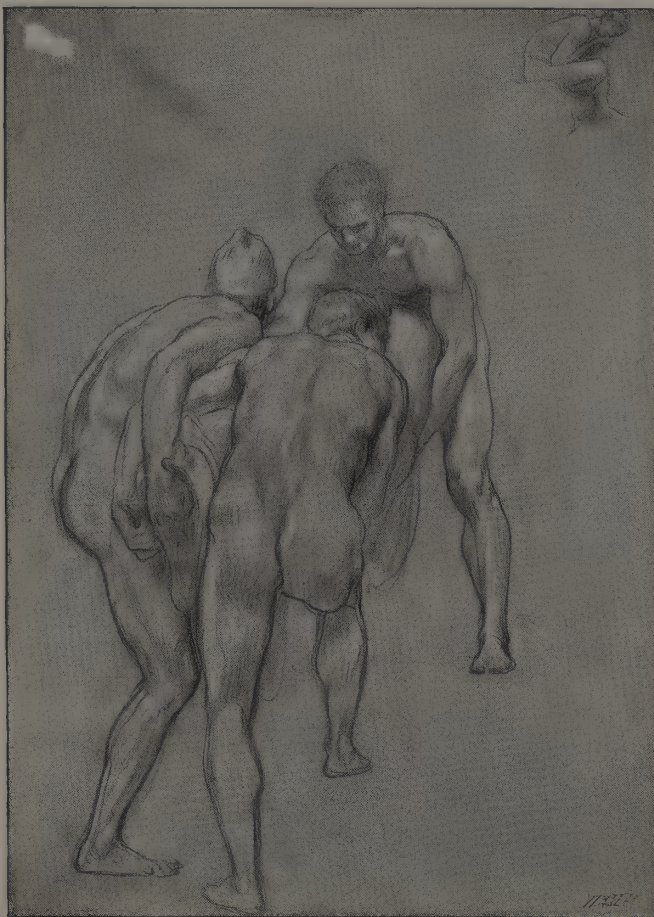
One of his great characteristics, both in oil- and fresco-painting, was his power of drawing with the brush. He put on every touch with absolute precision, and as a rule painting with the form, not across it, as we are accustomed to see in the work of the modern French school and some English followers of that method. It was this extraordinary power of drawing as he painted that placed his decorative compositions in the highest rank of modern achievements in art.

Although his work might be placed at the opposite pole with what is generally understood as the modern realistic school of painting, no artist was more realistic than Sir Frederic in this—that in his figures and draperies he did not invent a single touch, nor paint nor draw a line, without having his models before him. The explanation is that Nature, as he saw it before him, passed through the alembic of his mind, and rarely, if ever, did the changing process fail in the production of a thing of beauty. With the Greek tradition ever present with him, he had the rare faculty of using Nature to assist his poetic invention. It did not "put him out," like Fuseli; his own temperament was so thoroughly infused with the harmonies of Nature that he never painted the ugly or the commonplace.

From many expressions that fell from his lips I could testify to his broad and wide views on art and artists of all phases and schools. He loved genuine art wherever he saw it—Realism, Impressionism, or what not—and respected the real artist, whatever his idiosyncrasy, provided he was sincere. When first the New English Art Club opened their exhibition, I remember him saying "There was a good deal of earnest and clever painting to be seen, but a good deal also that was hardly worth exhibiting;" he was "amused to see the majority of the pictures were painted at that time with a 'chisel-pointed' brush," and "was puzzled to know what they were trying to make out with the little square touch."

One day about this date he had been painting in his studio on nude parts of one of the figures in the

"Music" ceiling for Mr. Marquand of New York, and had at the end of the day finished an unusually fine bit of work in flesh-painting. I had ventured to compliment him on it, when he replied that "he had specially enjoyed the painting of that particular bit," but hastened to inform me in a joking spirit that



STUDY BY THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON.

(In the Possession of James Ward, Esq. Hitherto unpublished.)

"it was not fashionable painting; the fashion just now is to paint with a knife, your finger, and literally with head, your elbow, or, in fact, anything but a brush," but that "he was quite out of the fashion, as he had painted his work with the brush."

He was a great worker, as everybody knows, and as a rule worked very rapidly, taking at the same time infinite pains with all his work. Like Sir Walter Raleigh, he might be described as one who could "toil terribly." He usually painted from nine in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon, and in the evening wrote his letters or attended to some of his Academy duties. His practice was to answer every letter he received, some of which were very trivial and vexatious. For instance, his

advice was often asked by fond parents as to whether a particular son showed any promise for an artistic career, enclosing at the same time wretched scrawls

In the latter case he often became so absorbed in his task as to forget where he was standing. One day, when engaged on painting a head in the "Arts of



SKETCH BY THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON.
(In the Art Museum, Rugby. Hitherto unpublished.)

of drawings. Fathers would bring their sons to him with piles of drawings for similar advice. Sometimes they were encouraged, but were more often sent away sadder and wiser men. These are some of the penalties that Presidents of the Academy have to pay for their high privileges.

Sir Frederic had the power of working at ease and

War" fresco, and standing on the top of a broad step-ladder which was placed on the scaffold, forgetful of himself, he took one step backwards, and fell a distance from about ten to twelve feet on the tiled floor of the gallery. I happened luckily to be close to him and a little below him, and was able to seize his shoulder and partly help to break his fall. He



SKETCHES BY THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON.
(In the Art Museum, Rugby. Hitherto unpublished.)

even conversing at the same time with a stranger, the only exception being when he was working out a design or when engaged in the painting of a head.

escaped with a few scratches and bruises, but was not able to work for two or three days after. I can remember his grim joke on this occasion, "that he

believed South Kensington was doing its best to kill him, but, if it succeeded, it would be obliged to bury him."

Sir Frederic had many visitors when painting the frescoes at South Kensington, chiefly artists, sometimes foreign artists, members of the Royal family, and one day a visit from the Queen herself. He had one artist friend whom he was particularly delighted to see—Mr. Watts, R.A. I can recall the incident of his visit just a day or two before the completion of the "Arts of War." Sir Frederic asked his friend to let him know "if he saw anything that might with advantage be altered or improved in tone or colour before he finally gave up the work." After a long look, Mr. Watts expressed himself highly pleased with the work; and congratulated Sir Frederic on the successful consummation of his great task, adding

that "there was absolutely nothing he could suggest as an improvement," and at the same time remarking that he (Sir Frederic) ought to think himself highly favoured in these times, and in this country to have had the opportunity of painting a great wall picture." Sir Frederic expressed himself as being deeply grateful, remarking that "it was indeed an 'opportunity' which unfortunately too few English artists are favoured with." This visit of Mr. Watts gave to Sir Frederic a real pleasure, for he remarked to me, after the former had gone, that "his mind was at a greater ease as regards his work since Watts had seen his fresco," adding that "he did not care who liked or disliked his work, now Watts had expressed himself satisfied with it." Although he had great regard for the opinions of his brother-artists, he placed the opinion of Mr. Watts before them all.



JULY.

Art on the Stage. THE scenic artists who illustrated the **Lyceum** version of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE's romantic drama *Pour la Couronne* scarcely rose to the opportunities of their subject; though the finely painted distance of Mr. HANN's opening picture, "A Citadel in the Balkans," almost redeemed its unpleasant ochre-coloured fortress foreground. The "Trajan's Arch" of Mr. HAWES CRAVEN's effective scene in Act III. was dwarfed and its relative value discounted by being too solidly built up, an error of judgment that became doubly apparent in the inevitable glare of the blazing beacon. The final "set" by Mr. RYAN, "A Public Place in Widden," proved a somewhat garish and unsympathetic entourage for Mr. Lucchesi's spirited equestrian statue of the disloyal Brancomir. Mr. HARFORD is responsible for the scenery and Mr. PERCY ANDERSON for the costumes of the newest **Savoy Opera**, *The Grand Duke*. Tameless of composition and a florid prettiness are the respective characteristics of the two stage pictures. A tiresomely assertive terra-cotta tone strikes a discord in the costumes of Act I., but the gradation of rank in the Chamberlain's uniforms is humorously suggested. Madame Palmy in her Greek draperies of Act II. looks a picture,

but the classic robes of the chorus are distinctly worn "with a difference," and are in most cases overweighed with decoration not always too happily chosen in colour. At **Daly's Theatre** *The Geisha* seems likely to achieve a popularity second only to its more fantastic and less modern forerunner, *The Mikado*. Mr. TELBIN supplies two picturesque scenes, of which the first—a Japanese landscape, with a typical bridge and a tea-house smothered with sun-bleached wistaria, is the more noteworthy. Here the cool greys, blues, and greens of the dresses are dainty and harmonious. In the second tableau, reds, pinks, and purples predominate in a garden scene, gay with clustered chrysanthemums and the coppery gold of maple foliage. The admirable ballet *Faust* at the **Empire**, fully described in our pages a few months since, has been accorded a fresh lease of life in a revised edition, in which Mr. WILHELM's original scheme of illustration attains a fuller measure of development, notably in the Celestial triumph of the finale.

Exhibitions. IT was rather a daring thing for Mr. GEORGE C. HARTÉ to hold an exhibition of his Langham sketches, but it was justified by its success. The seventy-eight drawings at the St. George's Gallery all went to

prove that Mr. Haïté possesses an extraordinary memory and a facility of expression that is as varied as it is tasteful.

Messrs. Obach and Co. have been showing a small but very select collection of works by French masters. Each of the forty paintings demanded individual attention. The half-dozen beautiful examples of COROT, the seven DAUBIGNYS, and the six by DIAZ—including the wonderful "La Mare aux vipères"—were all excellent.



GREEK GOLD NECKLACE.

(Found at Olbia. Now in the Louvre. From a Photograph by Giraudon, Paris.)

Miss M. R. HILL BURTON has again been showing at the Clifford Galleries a series of water-colour drawings of life and scenes in Japan. Miss Burton proved in her first exhibition that she had both the skill and the temperament to treat the subject successfully, and her second attempt is a continuation of the success. The drawings are delightful in colour and feeling, both landscapes and figure-subjects being dealt with in a manner altogether pleasing.

Commercial considerations apart, Messrs. DEBENHAM and FREEBODY are to be congratulated upon the latest evidence of their enterprise—their exhibition of old embroideries and brocades. The collection consisted of considerably over a hundred choice pieces of Persian, Spanish, Italian, French, and Indo-Spanish work, dating from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, and afforded an excellent opportunity for comparing the designs

and methods of work of different countries in the same direction. We are enabled to reproduce three of the finest specimens, which illustrate three different styles of early Italian embroidered designs. The most curious is that on p. 382, which is an extremely interesting example of the pictorial embroidery of the late sixteenth century. This altar frontal—the dimensions of which are eighty inches by thirty-five inches—is completely covered with fine floss silk embroidery, many of the forms being outlined in gold thread. As will be seen from the illustration, it is crowded with figures, the subject being the supper at Bethany after the raising of Lazarus from the dead. The faces and limbs of the figures are of satin delicately painted in water-colour, the eyes and hair being picked out in needlework. The landscape on the right is most exquisitely worked. There were two other specimens of this work in the gallery—one depicting Christ and the woman of Samaria at the well; and the other, Susannah and the Elders. The other altar frontal on p. 382 is a magnificent piece of seventeenth-century work. The design is worked in gold thread on crimson silk, a rich variety of surface being given by the different methods of stitching employed. The size is eighty-one inches by forty-five inches. The chasuble on p. 383 is of the same period, being worked in coloured silk and gold thread on a white silk ground. The design is bold and simple and most beautifully worked. Among the Chinese specimens was a white satin quilt of the sixteenth century, which is embroidered a conventional Chinese pattern; but at each of the corners of the main ground is a double-headed eagle of the Austro-Spanish Empire, showing the influence of European intercourse upon the designs of the Far East. Other examples of Indian and Chinese work exhibit the influence of the French in the same respect. The authorities at South Kensington have purchased from this exhibition a fine example of Italian sixteenth-century work, in an altar frontal embroidered in coloured floss silks.

The Hampstead Art Society's third summer exhibition, held at the Conservatoire, Elm Avenue, was redeemed from the commonplace by contributions from Messrs. WATERLOW, A.R.A., ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.—with a charming "Moorish Snake Charmer"—GEORGE WETHERBEE, and YEEND KING. Other artists worthy of mention were Miss HARRIET SUTCLIFF—with a clever little work "Finishing Touches," Miss ANNIE MACKIE, and Mr. GASPARD LATOIX, the latter contributing some strong water-colour drawings of American-Indian life.

Reviews. WITH astonishing industry and a great deal of goodwill, M. R. DE LA SIZERANNE has compiled his "history" of English painting in our time—"La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine, par R. de la Sizeranne" (Paris: Hachette et Cie.). As he says at the beginning, "*Il y a une peinture Anglaise*," and he deserves credit for his knowledge of the fact as well as for his courage in attempting to write upon so difficult and, for a foreigner, almost impossible a subject. He tells us that in "*les Iles Britanniques*" the painters seem to be ignorant that there is a Continent, where other persons paint in ways that are not British. This is rather a pretty way of saying what has been said from time immemorial, and the French critic complains, not without reason, that such painters as we English possess have, with few exceptions, not taken pains enough to get themselves represented before those arbiters of art, the French. We must do M. de la Sizeranne justice, and say that had he known more about the subject, and

been able to compass it fully, he would have done better. This is apparent to all who see that in writing of our landscape painters he omits Crome and Cotman, while as to our figure painters he says nothing about Maclise and Dyce; and he, in devoting a great deal of space to *La Bataille Pré-Raphaelite*, is not able to weigh the relative values of writers on the subject—*e.g.*, Messrs. Holman Hunt, J. Knight, and F. G. Stephens, Mrs. E. Wood and Mr. H. Quilter, but quotes them all alike, and as if they were of equal credit. He does not understand the sense in which it has been said that Madox Brown could be called the master, *i.e.*, simply the technical teacher, not the ante-type and leader of Rossetti. Nor is our author able to recognise the true position of Mr. Holman Hunt as the one P.-R.B. who has developed less than any of his fellows, and although he has loomed large before the world, has proved himself to be quite as much a scientific painter and moralist as an artist proper and wholly—in which latter respect he could not

well measure himself with Millais and Rossetti, the other Pre-Raphaelite painters. Nor is M. de la Sizeranne competent to see that the Pre-Raphaelitism of 1848-1851 was, though an heroic affair, simply a youthful alliance, within which born painters like the latter two could not be expected to remain.

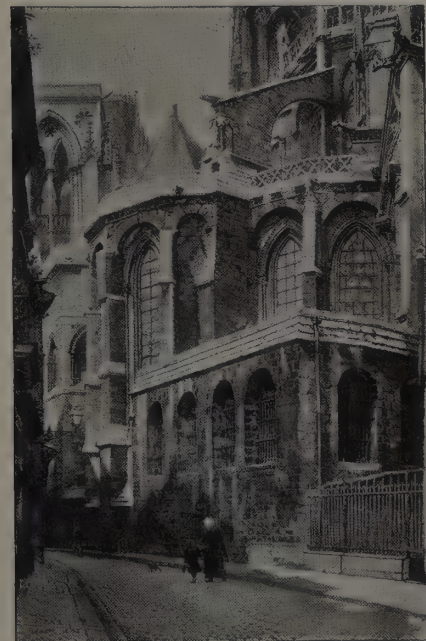
When the late Mr. HAMERTON set himself to write a "*Life of*



WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT.

(By J. Aumonier, R.I. Recently acquired for the Manchester Art Gallery.)

any enthusiasm in the writer, and vouchsafes him no thrill in response to any emotional manifestation of his own. Mr. Hamerton, in that pursuit of truth and calm judgment, the love of which was, perhaps, his main characteristic, sets himself quietly, politely, analytically to dispossess Mr. Ruskin of his sovereignty in the world



ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

(By T. M. Rooke. Recently Presented to the City Art Gallery, Birmingham.)

Turner" (Seeley and Company) which should replace what he charitably called the "hastily written" biography by Mr. Thornbury, he explained that he did not think it right "to take all the plums out of Mr. Thornbury's



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

(By M. I. Dicksee. Recently acquired by the Oldham Art Gallery.)

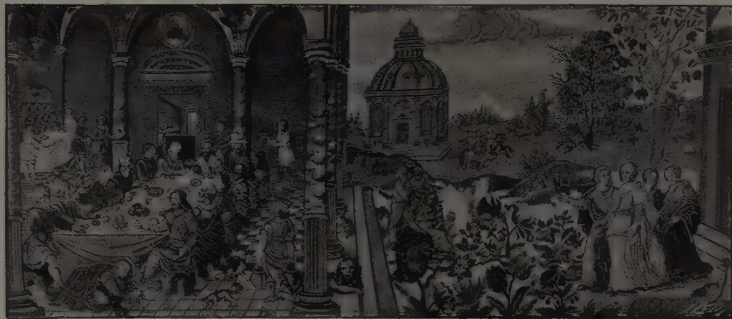
of Turner criticism. From his preface onwards throughout the book he finds himself in constant, if courteous, collision with Ruskin, whose artistic faculty, he says, is so powerful that it acts independently of the critical. In

we would go to Hamerton for the knowledge and the judgment. It thus comes about that we have two "Lives:" the first, an essentially human biography, disfigured by many faults, but appealing strongly to the general reader; the second, a judicial biography, the work of a dispassionate art-critic, appealing chiefly to artists and students and lovers of art (as distinct from lovers of "human documents"), which, while it is full of respect for its great subject and for truth in equal parts, gives the reader but slight indication of

Mr. Hamerton we may, perhaps, regret that the critical faculty was so strong that it submerged his enthusiasm, and leaves us in doubt whether his proper place, as designated by Nature, was not rather the laboratory or the Bench. A careful perusal of the reissue of this admirable book makes us wonder if the "Life of Turner" is not still to be written, combining the best of what has been said by Thornbury, Hamerton, Ruskin, and the rest; but even then Hamerton's book would hardly be superseded, for such a treatise affords a most valuable and indispensable exercise in the reading to every student of art, and a perfect antidote to merely æsthetic emotion and sweet unreasonableness.

The popular edition of "*The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala*" (Cassell and Co.) brings within reach of all one of the most

We would remark, however, for the sake of accuracy, that the late Mr. Hine was member of the Royal Institute, not



EARLY ITALIAN EMBROIDERED ALTAR FRONTAL.
(Exhibited by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody. See p. 380.)



THE LAST FURROW.
(By H. H. La Thangue. Recently acquired by the Oldham Art Gallery.)

amusingly garrulous books of its kind. What Mr. Sala knew, what he saw and saw humour in, the men with whom he brushed elbows, and the things he did during his long and active life, comprise enough to present to the reader an intelligent and entertaining survey of the chief events of half a century, to say nothing of the less important "adventures" which are often not less amusing. Mr. Sala, though educated as an artist, never became more than a fairly clever draughtsman; while, as an art-critic, he was never profound, nor was he well-equipped for the part. Nevertheless, he could write pleasantly on that subject as on most others; while as the leading "special correspondent" of his time he acquired the knack of seeing life, and, moreover, of retailing his wide and varied experiences in a most sprightly fashion.

R.W.S.; that the elder Betty was best known as the "Infant Roscius" rather than as "Young Roscius;" and that C. H. Bennett could not have "had the sack from *Punch*," either when living in Lyon's Inn or afterwards, as he only began to work for that paper years later, and, when once on the staff, retained his position on it till his death.

Among the magazines connected with our great public schools that issued from the Charterhouse, "*The Greyfriar*," probably ranks as the best. It does not appeal only to Carthusians, although the contributions are, with one or two exceptions, entirely from past or present scholars and masters of the school. The former certainly hold the honours, for the best of the illustrations come from them. Foremost is Mr. PERCY ROBERTSON, R.P.E., who, besides designing the wrapper, contributes many of the etchings. Among other well-known artists whose work appears are Captain BADEN POWELL, Mr. T. GÜLICH, and Mr. H. M. BEERBOHM. The magazine is well prepared and printed, and worthily sustains the dignity attaching to the Charterhouse.

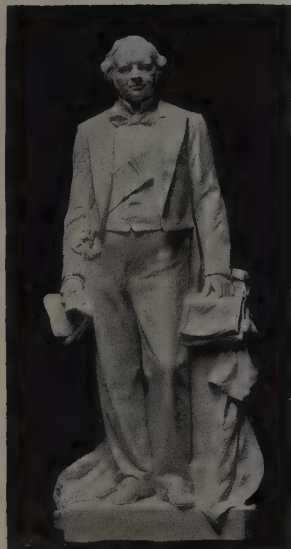
Monsieur GABRIEL MOUREY is one of the few French writers who have tried to understand our countrymen and who have succeeded in appreciating them justly. For this we are not less grateful than surprised; but our gratitude must not deter us from saying that in our opinion Monsieur Mourey has sometimes a little *over* appreciated us.



ITALIAN EMBROIDERED ALTAR FRONTAL, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
(Exhibited by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody. See p. 380.)

In his admirable and profoundly interesting study entitled "Passé le Détroit: La Vie et l'Art à Londres" (Paris, Paul Ollendorff), we welcome his keen and vibrating observations of London life, which are set forth true to

the life, and which reveal a degree of sympathy that enables him to reflect those observations with a directness and charm even when he points to our national, or rather communal, failings. Perhaps his admiration is a little too much touched with enthusiasm; his appreciation somewhat intensified into *schwärmerei* by previous unacquaintanceship with our artistic merits and achievements. His delight, however, in Turner, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, Arthur Hughes, William Morris, Walter Crane, Watts, besides others of the most modern, and rather hysterical, school of illustration, is based upon sound reasoning and genuine sympathy. Having



EARL GRANVILLE.

(By H. Thornycroft, R.A. Recently Erected in Westminster Hall.)

"discovered" us, he proceeds to subject us to his very luminous observation. His own preferences and prejudices have clearly influenced Monsieur Mourey in his selection of artists whom he regards as "representative;" and it is not surprising to observe that him whom he knows least he appreciates least. The writer's familiarity with the work of the Pre-Raphaelites is, on the whole, noteworthy; but perhaps it is because he apparently has never seen "The Vale of Rest," "Ophelia," and one or two other of the artist's most admirable works that he seems to us lacking in proper appreciation of Sir John Millais. Sir John's female figure in "The Eve of St. Agnes" may not be the noblest realisation of Keats's ideal, but to dismiss her contemptuously as a "barmaid of ill-fame," is to display a prejudice unworthy of the rest of the book. But the volume, as a whole, is not only a pleasing tribute to our national art, it is a valuable criticism, with many points and suggestions of an original observer.

"*Drawings by C. D. Gibson*" is an alluring title to a large book published by Mr. John Lane. The "American Du Maurier" has made his mark in "*Life*," the best of the humorous weeklies on the other side, and this book is a collection of some of the best of the drawings that have appeared therein. Mr. GIBSON has his types and repeats them as Mr. Du Maurier does; in neither case do we object to the repetition, but on the contrary feel ourselves quite ready for and asking to have more. Mr. Gibson is one of the best pen-draughtsmen living. He uses a clean, strong line of varying force, and expresses a great deal by it. It is a pity these impressions were not taken before the blocks began to show signs of wear; but in spite of a little drawback of this kind the book is one to possess. It is full of satire of certain phases of American life, notably the matrimonial, and it does in great measure for America what Mr. Du Maurier's social cartoons have done for England.

"*The Book-Plate Annual and Armorial Year-Book*,"

1896 (A. and C. Black, London), forms the third issue of a work of special value to students and collectors of *ex libris*. The principal feature is an interesting article on Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill treasures, and other items of note are designs for book-plates for *Punch* and Sir Henry Irving by Mr. JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

We welcome "*The Beam*," a bright little magazine "Published by Some Art Students." In the first number is a charming drawing by Mr. LEON V. SOLON entitled "The Temptation."

"*The Queen's London, a Pictorial and Descriptive Record of the Streets, Buildings, Parks, and Scenery of the Great Metropolis*" (Cassell and Company, Limited), is a beautifully prepared and printed volume of reproductions of photographs of London and its surroundings. It is without doubt the best of the large number of similar albums which have recently been brought before the public.

Miscellanea. MR. W. F. YEAMES, R.A., has been appointed Keeper of the Painted Hall at Greenwich in succession to the late Captain May, R.I.

MR. GEORGE W. JOY's picture, "Joan of Arc," has been purchased for the Luxembourg, and his "Truth" by the German Government.

The Art Union of London is this year issuing to its subscribers a folio of six small etchings by Mr. OLIVER HALL, R.P.E. Of these etchings it would be difficult to speak too highly. They are of a rare quality.

The Committee of the Oldham Corporation Art Gallery have purchased the following works for their permanent



ITALIAN EMBROIDERED CHASUBLE, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(Exhibited by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody. See p. 380.)

collection:—"The Last Furrow," by Mr. H. H. LA THANGUE; "The Children of Charles I.," by Miss DICKSEE; and "Seeking Sanctuary," by Mr. G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The following artists have been elected members of the

Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours:—Messrs. J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, ARTHUR BURRINGTON, E. DAVIES, G. BROWNE, A. KINSLEY, and Miss G. DEMAINE HAMMOND.

At the Champs Elysées Salon, Mr. LORIMER and Mr. GOTCH have been awarded second class medals, the former for his "Mariage de Convenance," and the latter for his "Infant Jesus." Third class medals were gained by Mr. S. MELTON FISHER for "Summer Night in Venice," by Mr. GEORGE HARCOURT for his "Thought Reading," and by Mr. A. S. COPE for a portrait of Mrs. Mundella.

Admirers of the late FORD MADOX BROWN will no doubt be pleased to know that a small collection of his designs and cartoons will be included in the forthcoming autumn Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery. Mr. Madox Brown, who was a member of the Arts and Crafts Society from its foundation, contributed a striking essay on Mural Painting to the catalogue of their second exhibition in 1889.

Among other signs of vitality in the silk industry of this country is the announcement of a series of prizes offered by the "English Silk Weaving Company of Ipswich." Prizes of £25, £20, £10, and £5 are offered by the company (an old firm of weavers under a new name) for embroidery upon their figured silk damasks, which they believe to be peculiarly suited to the purposes of Church and other embroidery. This method of introducing their material to the public is a form of advertisement wholly without reproach. The conditions of the competition as announced in a circular, which can be had for the asking, are quite fair. All work, even though it win a prize, remains the property of the worker. Four classes of work are specified—A, B, C, and D—the latter open only to girls under seventeen years of age. For the rest there is practically no restriction, except that the embroidery must

retired from active membership of the Royal Academy. Born in London in 1817, and educated chiefly in France and Germany, he entered the studio of Paul Delaroche in Paris at the age of twenty, and soon after assisted that artist

in his decoration of the École des Beaux-Arts. In 1842 Mr. Armitage exhibited in Paris his first work, "Prometheus Unbound," and the next year gained a prize of £300 for a cartoon of "The Landing of Julius Cæsar" in the Westminster Hall competition. In 1844 he was again a competitor but failed to gain a prize, but the next year was awarded £200 for "The Spirit of Religion" in the same competition. "The Battle of Meanee" gained him a prize of £500 in 1847, and was subsequently purchased by the Queen. In 1848 he returned to England and exhibited for the first time at the Academy, contributing "Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr" and "The Death of Nelson." Two of the frescoes in the upper hall at Westminster—"The Thames and its Tributaries" and "The Death of Marmion"—were executed by him.

A visit to the Crimea during the great war resulted in two pictures, "The Heavy Cavalry Charge at Balaclava" and "The Stand of the Guards at Inkerman." From 1860 onwards most of his Academy works were Scriptural subjects, and one of these—"The Remorse of Judas" (1866)—hangs in the National Gallery, London. In 1867 Mr. Armitage was elected an Associate, in 1872 a full member of the Academy, and in 1875 was appointed Lecturer on Painting. Beside the work at Westminster he executed mural paintings in the apse of the Catholic Church of St. John at Islington, and a series of monochrome paintings at University Hall, Gordon Square, commemorative of the late Crabb Robinson.

M. VICTOR RANVIER, the French painter, has recently died at the age of sixty-four. He made his *début* at the Salon

in 1859, and in 1865 was awarded a medal, and another in 1873. His "La chasse au filet" (1864) and "Enfance de Bacchus" (1865) are in the Luxembourg, and "Prométhée délivré" (1874) in the Museum at Lyons, his native town. He painted a ceiling for the grand salon of the Palace of the Legion of Honour, the subject being "Aurora."

M. HENRY DASSON, the well-known connoisseur, sculptor, and manufacturer of art-bronzes, has died at the age of seventy-one. He was an officer of the Legion of Honour, and general secretary of the *Amis des Arts*, of which Society he was one of the founders.



THE LATE E. ARMITAGE, R.A.
(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

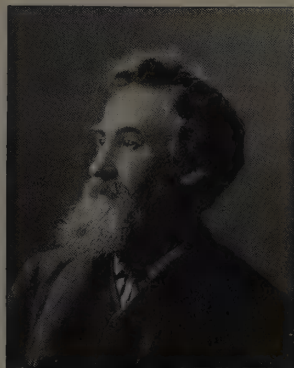


SEEKING SANCTUARY.

(By Sheridan Knowles. Recently acquired by the Oldham Art Gallery.)

be upon damask woven by the company. Mr. Lewis F. Day will judge the work.

Obituary. By the death of Mr. EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A., the Academy loses one of its best representatives of the older school of art. Two years ago Mr. Armitage



THE LATE A. W. HUNT, R.W.S.
(From a Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.)



J. FAIRBANKS SC.

RUBENS. J. M. P. PHS.

THE WINE OF CIRCE.

MADE IN AUSTRIA.



HAULING IN THE NETS.
(From the Painting by Isabey.)

PRIVATE PICTURE COLLECTIONS IN GLASGOW AND THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

COLLECTION OF SIR JAMES BELL, BART., LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.

By ROBERT WALKER.

SOME five or six years ago Glasgow suddenly attracted the world's attention as the dwelling-place of a small body of artists, whose boldness and originality of treatment were so strongly marked that their admirers have styled them "the Glasgow School." The influence of Mr. Whistler and of the impressionists of France had quickened into splendid activity a growing revolt against worn-out conventionalisms. The spirit of reform was in the air, and the young Glasgow painters caught its influence. They have done well—they are bound to do still better. At the outset, eccentricities and extravagances marked the efforts of many, but the best men are surely and steadily working themselves free from all affectations and offences against good taste. Their technical power is great; they are *painters* seeking first of all to express to the very best of their ability purely artistic motives. In colour they delight, but with them tone must rule the colour and the charm of decorative effect be duly borne in mind. To name only a few of them, we may safely say that such men as Guthrie, Lavery, Walton,

Roche, and Paterson would be an honour to any art community that can claim them as members.

But the prominence that has been given of late to what has been called—not altogether correctly—"the Glasgow School," must not lead us to overlook the fact that for many years Glasgow has been the scene of a healthy artistic activity, of which the present condition of things is only the natural development. Behind all the outward and obtrusive evidences of Glasgow's commercial and manufacturing energy and enterprise there have been quietly at work influences making for artistic culture and improvement in artistic practice. The Foulis Academy of Painting, established in Glasgow in 1753, was an honourable and well-directed attempt, that was worthy of a more fortunate fate, to spread among the public a knowledge of art at a time when other cities in the kingdom, with far higher pretensions than Glasgow then possessed to enlightenment, had never dreamt of turning their attention to so noble an object. In later days, long after the Foulis impulse had to all appearance



SPRING AND AUTUMN.
(From the Painting by W. J. Hennessey.)

exhausted itself, Glasgow maintained in its midst many painters who, following Nature closely, and looking out upon the world at large with their own eyes, did much honest and memorable work. Horatio Macculloch, Sam Bough, Sir Daniel Macnee, Docharty, and Milne Donald have left behind them successors who do not paint exactly after the style of "the Glasgow School." But art fulfils itself in many ways, and there are more paths than one that lead to excellence.

I have mentioned these matters chiefly with the purpose of showing that the new movement in art in Glasgow is not the result of a sudden, spasmodic, unexpected outbreak of genius, but is the orderly outcome of forces that have been long in operation, and have been stirred into activity and led into fresh directions by influences both objective and

subjective. The time was ripe, and the men came! But the final note has not yet been sounded.

All the signs of the times point to the fact that never in any previous stage of the city's existence has a genuine and sound interest in art-matters been so strong among its population as it is now. Exhibitions, societies, and collections are being multiplied, and not in a chaotic, ill-regulated manner, but with foresight and judgment.

As I have shown in the preceding articles of this series, the collections in and around Glasgow contain noble examples of the great modern French and Dutch artists, all acquired within about the last twenty years. The Glasgow Art Club and the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society are flourishing and extending their borders. Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer the title "Royal" on the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts for the services it has rendered to art during the thirty-six years of its existence. The Glasgow School of Art is developing in a most satisfactory manner its powers for usefulness, and will ere long be housed in new and spacious quarters. And last, but not least, the Municipality of Glasgow are awakening to the truth that to a people's contentment and happy-heartedness even more is required than elaborate sewers and model lodging-houses. The beginning of the building in Kelvingrove Park of the new art-galleries and museum, during the reign of the present Lord Provost, marks an

epoch in the history of Glasgow.

Among the truly valuable gifts the city has lately received are several pictures belonging to the late Mr. James Reid, whose collection was described in the first article of this series. These would adorn any gallery in Europe. On the whole, the people of Glasgow may be satisfied with the progress they are making in their art-education. But they must not think they have already attained. They have still much to do and to learn. Is it not Israel who says that a man is never in so perilous a state as when he sits down contentedly before a picture he has just finished, and, twirling his thumbs, mutters, "Behold how good a thing I have done!" There is a lesson in this for communities as well as for individuals.

I purpose now to treat of the collection of

pictures belonging to the present Lord Provost of the city, Sir James Bell, Bart. Sir James has been active, both municipally and privately, in promoting the cause of art in the West of Scotland, and has been concerned, as a committeeman, in every art exhibition that has of late years taken place in Glasgow. He is now President of the Royal Glasgow Institute.

Sir James Bell's own collection is one characteristic of the man. He has formed it himself, and without relying on the advice—too often interested—of dealers. As he possesses good taste and culture, the result is very satisfactory. The collection is the outcome of its owner's sympathies.

Mr. Arthur Melville was one of the pioneers of what is known now as "the Glasgow School." He early set himself, seriously and yet unconsciously, to interpret on canvas the spirit of the times. He did not formally proclaim himself as a preacher or a teacher; it all came to him naturally. His style grew out of himself, and is the expression of his own nature. He felt surprised when he was first told his style was new.

Suggestive in drawing, bold and harmonious in colour, striking in arrangement, his works have nothing in them of the commonplace. They are original and distinctive, like their producer. He is not afraid of his material: he commands his methods, not they him. Born in 1858, he is still a young man with a future full of possibilities. As a child he began to draw and paint, and in even his earliest works the first faint premonitions of his manner of to-day are seen. His art-education started in Edinburgh. He then went to Paris, studying in Julian's studio, and sketching out of doors at Fontainebleau and elsewhere. About 1877 he came under the glamour of "the gorgeous East." In that year he went to Egypt, painted there for two years, passed on by Suez and Aden to India, then journeyed from Kurrachee to Muscat, and through Beluchistan to Bushire and Bagdad, where he remained six

months. He travelled through Persia and Mesopotamia to the Black Sea, and on to Constantinople by steamer, returning to Edinburgh, after an absence of over three years. The immediate result of this interesting journey, in the shape of sketches and pictures, was very great, and the influence of his experience of men, manners, and scenery on all his future work has been thorough and far-reaching. It helped, for example, to deepen his sympathy with, and confirm his mastery over, light and colour. He has caught the true spirit of the East, and reproduces it in a sincere and unaffected manner that bears the stamp of his own individuality. Sir James Bell possesses three important water-colours that are reminiscences of Mr. Melville's oriental wanderings—"Cairo," the "Fête of the Dorreh," and "The Snake



A GIRL'S HEAD.

(From the Painting by Harlamoff.)



ACROSS THE COMMON.
(From the Painting by Díaz.)

colour is bright but cool, and the drawing bears on the face of it distinctly the impress of being the work of one who had his knowledge at first-hand and was truly in sympathy with the life he was depicting. Some fourteen years ago Mr. Melville arrived in London with "Audrey and Her Goats," took a studio in St. John's Wood, and has since then made London his head-quarters. But the nomad feeling is on him yet, and he every now and again wanders far afield. I think Mr. Melville's most graceful triumphs have been

Charmer." The fête was painted in Egypt. The feeling of a crowd, the dazzling brilliancy of the light and glare of the sun are admirably rendered. At Bagdad, Mr. Melville painted "The Snake Charmer" and "The Call to Prayer." The latter was first exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, and is now in the possession of James Annandale, Esq. The composition of "The Snake Charmer" is admirable in its simplicity and effective grouping, the

won in the domain of water-colour, but his most notable pictures are probably his portraits.



ON THE STOUR.
(From the Painting by J. Constable.)



THE VOTIVE OFFERING.

(From the Painting by L. Nono. Engraved by T. Kuesing.)



Sir J. Lubbock, Bart. R.A. Paint.

By Permission of A. D. Grimmond, Esq. London.

THE BRIDE.

"On the Stour," a river scene by John Constable (of which a reproduction is given), is, although not large, a very characteristic example of this thoroughly English landscape-painter at his best period. It shows all over it the artist's intense love and earnest study of Nature. It is just such a scene as Constable delighted in—tranquil water, red-tiled and thatched cottages nestling among trees, a ferry-boat, and a spacious sky with moving clouds. Is there a sauer, manlier landscape-painter than Constable?

if not one of the greatest of the brethren. "Evening in the Wood" represents a home scene. It is a gloomy picture, but "bigly" painted. An old woman, bent with age and labour, toils along the path beneath the trees, bearing on her back a heavy bundle of faggots. She is pathetic in her meek endurance of the drudgery. Dimly in the background another figure can be seen engaged in similar toil. The tall bare stems, and the branches closely interlaced, shut out the light,



LEOPARDS.

(From the Painting by J. M. Swan, A.R.A.)

"Spring and Autumn" is by Mr. Hennessey, a young artist, an American by birth, I believe. He is a painter of great promise. There is tender dreamy feeling and much quiet suggestiveness in all his work. It is autumn time in the wood. Treading on the fallen leaves, and walking under branches that are rapidly growing bare, are an old woman carrying a child, and a young girl. The composition is graceful, and the tone delightfully harmonious.

In "Evening in the Wood," by Alexandre Gabriel Decamps, Sir James Bell possesses a powerful and impressive picture. Decamps was another painter smitten with the East, but as Chesneau says, he "gave a picturesque romance—a poetical transfiguration—rather than an exact rendering of the spots he visited." He was a true Romanticist,

save where the red glow of the setting sun shines through their network at the back. The textures of the stems are happily rendered. Some of our Scottish painters of peasant life have trodden in the steps of Decamps—and appreciated his sentiment and treatment.

Sir James Bell made a felicitous choice in the picture by another of "the men of '30," "Hauling the Nets," by Eugène Louis Gabriel Isabey, the distinguished son of a not undistinguished miniature painter, Jean Baptiste Isabey, whose fortune it was to be patronised by both the great Napoleon and Louis Philippe, and who lived to see the second Napoleon made emperor. Eugène Louis excelled in the painting of marine subjects: his touch was broad and expressive. He was well versed in knowledge of the varying phases of the sea and sky. This

example of Isabey (see p. 385) abounds in life and motion and in telling contrasts of light and shade. It is altogether a powerful picture, one that lays hold upon the memory, and stirs pity and compassion, and consciousness of the relentless forces of nature. In striking contrast to Isabey's stern pic-

"Crossing the Moor" is a very fine little example of Diaz, showing strongly the influence of Constable. The grey sky with the patch of blue is well painted. The touch of red in the petticoat both accentuates and harmonises with the colour of the moor and the clumps of trees. Alexis

Harlamoff, the Russian artist, appeals always to a sense of beauty, although the note of his appeal is somewhat monotonous. He delights in children; so that his pictures are sincere expressions of his own nature.

One of the strongest and most individual artists of Paris, at the present moment, is M. J. F. Raffaelli. He has thought for himself and worked out his own artistic salvation, from the time when he was twenty years of age, and, believing simply in absolute truth, wrote upon the wall of his studio "Faire vrai," until now, when his faith is that "Le Beau est un état de l'âme"—in other words, every sincere picture is the result of the condition of the artist's soul at the time when he painted it—and every sincere picture has a title to be called beautiful. Sir James Bell's example of Raffaelli, "Les Deux Anciens," is a



THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

(From the Painting by Arthur Melville, R.S.A.)

ture of the "Toilers of the Sea," we have a bright rendering of Italian life in "The Votive Offering," by L. Nono. This is all sunshine and grace. The young mother with the baby in her arms asks, with confiding faith, the saints' protection for herself and her child. The composition here is graceful, and there are pleasing passages of colour in the dress, the stone of the bridge, and the brown sails in the background.

vigorous rendering of the heads of two old men, who are certainly not beautiful after the fashion of the drawing-room, but who possess character, individuality, and force.

Of two examples of Mr. J. M. Swan, one is reproduced here, "The Leopards." Among the other important pictures in this collection are a truly admirable Mauve, and good examples of Sam Bough, Artz, Cecil Lawson, Neuhuys, Daubigny, and others.

THREE MINOR GRAPHIC HUMOURISTS.

LOVER, FORRESTER, AND ONWHYN.

By GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

IN considering SAMUEL LOVER as a graphic humourist it must always be borne in mind that pictorial satire was, in his case, only a "sport," so to speak, on the plant whose multiform and true blossoms were poetry, novel-writing, painting, etching, musical composition, dramatic-writing, and entertaining. It is doubtful, indeed, whether this or any other country ever produced an individual of greater versatility than did Ireland in the case of the *writer* of "Rory O' More,"* to which the modern school of Hibernian comic love songs owes its origin; the *author* of "Handy Andy," that prince of blunderers; the *painter* of such miniatures as the Paganini, the Moulvie Mahomet Ishmael Khan, and the Lord Brougham (of which last on some one exclaiming, "The face speaks," David Roberts retorted, "Speaks! more than that, the nose moves"); the *designer* and *etcher* of such book illustrations as—"Parly voo frongsay," says I, 'Vee mounseer,' says he, 'Thin lind me the loan iv a gridiron,' says I," in "Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry," and "The Schoolmaster at Home" in "Rory O' More;" the *composer* of such airs as that to "Under the Rose," "What will you do, love?" "The Land of Dreams," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," and a hundred other delightful melodies; the *dramatist* of *The Beau Ideal*, in which Liston appeared, and of *The Greek Boy*, which was considered worthy of being produced by Madame Vestris at Covent Garden; and last, but not least, the not unsuccessful *public entertainer* after the manner of the elder Mathews in his "At Homes" at the Adelphi Theatre! Indeed, Samuel Lover's various excursions in art, literature, music, and the drama were remarkable enough to have made half a dozen respectable reputations. It is not, however, with the generally recognised fields of effort through which he wandered, but rather with an incident, as fortuitous as it was of the gravest moment and of the shortest duration, that we have here to concern ourselves.

Samuel Lover was born in Dublin in 1797. A

* "Rory," begun as a song, was developed into a novel for Mr. Bentley, and finally dramatised, and in this, its third, shape triumphantly played by Tyrone Power for over one hundred successive nights at the Adelphi.

delicate and ailing child up to the age of twelve, at the age of eighteen he took his future into his own hands, left his stockbroking father's comfortable roof, and set out to conquer the world with an



(From the Etching by Samuel Lover, in "The Parson's Horn-Book.")

empty purse and an untaught pencil. How he managed to live for the first three years of his independence is not known, but in 1818 we find him painting with some success, and writing tales, legends, and songs for the Dublin magazines. From this time onward his success in the various branches enumerated above never seems to have waned. As he was gifted with untiring energy and perseverance, surely entitled to be ranked a genius for the aggregation of his gifts, if not for any one of them individually, self-reliant, vivacious, living a life virtuous and honourable, with health unbroken for nine fifty years, it is not wonderful that the Fates

were favourable to him, and that he should have died (in 1868) universally beloved and respected, after a life apparently as happy and admirable as

thousands, and the public press of the United Kingdom almost without exception acknowledged its cleverness; even though at the same time it depre-

cated its tendency. Of the illustrations to it, one wrote, "The etchings are equal if not superior to anything of the kind we have seen coming from the Dublin press;" and another, "The volume is embellished with several caricatures which, as engravings, possess considerable merit, but, as subjects, are as vicious as the matter of the letterpress which accompanies them."

These quotations will give some idea of the importance of the movement into which Lover threw himself, and for which he discovered a satiric aptitude which hitherto had been unsuspected, and which in the future was not to be again exercised. This remarkable book appeared in 1831, and in its first



THE SCHOOLMASTER.

(By Samuel Lover. From "Rory O' More.")

it was fruitful and indefatigable. Such, in a few words, was the general complexion of Lover's existence, but it is an excrescent and temporary phase which entitles him to a place of honour in the history of graphic humour.

In the year 1818, as I have shown, Lover had got his foot upon the ladder. Within the next seven years he obtained full recognition as a humourist with his story of "The Gridiron," and became a welcome guest at the houses of the refined and intelligent leaders of society in a Dublin which, though not the humorous and extravagant capital of the last century, had gained in taste and refinement more than it had lost in high-living and prodigality.

In 1827 Lover married: at the same time he was writing his first drama, which eventually had a gratifying success at the Theatre Royal, and in the following year he became secretary to the Royal Hibernian Academy, of which he had been elected a member some time previously. He was now thirty years of age and in the full tide of prosperity, when he recklessly threw himself into a movement which might not unlikely have ruined his whole future, even if he had escaped the positive pains and penalties to which many of his less fortunate associates were subjected.

The battle of the Irish tithes was at its height when a Wesleyan farmer, the pseudonymous "Jonathan Buckthorne," gathering about him a brilliant company of rising barristers and politicians, projected that most extraordinary satire, "The Parson's Horn-book," which ran into edition after edition, and created a sensation for which it would be hard to find a parallel. At five shillings a copy it sold by



MOLLY AND THE PRIEST'S DOG.

(By Samuel Lover.)

edition did not bear the imprint of its publishers. The issue was immediately exhausted, and a second

promptly appeared with the names of Browne and Sheehan on the title-page, and an editorial note to the effect "that our not having put our names in the imprint of the first edition of the 'Horn-book' was a mere oversight. We had regular and legal licence for printing, and cared not who knew our names." This edition had an addenda of sixty pages, with which we need not concern ourselves, as there was no increase in the number of illustrations.

Tom Browne (Jonathan Buckthorne) was the chief literary contributor. Lover was the sole illustrator, and if, as Mr. Bernard says, his share in the venture remained a secret up to the time of his decease, when it was made known in a memorial sketch of him in *Temple Bar* for August, 1868, all that I can say is that that must have been an almost inconceivable blindness to individual mannerisms which could fail to identify the anonymous illustrator of "The Churchman's Alphabet" and "The Devil's Shooting Excursion" with the avowed illustrator of the "Legends and Stories of Ireland" and "Authentic Letters from Upper Canada," which appeared respectively one and two years later. It is surely more probable that the part he had taken was an open secret, and that the

The delicate handling and careful modelling of the faces proclaims the miniature-painter turned cynic for the nonce. Their importance in the history of political satire has never yet been properly recognised. A second part of the "Horn-book" was published in the same year, with etchings of a very inferior order, and evidently, whatever the Knight of Innishowen may say, from a different hand. The satire is here as unkempt and brutal as in the first part it was subtle and restrained.

Such then was the spasmodic performance which entitles Lover to no mean position amongst British graphic humourists. True it is that in addition he etched whimsical plates for his novels, "Rory O' More" and "Handy Andy," but these, with few exceptions, such as "Molly and the Priest's Dog," a piece of impressionism worthy of a later school and those mentioned at the beginning of this article, are not calculated to add greatly to his reputation.

There is a full-length portrait of him in the thirty-seventh volume of the *Dublin University Magazine* at the age of fifty-four, and a charming engraving as frontispiece to Mr. Bayle Bernard's "Life of Samuel Lover, R.H.A."

"Eight years after the birth of Lover, ALFRED



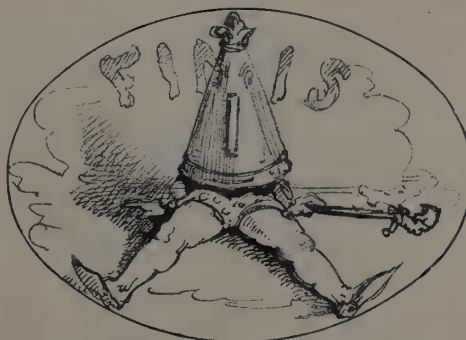
*I'm W. Albion! but a flight
The reason is I'm empty guide
Fill me and you soon shall see
What a funny chap I'll be!*

By "Alfred Crowquill."

A. G.



(From a Pencil Drawing by "Alfred Crowquill.")



(From a Pencil Drawing by "Alfred Crowquill.")

executive was not too anxious to punish one with whom it was a political "first offence."

I have not space here to dwell upon the several designs, which are exquisitely humorous, and at the same time full of the most pungent satire.

CROWQUILL, the offspring of a London notary, opened his second pair of eyes on a world which was to afford ample scope for the grotesque and bizarre fancies which were destined to come crowding to his brain." So might have written the younger

of the two Forrester brothers in the paradoxical manner of the time, had he been minded to divulge autobiographically the secret of the sort of Siamese twin collaboration which the readers of *Bentley* puzzled their heads over fifty years ago.



Dress; makes the Gentleman
'so always be particular in
keeping up with the
Fashion.

(From "Etiquette Illustrated." Designed and Etched by T. Omichyn.)

To the ordinary public Charles Robert and Alfred Henry Forrester were the successors of their father, carrying on business at 5, North Piazza, Royal Exchange. To the initiated they were the ingeminate and conduplicate "Alfred Crowquill," who contributed to the pages of the immortal *Miscellany* the series of articles and woodcuts afterwards collected in the two volumes under the title of "Phantasmagoria of Fun."

With Charles Robert, the author of "Castle Baynard," and other novels, and the literary member of the Crowquill partnership, we are not here concerned. It is Alfred Henry, the artist colleague, who demands attention as a graphic humourist. As with Lover, so with Forrester, the hereditary connection with stocks and shares proved unattractive; and although, until his twenty-fifth year, he continued to work with his brother in the City, so soon as opportunity offered, he retired from business and devoted himself to art. Some years before this final severance he had been making contributions to the cheap literature of the day,

and, in the hours he could spare from business, had devoted himself to the study of drawing and the methods of reproduction. His earliest illustrations appeared in "Ups and Downs," published in 1823. These were followed by "Der Freischütz Traves-tied," 1824; "Paternal Pride" and "Despondency and Jealousy," 1825; and "Eccentric Tales" in 1827. In the latter his designs were etched by George Cruikshank, with whom he also, as in several other instances, collaborated in "The Holiday Grammar," an excessively rare book of which there are only three known copies. From this time onward his pencil was never idle. Indeed, illustrations of his appeared even after his death in the "Illustrated Musical Annual" for 1873, and, in 1875, in his "Pictorial Grammar"—which must not be confused with "The Holiday Grammar" above mentioned.

It was in 1827 that "Absurdities in Prose and Verse," written and illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, made a beginning of the curious partnership alluded to above, which was continued in the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany* during the year 1840-1. But it must not be supposed that it was only when the brothers were co-operating with pen and pencil that "Alfred Crowquill" was called into being. The mystery of his identity was rendered the more profound from the fact that, as the lawyers would say, the brothers were not only jointly but also at times severally responsible for "Alfred Crowquill's" productions. For example, we find Charles Robert writing on his own account for Theodore Hook's new monthly magazine for 1837 to 1838 as "Alfred Crowquill," and Alfred Henry the following year, using the same disguise in his "Guide to Watering Places," for which he alone is answerable. In *Bentley*, on the other hand, the pseudonym was always used conjointly, and when Charles Robert contributed to these pages single handed, he wrote under his old pseudonym of "Hal Willis."

About this time the elder brother seems to have abandoned his pen and devoted himself to business, whilst the younger, applying himself to the various forms of art for which he found himself fitted by gifts and circumstances, continued to use the now well-known *sobriquet*, and thus, owing to his long-continued labours, came to be looked upon as the only "Alfred Crowquill." As prolific with his pen as with his pencil, he never ceased until his death in 1872 to pour out the stream of harmless fun, which, without being of a very exalted order, was

highly acceptable to the public for whom he catered. In addition to the numerous books he wrote and illustrated, he produced burlesques and extravaganzas, designed rococo covers for Routledge, exhibited drawings in the Royal Academy, contributed to the early volumes of *Punch*, *The Illustrated London News*, and Chambers' "Book of Days;" he drew some of the "Heads of the People" for *Bell's Life*, and he even produced, so Mr. Boase tells us, a statuette of the Duke of Wellington, which he presented to Queen Victoria and the Allied Sovereigns. His handsome face was always welcome at the convivial meetings of his contemporaries, and there are still living those who can hear the far-off echo of his laughter-compelling songs. Fast and furious was the fun in the late 'Sixties, Mr. George Shaw tells me, when, on Fridays at 47, Paternoster Row, never-to-be-forgotten hours were spent with that most genial of hosts, David Chambers. There were to be met, only to name a few, the veteran journalists J. Forbes-Robertson, Thomas Ballantyne, James Payn, then editing *Chambers' Journal*, Archibald Forbes, Captain Mayne Reid, Tom Hood the younger, W. H. Wills, Charles Dickens' coadjutor, Robert Chambers, and last, but as good a storyteller and companion as any of them, the subject of this sketch.

Intrinsically, Alfred Forrester's work is not of any great value, indeed it is owing to his timely appearance, when the public was losing its taste for the coarse brutalities of the end of the eighteenth century and looking for the higher comedy of the nineteenth, that his work is of any real significance. Even as a designer of grotesques, in which lay his chief excellence, he rarely shows imagination of any high order. As a link between him and the third and last subject of this article, it may be mentioned that both he and Onwhyn were concerned with Kenny Meadows in the illustration of Henry Cockton's novel of "The Sisters" in 1844. I am indebted to Miss Chambers for the two Forrester drawings here given, which, I believe, have not before been published.

Of THOMAS ONWHYN, the illustrator of "Valentine Vox" and the other now almost forgotten novels which emanated from the brain of Henry Cockton, but little is known, and my indebtedness to Mr. Lionel Cust, Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, for most of the family particulars that I am able to lay before the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART must be at once acknowledged. He was the youngest son of

one Joseph Onwhyn, author and publisher of two or three guide books to England, Scotland, and Wales, who was carrying on the business of bookseller and news vendor at 4, Catherine Street, Strand, in the year 1839. Subsequently he removed to No. 1, and whilst there was chosen, *because of his obscurity*, to publish *The Owl*—that facetious weekly journal which first appeared on April 27, 1864. Joseph Onwhyn continued to publish at this address until the final number appeared on July 22, 1868. After this he removed to Fleet Street, and is said eventually to have died insane.

Born in London somewhere in the first quarter of the century, the subject of this notice made his first public appearance with twenty-four full-page etchings entitled "Etiquette Illustrated; or, Hints How to Conduct Oneself in the Best Society by an ex-M.C." (Ackermann, 1836).^{*} The following year we find Grattan publishing a set of extra plates to "Pickwick," professing to be by "Samuel Weller,"



The Polka as danced
in the higher circles

How to encircle a lady's
waist in le Valtz a deux temps



(From "Etiquette Illustrated." Designed and Etched by T. Onwhyn.)

with "local scenery sketched on the spot." According to the announcement on the cover of the first

^{*} The date rests upon information received. The fact, however, that Tilt and Bogue published early in the thirties two shilling books on Etiquette, which called forth Cruikshank's "More Hints on Etiquette," points to this date as the most probable. Nor is this contradicted by the dated copy (1849) mentioned in "The English Catalogue of Books, 1835-1863," since the copy in my possession shows the plates unworn, and is *undated*.

part, there were to be ten parts in green wrappers at 1s. (8vo), or India proofs at 2s. (4to); but in the event the eighth issue brought the series to a conclusion. Out of the thirty-two designs Onwhyn was answerable for twenty-one, the remaining eleven being very amateurish. The following quotation from the *Chronicle* of the period will show what was the contemporary opinion of work which is now only valued by the curious for its

the idea. His intention had evidently been to make twenty or twenty-four designs, as ten out of the twelve completed are illustrations to the first half of the book. These have recently come to light, having passed, in lieu of a bad debt, to one who knew nothing of their value, and from him to Mr. Albert Jackson, who has now published them for the first time, forty-five years after their execution. It is not often that we find an artist inspired to make a second set of illustrations to the same novel; indeed, the only other case that comes to my mind at the moment is that of Stothard, whose first designs to "Robinson Crusoe" are not as generally well known as they should be.

Mr. F. W. Pailthorpe tells me that he well remembers going, some twenty-five years ago, to the shop in Catherine Street to see if he could get hold of a set of the "Samuel Weller" plates, but was not fortunate enough to see the artist. Miss Onwhyn, however, undertook to ask her brother if he had a set for disposal, and when he called again, informed him that he had, and that the price was one guinea, although the market value at that time was five shillings. In 1839 Onwhyn was again induced to illustrate Dickens, and executed forty extra plates to "Nicholas Nickleby."

The "Pickwick" illustrations would seem at once to have attracted the attention of publishers, for we find Onwhyn, directly after their issue, collaborating with Hervieu and Buss in the illustration of Mrs. Francis Trollope's "Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong," a novel of considerable importance in its day,

in which Onwhyn's contributions are as good as any he ever did. He illustrated single-handed "The Memoirs of Davy Dreamy," and "Valentine Vox." This last commission was of the utmost importance, as thereby Onwhyn became associated with Henry Cockton, by whom, as his son Mr. E. S. Cockton informs me, he was held in the highest esteem. The collaboration lasted till the series was brought to a close with the publication of "The Sisters; or, The Fatal Marriages," in 1851. Now and then we are agreeably surprised by such a plate as "The Postboys Abuse Tom's Liberality" in "The Love Match," 1845, but on the whole the artist's work seems to be little more than perfunctory. In addition to which, all through his work we feel that he etches better than he draws. This is further emphasised by the quality of his scanty work in the pages of



(From "Etiquette Illustrated." Designed and Etched by T. Onwhyn.)

rarity, assuredly not for any outstanding artistic merit. "The artist must be a great man, should he live," writes the oracle; "he has nothing of the caricature of George Cruikshank which pervades all that artist's best performances, his pencil is more Hogarth-like and dramatical, each figure is a study, and the combinations are exquisitely good." Ten years later the immortal "Papers" were re-issued in a cheap and, save for the frontispiece by C. R. Leslie, unillustrated form. This was considered a good opportunity to republish "Samuel Weller's" illustrations in competition with the twenty-six extra engravings issued at the same time by John (now Sir John) Gilbert. In the meantime Onwhyn had been designing a new set of etchings on steel, twelve in number, with the same object, but the re-issue of the old set coming unexpectedly upon him, he seems to have abandoned

Punch during the years 1847 and 1848. The decade 1840-50 practically covered all Onwhyn's activity as book illustrator. From this time he seemed to have determined on a more independent line of work in which his illustrations were to be of prime importance, the letterpress from being the mistress becoming the handmaiden of his art. Beginning with a set of twenty plates published at the time of the Great Exhibition (1s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured), entitled "Mr. and Mrs. John Brown's

Visit to London," etc., he continued to issue such-like humorous sheets for some ten years longer. About 1860 these ceased to appear, and nothing more seems to be known of him, although he lived for a quarter of a century longer, dying as lately as Monday, January 5th, 1886. Onwhyn was a late survivor of the school of guffawgraphers whose work, to adapt Mr. George Meredith's words, was addressed directly to the muscular system, but has little effect when we stand beyond the range.

JULIUS VON PAYER.

BY PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

"NEVER RETREAT"—the motto of one of Payer's pictures—might be taken also as the painter's watchword, and the sufficient expression of the man.

A painter of very great talent and highly appreciated in the artist-world, Payer did not devote himself to pictorial art till almost late in life; only after his return from his last expedition to the Arctic regions did he cease to be the distinguished amateur and take up painting as a profession.

Payer was born at Schönau, near Teplitz. Being destined by his family to a military career, he was sent to study at the school for cadets at Wiener-Neustadt. A book given to him as a prize stirred his soul to a passion for travel. It was a "Life of Franklin;" and from the day when he first read it he promised himself that he too would push Northwards and carry on the task that Franklin had so gloriously begun. And all his life through Payer has never ceased to regard Franklin as the model he fain would copy and the man he most admires. And he has depicted his death in one of his best known works.

Payer, while still an officer in the army, was sent as guide to an expedition to the summits of the Ortler and Adamello Alps. Was it there that the sight of the eternal snows and the infinite blue horizon first gave him the idea of the Pole to be conquered? Or was it really and always Franklin? At any rate, soon after this, Payer,

in 1869, joined the second German expedition to the Arctic regions.

In sledges, along the coast of Greenland, he reached the 77th degree of North latitude. In lat. 73 he ascended Cape Brocrys, and from its summit saw from afar Franz-Josef Fjord. This discovery was the chief result of the expedition.

After a second expedition in 1871, in the course of which he reached lat. 79, Payer took the command of the great Austrian expedition, which led to the discovery of Franz-Josef land.

On his return from this third expedition, Payer, loaded with honours and distinctions, quite unexpectedly retired from the service to devote himself entirely to painting. The memory of the intensely luminous and shifting pearly tints of the Arctic sky, and the solemn, blue Polar night haunted his mind, and he became a painter in order to record the splendour and the wonders he had seen.



JULIUS VON PAYER.

Hasselhorst, of Frankfort, was his master for two years, and then he studied art for three years under Alexander Wagner, of Munich. He subsequently spent four years in Paris. Payer had begun from the first to work on large canvases, painting very stirring scenes of his Arctic experience with highly artistic feeling. The pictures he exhibited at the Munich Academy in 1883 earned him the highest award for merit—the gold medal—and again a medal at the Paris Salon of 1887,



DIVINE SERVICE ON THE ICE.

(From the Painting by Julius von Payer. In the Grafton Gallery. By Permission of M. Sedelmeyer, Owner of the Copyright.)

and a gold medal at the great Paris Exhibition of 1889. Fine technique, broad and solid handling, with masterly sobriety of effect in colour and figure movement: these form the note of Payer's work; and his pictures, which are in the highest degree impressive, have from the first met with general approval. Payer has painted in succession "The Bay of Death"—the abandonment of the boat—"The Death of Franklin," and "Divine Service." Then in 1892 Payer added to his series of pictures representing the episodes of Arctic adventure, that bearing the legend "Never Retreat," which lights up, with its fascinating intensity, the somewhat gloomy gallery of modern paintings at the Vienna Museum. This picture was a commission from the Emperor Franz-Josef.

Payer has more than one string to his bow. I need not say that he is a man of science and a fine seaman; and throughout the expedition of 1872 he kept a journal, which was published after his return with illustrations from his own drawings and from photographs by Count W——, who was also a member of the party. The subject alone was enough to make the book interesting in the highest degree, and it was immensely successful. But what gives it a permanent value, and tempts old and young to read it again and again, is that

the narrative and the descriptions of scenery, never dry or over-long, are pervaded by an atmosphere of style at once lofty and attractive, and that over all we feel the presence of a living soul. There are some passages—as the turning the dogs adrift, the descriptions of the immense ice-bound solitude and of the Northern twilight—which have brought tears to my eyes and moved me as deeply as the work of any recognised genius.

If I did not know Payer, if I had not the happiness of claiming him my friend, I might enumerate the learned societies of which he is a member, and the Orders, Austrian and foreign, which he is entitled to wear; but I can say better things of him, and I leave this task to the care of his numerous official biographers.

In 1884, on a day when I arrived at Etretat, I observed on the shore a fair, broad-shouldered man with a singularly calm and thoughtful face. He gazed long and lovingly at the sea on that faultlessly blue morning. He was sitting a long way off on the beach, far from the bustle of the bathers, and I, being in deep mourning, was seeking solitude by the waves. Two children ran up to him, and in their governess I chanced to recognise the dear, good soul who had been the teacher of my childhood. It was she who introduced me to Payer, and that

very evening I was received as an intimate friend under his hospitable roof. On my return to Paris I continued to visit him, and often went to watch him painting his "Divine Service" and "The Death of Franklin"—two large works executed during his residence in Paris.

Payer sets his model by the side of his canvas, then goes a few yards away, returns and puts in a touch—only one—steps back again, considers the effect, and then lays on another. He does not scorn drawing; he draws too well for that; but in painting he admits nothing but the general mass, light and shade in small touches, worked up and gradually formed to the modelling till they are a lifelike reproduction of the original; and this working up over a highly elaborate ground-painting, and carried by degrees to complete finish, results in a solidity of workmanship and largeness of style which makes every study from Payer's brush a picture almost worthy to be called a masterpiece.

The evenings I have spent with the master count among the best hours of my life—talking of art, listening to him as he relates, with admirable reticence and the simplicity of a great mind, various episodes of his voyages to the enchanting North.

These evenings see two or three friends at most seated round his table, made cheerful by the presence of his children; for Payer is a sage, in love with his art, and having no belief in the attractions of "Society" or of rooms open to all comers.

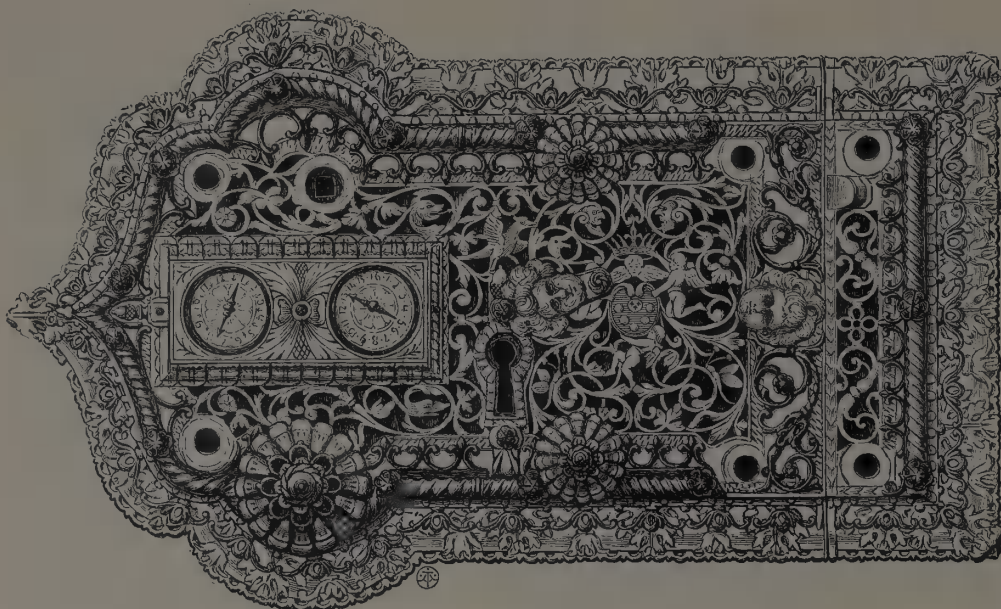
One day last winter I saw him in a house at Vienna, where he now lives. Notwithstanding the lapse of ten years, Payer had not changed; his step was as firm as ever, and I found him the same unfailing and genial friend as of old. He was on the point of starting on a lecturing tour, of which the proceeds were to be devoted to another Polar expedition; and he spoke of that expedition as if it were a little trip on beaten routes.

I saw him again this summer painting busily in his large studio in Vienna; but now all his plans are changed. The North Pole evidently seems to him a journey too often made by this time, and he is drawn towards the opposite Pole and the Antarctic regions. As he talked, all my horror of the unknown melted within me; I thought only of the end gloriously achieved. And it was with an easy mind and with all my heart and faith as a friend that I bid him "*Bon voyage!*"



"WHENCE NO TRAVELLER RETURNS."

(From the Painting by Julius von Payer.)



STEEL LOCK AND HANDLE, BY BICKFORD, OF LONDON.
(Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

IRONWORK AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

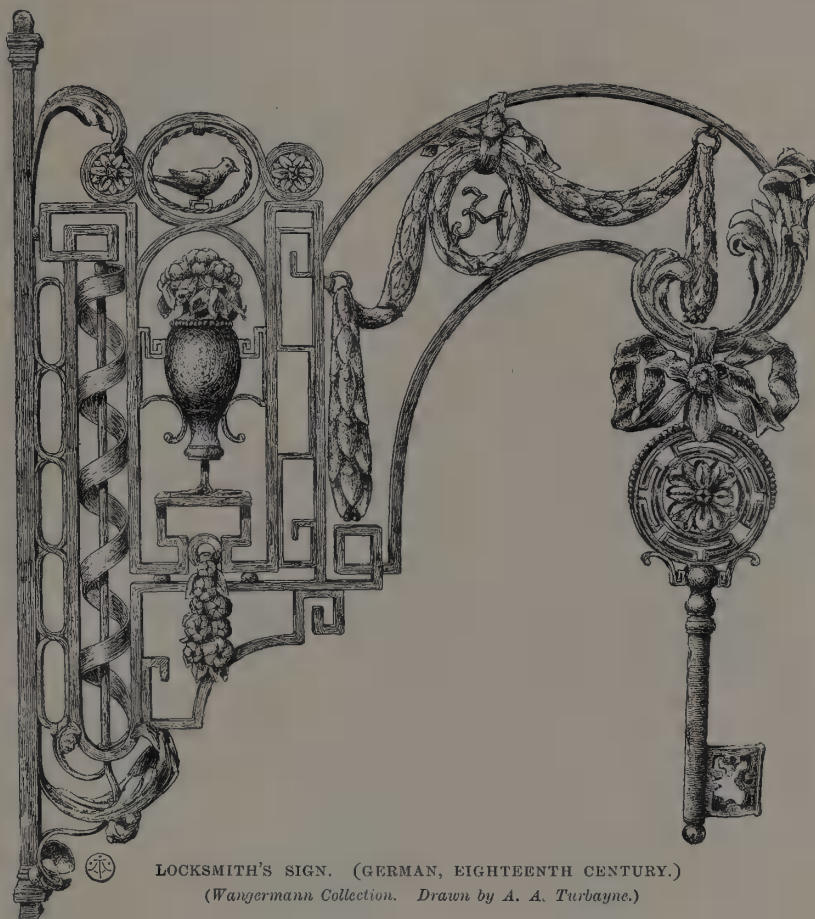
By J. STARKIE GARDNER.



THE smith's craft is one of the most ancient, and its downright English name rings pleasantly to the ear. The Norman conquerors, when they became the landed aristocracy and great patrons of labour, dictated their own names to almost every craft but this, which was too thoroughly ingrained in yeoman and burgher life to be supplanted. A compromise preserved both terms in the end, but the French name "*ferrier*" is now only borne by the practitioners of a single and subordinate branch of the smith's many-sided occupation. Few realise how much the community at large is beholden to this manly craft, which stands almost alone in developing a combination of muscular strength with dexterity and skill, and, in its higher branches, quick perception and taste and the indefinable quality "touch." It also stands high among the salutary industries, and it is their own fault if its followers fail to reach a good old age. In its ranks individual capacity counts for so much that the skilled smith and his mates are rarely found to be trades-unionists. Finally, the craft has always provided a ready stepping-stone by which men of the right grit may emerge from the working man into the independent artisan class, and so, it may be, onward even to careers of distinction.

Thus smithing may be claimed as an industry of some social and, in a sense, of almost national importance. Its history in our country may be briefly summarised. In the Middle Ages it occupied a most important position, but decayed before the Renaissance; it flourished again like a green bay-tree before the collapse of the Stuarts, and only declined—indeed, almost ceased—as an art with the nineteenth century. Thanks, however, to some energetic workers it has recently revived; hammers are once again in full swing, and where one forge was at work fifteen years ago there are probably nearly thirty now producing decorative work.

The extensive collection of ironwork in our great educational museum at South Kensington has been an important factor in this revival, and though it lies upstairs in a "no thoroughfare," it is seldom seen except by some earnest sketchers or students. Formed almost at hap-hazard, it happens to be one of the richest in existence, owing to the large number of exceptionally valuable pieces that were acquired in the golden ages for collectors, the 'fifties and 'sixties, when great collections like the Bernal were dispersed at prices that appear now incredible. At present no money could procure the Florentine cressets and braziers, and even the French *landiers* and locks and keys could hardly be bought. It is remarkable how few first-rate pieces have been acquired since those days, though such magnificent private collections of ironwork as those of Mr. Currie, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. George Salting, on



LOCKSMITH'S SIGN. (GERMAN, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)
(Wangermann Collection. Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

loan in the Court beneath, have been principally formed in the interval. However, in spite of this, the old purchases will always make the collection a most remarkable one; it has been rearranged to great advantage; and a large number of specimens have been added that at all events are useful to the designer. This has been especially the case in the past year, and it is these new purchases that I propose to notice.

Omitting the Peyre collection, which has already been noticed, the most important acquisition is the extensive Wangermann collection, purchased after long negotiation for a

price much below its value—(it may be considered doubtful whether such delays and bargaining are in the long-run altogether to the best interests of the Museum). It was formed at Aix-la-Chapelle, and is hence almost exclusively German, a nation whose ironwork now occupies a full half of the gallery. The smith's was a very important craft in Germany, and its traditions were handed down in unbroken sequence from father to son through many generations of earnest workers. German smiths' work also stands alone, for ever since the Reformation freed the arts from ecclesiastical traditions the smith had complete liberty and licence, and was not, so far as can be traced, either controlled or even assisted from outside by architects and designers. His work, moreover, was always extremely popular with all classes, and all sorts of things were dexterously turned off the anvil that never were made of

iron in other countries. In German smithing we have, therefore, the results of just the kind of experiment that is always being advocated at the present day: leaving the control of a craft entirely

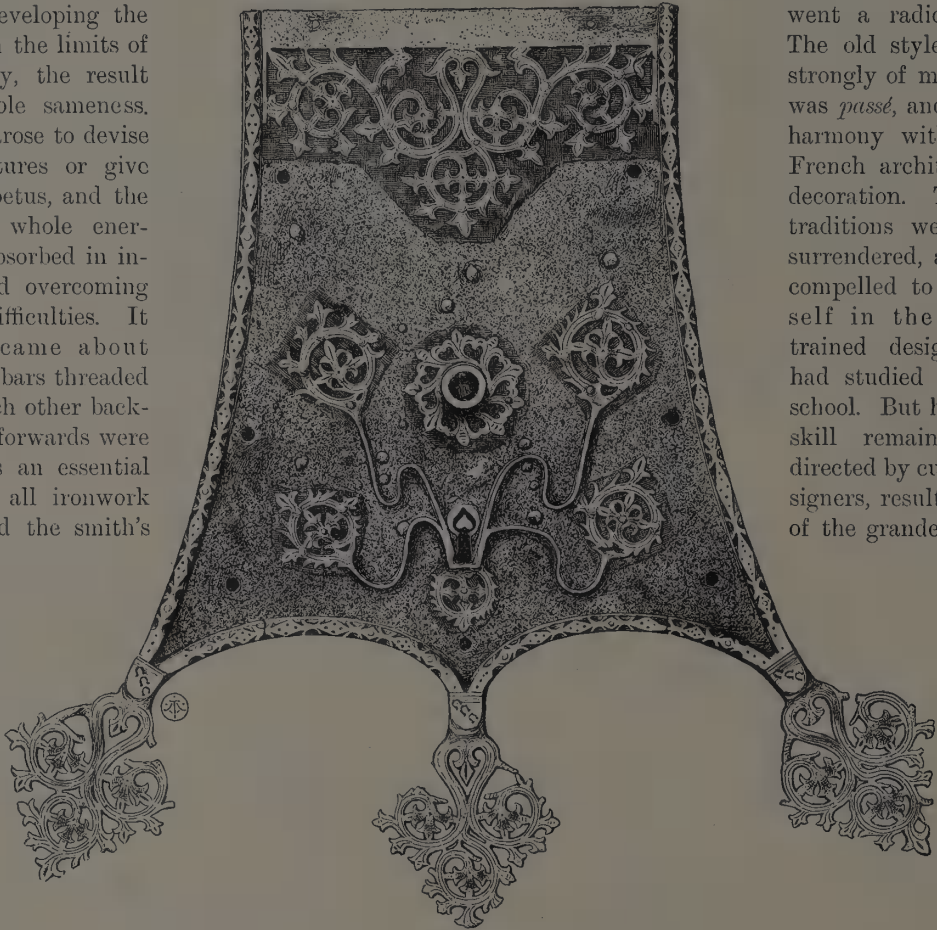


BRACKET. (ITALIAN, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)
(Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

in the workmen's hands. As might be anticipated, high technical skill and quaintness of form are displayed in these instructive results; but, in spite of the vast extent of country, and the different temperaments of the races inhabiting it, a popularity sustained for a couple of centuries, and the many generations of smiths engaged in developing the craft within the limits of their ability, the result is lamentable sameness. No genius arose to devise new departures or give a fresh impetus, and the workmen's whole energies were absorbed in inventing and overcoming technical difficulties. It somehow came about that round bars threaded through each other backwards and forwards were accepted as an essential element in all ironwork designs, and the smith's

when the leaves used by ironworkers throughout the length and breadth of the land were short spiky thistles, perhaps originating in the acanthus. When the French style penetrated Germany, as it did under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., this state of things was brought to an end, and the whole

craft of the smith underwent a radical change. The old style, smacking strongly of mediævalism, was *passé*, and out of all harmony with the new French architecture and decoration. The smith's traditions were perforce surrendered, and he was compelled to place himself in the hands of trained designers who had studied the French school. But his technical skill remained, which, directed by cultivated designers, resulted in some of the grandest works in



SPLAYED LOCK FOR A COFFER. (GERMAN, LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.)
(Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

emulation was expended for a hundred years in endeavouring to work these as intricately as possible, and to elaborate some especially difficult forms of flowers, which depended upon the neatness of the welding of petals and sepals exactly at the growing point. This welding and threading satisfied their pride of craft, while what remained of inventive faculty was spent on minor details of leaves, masks, helmeted heads, and small figures of warriors cut out of stout iron plate and scored with lines. The leaning to the martial, the coarse, and the grotesque is highly characteristic of the people and the times. It was only on the appearance of the Jesuit architecture, known to Germans as the "Baroque," that the smith's designs were modified in the direction of a freer use of foliage with less interlacing;

iron ever produced. Whether we personally like or dislike the rococo, no visitor to Würzburg or Vienna can fail to be struck with the magnificence of the Louis XV. ironwork, inspired by that of Versailles. The Museum, unfortunately, does not contain any fine specimen of rococo-work, and probably the authorities have never desired to possess any, though in technique it far excels mediæval or Renaissance smithing; but in the Wangermann collection, and their own, are a number of pieces, second-rate it is true, which can readily be distinguished from contemporary French examples by their more crowded, crisper, more shredded, veined and curled leaves, and the freer use of trellised straps, ciphers, and coronets.

The wealth of the Wangermann collection lies,



PAIR OF MACE STANDS.

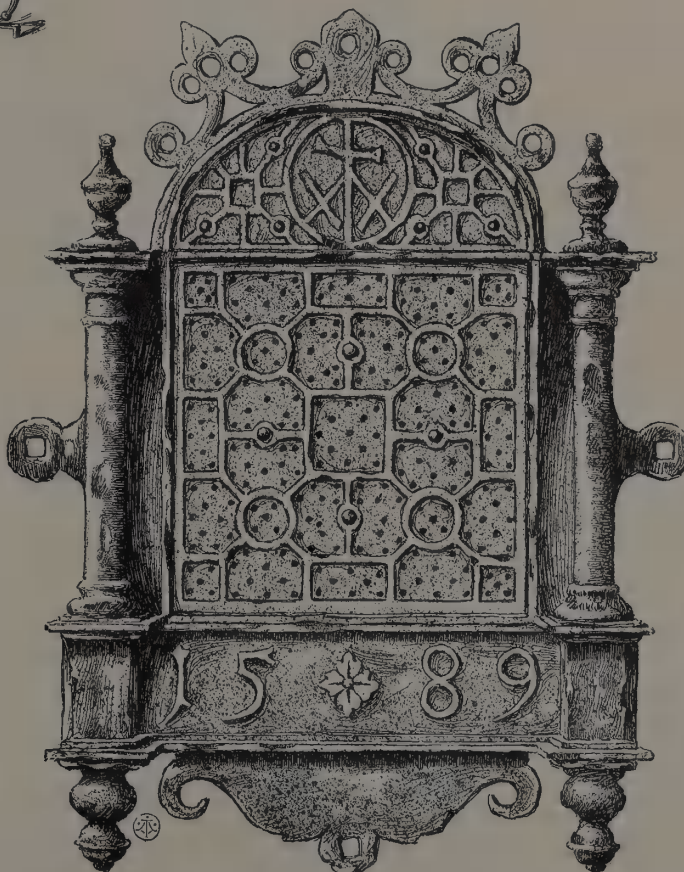
(From the Corporation Pew in the Parish Church of Newcastle-under-Lyme. Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

however, in locksmiths' work. It will be observed that the construction of German locks required a powerful spring at the back, and room was obtained for this, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, by splaying out the case; while later a lock something like an ace of clubs was introduced. Both forms were richly decorated and are well represented in the collection, especially the latter, with etched and pierced plates and applied brass-work, always related in design to the contemporary grille work. Large presses and window shutters were vehicles for a goodly display of arabesqued hinges and fastenings, long after the Renaissance fashion of panelling had banished long strap-hinges from the doors. At the same time great pierced and lined escutcheons and handle-plates, often taking the form of warrior figures, were fixed on the doors by the smith, and led to our

modern finger-plates. The handles themselves were commonly moulded or twisted rings, with little moustached mannikins on the knops and spindles to greet the intruder. The German knocker was likewise a straggling affair, with no smart rap, but a slovenly-sounding *klopper*. The would-be grotesques pall by their endless repetition, and intricate mannerism is the characteristic, as we have already seen, of the average design, rather than nobility of sentiment or grace. In the baroque and rococo locks the workmanship is of the rudest, since iron was gilt and employed merely as a cheap imitation of ormolu.

The German work, as we have said, constitutes a full half of the entire collection, and is therefore greatly over-represented. It cannot afford much help to us at the present time, as it is too peculiar to be adapted or developed by English designers, and only accords with German architecture and decoration, which are not in fashion. A great part might be spared with advantage on permanent loan, or as gifts to provincial museums.

In turning from the German to the Italian iron-work, which occupies a half of what is left of the gallery, the strongest possible contrast is afforded.



DOOR GRATING OR WICKET. (GERMAN.)

(Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

The work from the north or German side of the Alps is grim, quaint, and wrought by hands to whom the toil was a labour of love. On the southern side the Italian plainly detested the labour of smithing, and produced his work in the most idle and perfunctory manner. It is perfectly well known now that all the fine keys and locks and most other objects so beautifully carved and chased

and feeble art of Italy at that time precluded any fostering or development of a new impulse.

No French, Flemish, or Spanish ironwork seems to have been purchased recently, though the collection is relatively very deficient in examples of each of these, and a full representation would certainly be more valuable to the designer than German or even Italian works, which are so redundant.



WROUGHT-IRON SCREEN. (ITALIAN ROCOCO.)

(Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

from the solid iron are French or German work, and the most we can say of Italian works in iron is that they have a pretty taste. Little fine work was produced in Italy after the cinquecento, and no work of this date has been added to the collection for many years. The work acquired is of the ordinary light and inexpensive kind typical of Italian work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The candle bracket illustrated, probably from a church, is quite representative, and if feeble in design and execution, is at least more suggestive to us than, perhaps, anything in German work. The small rococo choir gates, bought about a year ago from Mr. George Donaldson, explain how the *farniente* Italian smith faced the French style when its influence was paramount in Europe. They are little better than a scenic representation, omitting all the heavy welding, hammering, and technical skill demanded by the original. The servile state

A disposition to acquire English art-work is at last being manifested at South Kensington, though the old complaint, made without avail for upwards of thirty years, of the inadequacy of our museum collections as representing English art, still exists in full force. No court is devoted to it, no idea could be gathered from anything in the building that this country's art ever held a respectable rank; and it has almost seemed until lately that a suspicion of English origin insured the rejection of anything proffered for purchase, though some few specimens have crept in unrecognised. It may be too late to remedy this, for the country has been gleaned but too well by the dealers, and the produce shipped by thousands of tons to America, while our attention has been riveted, and money spent like water, on Italian objects, many of which we could have spared. This singular dearth of English art-objects in our national museums must be an unceasing disappointment to

intelligent foreign visitors, especially to our American cousins, and it has resulted in English art being practically ignored in general text-books on art and *bric-à-brac*. The man who cares about art visits Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Denmark,

which are still in the Tower, we shall be inclined to acquit at least the existing régime of blame with respect to acquiring English art objects. I cannot, however, help casting a longing eye on the matchless series of English keys in the Gurney



BRACKET FOR AN HOUR-GLASS. (GERMAN, 1602.)

(Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

or Russia to see the art of the country, and would be astonished, vexed, and disappointed to find their national museums as destitute of native art as South Kensington is. It is thus the more gratifying to find that two English objects were brought back to this country from the Spitzer sale by the Museum authorities. Of these, the superb steel lock cased in pierced and chased brass of exceedingly rich design, made by Bickford of London for, as the arms denote, one of the Medici—surely Marie, not Catherine—is the most important. It would have been little less than a national calamity if this fine object had not been purchased. The polished iron

collection lent to the Museum, and to hope that these triumphs of English locksmithing, of a time when it had the proud honour of being used exclusively by the French Court and its great purveyor Boule, will be purchased if money will purchase them. When the new buildings are completed we shall hope to see them inaugurated by a loan collection of English art, when its range and relative excellence may astonish even the very experts.

To conclude. Is it too much to hope that the labels which so often announce to the disappointed inquirer that the precise object he is in search of is at Derby or Edinburgh may cease to be? The



HINGE. (GERMAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

(Drawn by A. A. Turbayne.)

nocturnal, with English words, appears also to be a typical English production when it was the fashion to give such instruments an Arabic guise. The remarkable double sword-rest, recalling Wren's ironwork, is a welcome addition to our not over-rich collection of English ironwork; and if to this I add the purchase of an inlaid English gun, which, though rococo, is perhaps the finest gun in existence, and a book of drawings of the most sumptuous suits of armour of the time of Elizabeth, some of

Museum abounds in duplicates that might be set permanently circulating with advantage, if this expensive system is to be maintained. Perhaps provincial museums would benefit, however, if a gratuitous distribution of duplicates were made to them and they were endowed with the money that circulation costs, to enable them to purchase for themselves objects of great and often local interest which want of funds now obliges them to decline.



Cockfighting



By W. B. TEGETMEIER.

COCK-FIGHTING as a sport dates back from the very earliest period of the domestication of the wild jungle-fowl of Asia. Its origin depends on the natural instinct and habits of the birds. In almost all wild species about an equal number of male and female animals are born, but many races both of quadrupeds and birds associate in herds, each herd or flock consisting of several females presided over by one male, the strongest and most vigorous of the race, who kills or drives away the weaker claimants for his position. In those animals in which this condition obtains, the males are furnished with lethal weapons with which to kill or drive away their antagonists. The cock and pheasant have spurs, the bull and the



COCK-FIGHT.
(From an Etching by Howitt.)

deer are armed with horns or antlers, and many carnivorous animals, such as the fur seal, with huge canine teeth. The jungle-fowl, the origin of our domestic species, is one of the very few animals that possess also the faculty of domestication, at once becoming attached to the *domus* or house of the individual who rears it. The young cocks hatched in a state of domestication preserve their natural instinct as to fighting for the possession of the flock. These combats were looked upon with interest by the owners, and hence arose in the very earliest ages the sport of cock-fighting, which,

according to Mr. Pegge in the "Archæologia," has been traced back as early as the reign of Cræsus, five hundred years before Christ; and it was certainly known and practised by the Greeks and Romans, the latter of whom probably introduced it into England. In our own country, although prohibited by several Acts of Parliament, such as the 39 of Edward III., and in the reign of Henry VIII., it was at one time common, and so publicly recognised that the school-

boys on Shrove Tuesday were encouraged to bring, each his game-cock, and to fight under the superintendence and direction of the master of the school. The sport became so general that there was a Royal cock-pit at Whitehall 250 years since, which remained until the begin-

ning of the present century, as may be seen in the illustration reproduced after Rowlandson and Pugin.

Cock-fighting, however, does not lend itself readily to artistic treatment. The birds when fighting place themselves beak point to beak point, and each endeavours to spring above the other, so that it can bring down with fatal effect the blow of the sharp-pointed spurs. This preliminary action is admirably shown in the drawing by Howitt, where two birds in full feather illustrate this position, each one rapidly and repeatedly raising the beak in opposition to the other, in the endeavour to get for himself, and to

prevent his opponent getting, the advantage of the upper position. When they spring into the air the action is so rapid that nothing for the moment is to



COCK TRIMMED FOR FIGHTING.

(From an old Oil Painting.)

be seen but a confused mass of legs, wings, and feathers, the movements being so quick that they cannot be followed by the eye, and therefore, like the action of a race-horse, cannot be correctly delineated by the artist. But if they are to be shown in this position, they can only be portrayed with as great a degree of inaccuracy as characterises the two birds in Zoffany's celebrated picture.

Before the actual fighting it was the custom to trim off or to cut away a large proportion of the plumage of the birds which would have interfered with their movements during the combat, and therefore pictures of fighting-cocks were generally shown in this condition. They were, as it was termed, "*cut out*." The hackle-feathers of the neck were cut close, the feathers on the back were also shortened, the points of the wing feathers were cut away, the tail was cut down into a triangular form, and

sometimes, as in the representation given, the quills were stripped of their barbs. The comb and wattles of the game-cock were always removed in its youth, the bird being, as it was termed, "*dubbed*." This was done for the purpose of preventing the adversary catching hold of them with his beak, an act which would have been fatal to the bird that was thus held, for his head would be pressed down, and as the cock always could hit where he held, one or both of the spurs would be driven into the head of the bird so secured. The drawing of an old-fashioned game-cock, taken from an oil-painting formerly in my possession, shows with admirable correctness a game-cock thus "*cut out*" for fighting. In spite of all the disfigurement, the bird still retains a large proportion of its natural beauty. It is true that the comb and wattles are gone, the neck-feathers shortened, the tail stripped, the spurs cut off and their steel substitutes put in their place, but the whole attitude of the bird is one of courage and vigour, and the engraving is one of the most artistic illustrations of a bird in this condition with which I am acquainted.

In the ordinary drawings of game-cocks, even in those by as celebrated an artist as Alken, as may be seen in reference to the plate, the artificial weapons are often placed in an unnatural position. The spurs of a fowl are not, as most persons imagine, on the back of the tarsus or leg, where they could not be placed owing to the position of the flexor tendons of the feet, but they are directed very much to the inner side, so that if badly grown they occasionally knock against one another



ROYAL COCK-PIT, WHITEHALL.

(By Rowlandson.)



COLONEL MORDAUNT'S COCK-FIGHT.

(From the Mezzotint by Earlom, after the Painting by Zoffany.)

as the cock walks. In the act of fighting, the bird does not kick backwards, but the wing is raised at the same moment that the leg is brought forward, and the force of the blow, which is directed inwards as well as backwards, is intensified by the powerful blow of the wing. In Alken's plate the spurs are put on in a wrong position, and the idea of three birds being in a pit can only be described as an invention of the artist.

The best-known artistic representation of cock-fighting is that of Colonel Mordaunt's celebrated match, which took place at Lucknow, in the province of Oude, in the year 1786. This picture was painted by Zoffany (who was present on the occasion), engraved by Earlom, and published in 1792 by Robert Sayer, of Fleet Street. The picture is a characteristic example of the combination of artistic excellence with zoological inaccuracy which is so common in the works of even our best artists, and of which I have collected a vast number of illustrations of what may be termed the Unnatural History of Art. The figures are graphically drawn. Each one is obviously an accurate portrait of the individual represented. The action of every man is characteristic, and by those who know nothing of cocks or

cock-fighting, the picture is doubtless taken as correct in every detail. The stout form of the Vizier Asof-a-Dowla, who has left his seat on the right-hand side of the picture, is the central figure; he is stretching out his hands towards Colonel Mordaunt, who stands in a light costume with his hands also extended. The two principals are obviously making a bet, the action being joined in by Nabob Salar Jung, who stands between them and is recording the progress of the match, or the amount of the wager, on the fingers of his left hand. These figures are instinct with life and action. The representations of the numerous Englishmen present have all been obviously made from private sittings, many of them being figured with birds in their hands. To the extreme right, Mr. Gregory is shown holding a white cock, and addressing Lieutenant Golding, a very stout man with a black-breasted red in his right hand, and having next to him his Indian cock-fighter with an open box of steel or silver spurs. Colonel Martin, with his foot on his knee, sits on the right hand of the Vizier's seat, and is addressing Mr. Wheeler, a civilian, who is holding a cock in an utterly impossible position. Many other characteristic portraits are in the picture. Zoffany, the artist,

has painted himself sitting behind the Vizier's seat with his arm thrown over the back of a chair, and Mr. Humphrey has his left hand on his shoulder, and beside them, with a hookah in his hand, is Mr. Wombwell. In the background are numerous Hindoos, and on the left of the picture are native cock-fighters, Nautch-girls, and Hindoo attendants. In the foreground in the centre are the cock-fighters of the respective principals, watching the fight between two birds.

Admirable as the picture may be from an artistic point of view, as the representation of a cock-fight it is supremely ridiculous. A number of persons are assembled; they are supposed to be watching a match on which a very large sum of money is depending, but not one single individual of the group, with the exception of the three native cock-fighters in the left-hand corner, is paying the slightest attention to the match or looking at the fighting birds, which are most incorrectly drawn both in form and in action. The bird which is apparently getting

the best of the combat has pointed wings with the feathers growing in the wrong direction. The wing of a fowl is very characteristically rounded—but what have artists to do with truth when they are delineating birds? The plumage of these birds in Zoffany's cock-fight are altogether evolved out of the inner consciousness of the artist, and the space in which they are placed to fight is quite insufficient. The manner in which the birds are held by the various persons who have got them in charge is in almost every case impracticable. The cocks are held close together, where they would immediately begin fighting, though in the hands of their owners, and it would be impossible to hold them in such proximity, nor would they submit for a moment to be restrained in the mode which is represented. Zoffany's picture would be more correctly regarded as a portrait of individuals at a cock-fight than as the representation of a combat as it actually occurred.

Hogarth's picture of the old Cockpit in Birdcage Walk is much more real; the cocks, however,



THE COCK-PIT IN BIRDCAGE WALK.

(From the Etching by Hogarth.)

are very incorrectly represented, but the human figures round the pit are most graphically rendered.

obviously been drawn from living models, and not evolved, as are the two birds, out of the inaccurate

imagination of the artist. The action of the fighting-cocks as represented is too impossible to necessitate criticism. The bird on the left of the picture is ludicrously unreal; the positions of the head, the tail, the legs, and the wings are such as could not be assumed by a fowl under any conditions, and the absence of natural grace or elegance in the fowls is in strong contrast to the beauty of the human figures. The picture is a striking example of the fact that even the greatest artists cannot draw animals they have not studied and do not appreciate. Leech, so facile in the delineation of horses, was incapable of producing anything better than a caricature of a cow or a sheep.



A COCK-FIGHT.

(From an Etching by Alken.)

The central figure represents a blind nobleman who was well known as being addicted to the sport as followed in the middle of the last century, and he is surrounded by the low-class ruffians whose characteristic features have been perpetuated by the genius of Hogarth, one of whom is filching a bank-note out of the blind nobleman's hat. Austin Dobson, in his work on Hogarth, speaking of this engraving, writes: "Jockeys and cock-breeders, sweeps and Quakers, English Dukes and French Marquises, blind men and deaf men, are all observed in this exciting sport; and a defaulter, whose shadow alone is seen, has, according to cock-pit law, been drawn up to the ceiling in a basket, whence he vainly tenders his watch to satisfy his creditors. This is one of the best of Hogarth's later prints."

It is not English artists alone who draw inaccurate representations of cock-fighting. The beautiful picture by Gérôme, reproduced on this page, illustrates the fact that French artists are equally faulty in their delineation of the birds. The two human

The movements of two cocks in the act of fighting, when they have leapt into the air and are striking at each other, are too rapid to be delineated; the impression possibly might be given, as is done in the case of race-horses at full speed, but it would probably be as false as racing pictures always are, the extended horses being shown in positions which



THE COCK-FIGHT.

(From the Painting by Gérôme, in the Luxembourg.)

figures in this composition are instinct with life and beauty; they are anatomically true to nature, having

it is impossible they could assume, and which the instantaneous photograph shows us to be utterly unreal.

THE ISLAND OF MARCKEN.

BY EMILE VERHAEREN.

A HUGE and exquisite toy floating on the waters is what is at once suggested by this lovely island, by this time well known to almost every European artist. With Urk and Vollandam it is the object of the painter's pilgrimage; and, alas!

sold for penwipers in every stationer's shop. The men dress severely, almost always in black. They may be seen leaning over fences or balconies painted white, their long white Dutch pipes balanced between their fingers. They speak but little, though



BESIDE THE LURDEN.
(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

such is the law of nature, where artists lead the way the crowd soon follows.

But as yet Marcken is unspoiled. Life there is not yet that of modern commonplace; it is an old-world existence in houses where symmetry has not superseded personal adaptation to the tastes and needs of their inhabitants. They are little wooden structures raised on piles, with little sash-windows and little pointed gables; and all stand in a line as if they were about to march off in single file. In the harbour the boats, too, lie in a row, bristling with masts, like battalions presenting arms at a review. Little boys trot along in heavy wooden shoes, baggy trousers, and padded waistcoats; little girls dance hand-in-hand, their skirts set out, and their bodices of many colours, just like the little dolls in serge and cloth which used formerly to be

they lounge in company. The only sound from their lips is that which they make in drawing in or puffing out the smoke. And so they will stand for hours, gazing at the sea. Their language might be limited to monosyllables for aught it would matter to them.

The women's head-dresses vary with their age. Quite young girls wear a cap with wings, as light as a white bird's. Women a little older, and those of the humblest class, assume a kind of starched handkerchief; the old women twist a sort of roll of some heavy material over a light coloured cap. Their clothes are rather bundled, and the skirts are so thick and so many that they form a pad round the hips.

Travellers who know Brittany and have visited Marcken will certainly have been struck by the

resemblance in the costume of the women of the two countries. In the neighbourhood of Brest, at Plougastel, or at Sainte-Anne-de-la-Palud, we see the same thick folds of coarse, rough stuffs, the same



YOUNG NATIVES.
(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

parti-coloured ornamentation, the same love of harshly-contrasted hues. It can hardly be said that the women are dressed out, since that would seem to imply some lightness; but what daring mixtures of orange and red and green and blue they contrive to combine in stripes or bold patterns with the nun-like cut of their garments!

The merely superficial resemblance between many races settled on the seashore in this case is also carried out in certain features of character. Thus in some ports of Finistère, where the French have not ousted the native race, silence and taciturnity are as noticeable as at Marcken. The taverns at Saint-Pierre de Quillignon, near Brest, for instance, are certainly not noisy; though a Parisian advertisement by Cheret may sometimes be seen there, or a caricature by Caran-d'Aché, they are as far from Paris as those of Marcken.

But what we find at Marcken, and never meet with in Brittany, is the care of the house, the

neatness and cleanliness of the hearth and home. Brittany is dirty and smelly; the people live resigned to dirt and neglect; nothing is scrupulously clean but the women's caps. At Marcken, on the contrary, you could eat at a table without any cloth—nay, off the very boards. All Holland, indeed, shines like a polished copper pan or newly-washed tile, and smells of fresh milk and butter. You might think it was Saturday every day. But at Marcken this precision of care and cleanliness seems carried to a pitch of exasperation. It is as dainty as manicure. At Broeck, near Amsterdam, it is said that on certain days smoking is forbidden in the streets and the throwing out of ashes. At Marcken it would seem that such observances have long been in force, so elaborately is everything arranged and regulated for the dressing and polishing of things in general.

Marcken may be reached from Amsterdam by a boat which plies regularly every Sunday morn-



ANOTHER.
(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

ing. However, the best way is to hire a boat on your own account at Moniken, where there are always boatmen willing to ferry you across. This was the plan we had adopted when, five years

since, we—a friend and I—stepped on shore on Marcken. The Zuyder Zee was unusually clear and blue; spring was in the air, though it was as yet but February. We remember well our arrival in the little harbour, striped with mooring-posts reflected in the water. The boys of the town were on the watch for us, and we were forthwith escorted across the island by a constantly-increasing crowd. Seeing an inn at a turning in the road, we made

out on the Northern Ocean, and there is not money enough to fit out sea-going vessels.

From Urk, on the contrary, the fishing-boats venture on the open. They go out for the whole week, as do the inhabitants of Marcken; so that if you land on the island on a week day, you find only women. The women of Urk are tall and handsome, and would be fine models for the painter. At Marcken the race is far less robust. Urk, being



A VILLAGE IN MARCKEN.
(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

for that; and while drinking a glass of the traditional Schiedam, an old sailor initiated us into the manners and customs of the island, unaltered for centuries. Marcken constitutes a township of seven "boroughs." The principal borough is that of Mannenwert, near the little port. It contains a small church and a manse, and here reside the authorities. During the summer winding roads, stony and ill-kept, lead from one hamlet to another. In the winter the sea takes possession, leaving only the seven "boroughs" above water, and communication is by boat from door to door. The inhabitants are for the most part poor. They fish only in the Zuyder Zee; and it is well known that the supply of fish in these waters is rapidly diminishing. The fishing barques of Marcken are too light to venture

farther out in the Zuyder Zee, is less visited than Marcken; but for those who love to see life in its most rugged aspect and least civilised guise, Urk would be even more fascinating than Marcken. The boat which traverses the Zuyder Zee daily from west to east passes close to Urk.

Birth, marriage, and death fulfil their round at Marcken as elsewhere. Still, it is in such a spot as this, where patriarchal customs survive to this day, that we most fully appreciate their human interest. In a town nothing is so striking as the commonplace details that surround them; here their stern religious aspect is as real as in primitive ages.

When a child is born the father carries it to church; a woman follows with a warming-pan. The baby is heavily wrapped, a sort of mummified

ball. The neighbours all stand at their doors as if the Infant Christ were being carried past. In



CRITICISING THE TOURIST.
(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

the evening the infant's name is made known.

At funerals all the women of the island follow the dead. The procession moves on like a black snake. Men in sad-coloured jacket and breeches, high hats and light wooden shoes, carry the corpse, laid in a coarsely hewn coffin, up to the burying ground on Altena, one of the hills. This last resting-place is surrounded by a railing and a ditch. In the middle a little grey temple stands on a knoll. This is the dead-house where the unknown drowned are laid out when the sea drifts them to Marken.

The soil is clad with starved grass, bristling with bents through which the winds pipe a dirge. There are no crosses. The dead of Marken, whose names are known to all in the island, rest without distinction under the sod, amid the melancholy waves.

Weddings are extremely ceremonious. They take place in the Proenk-kamer, the grand saloon which forms part of every house on the island. This room,

cleaned and furbished up for the occasion, glitters with the thousand lights of porcelain and delft hanging against the walls, of burnished coppers, of waxed and polished furniture; and its old clock shines and shimmers with fresh gilding. A monumental bed, or rather bed-place, is made ready in one corner with pillows bursting with feathers and sheets striped with embroidery. A looking-glass and a few artless prints complete the decorations. If the bride is in white or in red all the women of her train follow suit. On a Saturday the couple go to the burgomaster's office to be registered, and then high festival is held at the bride's house or the bridegroom's. Before the marriage the bride gives a grand feast. Finally, on the fortieth day after the betrothal, the marriage takes place at the town hall and at the church. Each party has three witnesses. The husband takes his wife home to her house, where they stay for three months before taking a new house in which to settle.



THE WATER-CARRIER.
(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

It may be imagined how greatly these various ceremonies, these patriarchal festivals, these picturesque accessories, and costumes, and customs, have tempted the artist tribe to this unique and delightful spot. Flying from modern civilisation, with its uniform of commonplace, so grovelling, so devoid of the unexpected, so prejudicial to sincerity, how many painters have taken refuge there for consolation! Marcken has been an asylum for art. Life is easy there to the visitor if he is satisfied that it should be plain and primitive. The inhabitants are hospitable and honest. The priest has lodgings for artists, and the burgomaster for poets. By degrees, however, they are learning to estimate the profit which painters are making out of Marcken, and they mention the case of Bishops, the Dutch artist, who sold a portrait of a Marcken woman at Vienna for an enormous price. This, perhaps, may have turned their brain a little; but to this day it has not deteriorated their simplicity.

The great etcher, Felicien Rops, once visited Marcken, tempted by its picturesqueness and peculiarity. There is before him a series of prints in which the Dutch interiors, with the traditional Friesland or Marcken women sitting at a window, are marvellously rendered. The myriad objects displayed on the dressers, standing on mats or on the tiled floor, and hanging from the joists of the ceiling—all the actuality of things—old, accustomed things which have been handled for a lifetime, and to which the hand and fingers have become used, seem endowed with vitality, and have an individuality as distinct as that of the cats and dogs and the children and men and women who have their being in the rooms and kitchens. In the same way an artist too little known, Xavier Mellery, whose powerful talent and insight are but now beginning to be recognised beyond the borders of his own country, has illustrated Marcken and done it honour in water-colour drawings, of which the slightest

deserves to be known and admired by all who love true and indisputable beauty.

And I dream of a painter who should go to Marcken to paint a different scene, a bright and glad picture, in the month of June or July—the hay-harvest, mown, tossed, and gathered exclusively by the



IN A MARCKEN KITCHEN.
(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

women in red-and-white dresses, while the men, all the week through, are at sea. At this time the whole island is one vast lawn, bright with huge flowers and the brilliant costumes of the women. Artists who affect the dramatic and sinister can find it here in burning houses during the winter, at the time of the periodical floods. It is, unfortunately, a common sight, for the inhabitants retreat in December and January to the top storeys of their inundated dwellings; and the roofs being reed-thatch, by carelessness or neglect this structure of wood and straw often catches fire, and they are bereft of their only shelter, while they must remain isolated for weeks together.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From the Painting discovered at Siena.)

THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH LATELY DISCOVERED AT SIENA.

By M. E. C. BURTCHAELL.

TOWARDS the beginning of 1895 Signor Franchi, the director of the Fine Art Gallery in Siena, rescued from the garrets a picture which, on account of its artistic merits, he thought worthy of a place among the other Old Masters in the collection.

As it was found in the palace formerly occupied by the Medici, and afterwards by the family of Lorraine, he thought it likely to be a portrait of some princess belonging to the latter house; and only quite recently it was identified as being a likeness of Elizabeth of England, and a most interesting one.

The picture, which was found rolled up, was in a sad condition and much injured; it had to be freshly backed, and in one place—in the lower part of the dress—canvas had to be inserted where the rats had already made a large hole. However, it has been most judiciously restored, and only retouched in places where the paint was quite worn away.

The colours are wonderfully fresh and well preserved, and indicate the work of some Flemish

master, perhaps Gheerardt. The mottoes, which are in Italian, form a peculiar feature. On the lower portion of the canvas to her right are inscribed the words, "*Stanco riposo, e riposando affanno*" ("Weary rest, and restless ease"). On the rim of the sieve, "*In terra il ben mal dimora in sella*" ("On earth the good is easily unseated"). This last appears also in some of the other portraits. On the globe on a table to her left, the British Isles stand out prominently; innumerable ships sail on the surrounding seas; beneath is written, "*Tutto vedo, e molto manca*" ("I see the whole; and much is wanting"). In the group of courtiers to her left the Earl of Leicester occupies the most conspicuous position, and behind, in the distance, stand the men-at-arms bearing the York rose on their doublets. The column near the window is studded with medallions representing mythological subjects.

The Queen's face and hands are beautifully painted, and full of character and expression.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—AUGUST.

The Case of South Kensington Museum.

THE whole question of South Kensington Museum and its administration, which has long been a burning one, has at last become so acute that public and Parliamentary attention has been turned full upon it. We may therefore hope for the speedy introduction of reforms in a system which has long been a departmental scandal. The attitude of the Government itself towards South Kensington has been more than callous—it is almost repressive; and we have lately had the spectacle of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a year when the surplus of the Revenue amounts to six millions sterling, effecting a miserable economy by cutting down the Museum grant of £14,000 to the extent of £7,000.

The amount allotted in the first instance is notoriously insufficient for maintaining South Kensington Museum at the standard required by a great national collection; the miserable pittance to which it is now reduced will enable all foreign institutions of its kind, and many even of our

provincial ones, to head the collection which is the very essence of our national artistic taste, education, and production.

Chances for Reform.

THE appointment of Mr. C. PURDON CLARKE, with Mr. SKINNER as his assistant director, appears to herald reform in respect to some of the abuses and effete-ness which distinguish certain of its departments and the general administration. It is, perhaps, more the system of South Kensington than the fault of individual officers which is at the root of all the grievances of which the public has so great a right to complain. If the new era can but bring about the severance of the art from the science division; the suppression of the Royal Engineers, in whose hands the art education of the country has



A BATTLE SCENE.

(By J. Weier. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. See p. 424.)

idiotically and inexplicably become vested; the supercession of the tyranny of the Secretarial Department, which, under General Sir JOHN DONNELLY, dictates its often foolish will to all and sundry; the proper establishment of a Circulation Department, and the appointment of a

competent chief to rule it; the freeing of the Art Library from hostile interference of others in the Museum, we may then expect to see the institution placed upon a proper footing, and realise some of the objects which it was designed to effect. But so long as the rapping military element is



STUDY OF STILL-LIFE.

(By W. K. Heida. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. See p. 424.)

established as a sort of permanent drum-head court-martial, the apparent idea will continue to prevail that the Museum is established as an annexe to the Secretary's office; that the Director is a mere functionary at the orders of the Secretary; and that South Kensington is maintained under martial law for the benefit of ex-soldiers and "generals" in command of a handful of gallery policemen.

The Blot on the Library.

ONE of the most extraordinary blunders which ever have been foisted on, rather than perpetrated by, an Art Library, has been the issue of a "Catalogue of Engraved National Portraits" therein collected. This astounding publication, which contains more blunders than any that has ever come within our notice, has, it is freely stated, been fathered upon the Library, which, in fact, is absolutely innocent of having begotten the abortion. This miserable work has cost, according to the admissions of the Department, no less than a pound a copy, and is being sold at 5s. 3d.—that is to say, at a loss of nearly 15s. a copy; while as regards its intrinsic worth, we would not willingly allow it into the hands of anyone who wishes for a trustworthy guide. The funds at the disposal of the Department have been wasted; and not even wasted on the officials of the Library itself, as the book is to be placed to the discredit of an outside, well-paid worker—a Mr. Julian Marshall—as to whose connection with the Museum and its officers we should like some authentic information. Moreover, in spite of Parliamentary declaration, we assert that it includes but a fraction of the portraits at South Kensington, and that furthermore, many of these portraits—mere common newspaper woodcuts—are as unworthy of the trouble and expense involved as of the dignity of being described as "engraved national portraits." Again, a much finer collection exists at the British Museum, which one of the excellent officials of the Print Room has been cataloguing for some time past without fee or reward; while the proper home for the national portraits is obviously enough the National Portrait Gallery, and no other. We suspect that the whole matter is

a job, and should be glad to see the Secretarial Department at South Kensington questioned upon the subject.

Art and the Universities.

THE conferring of an honorary degree upon Mr. W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., is a gratifying proof that our principal Universities keep their eye upon the most dignified achievements in Art, and are anxious to accord to the sister of Literature the dignity that belongs to any form of learning, and to the higher branches of achievement. Time was when the efforts of Mr. Richmond were laughed at by some who could appreciate neither his earnestness nor his ability as "modern Michelangelo and water." His great work in St. Paul's Cathedral has silenced all such critics; for he has evinced at once a noble self-sacrifice and an elevated mind, together with an admirable sense of decoration in its highest development, which have worthily earned the distinction of which he has lately been the recipient. It need hardly be pointed out how desirable it is that all the Universities should follow the lead of Oxford and of Cambridge, not for the sake of the artists they honour so much as for the moral effect and deep impression to be produced on the minds of the scholarly, which history proves to have been constantly blind and deaf to all art not antiquarian or purely aesthetic in its more philosophic bearing. A few years ago we drew attention to the fact that Durham University had never acknowledged the Arts; soon afterwards the reproach was removed. We trust that these words may similarly bear weight in other quarters. In this hope we take leave to remind the authorities that it is not only figure-painters who deserve recognition: landscape-painters are every bit as worthy; for it is not less great to paint the face and mind of nature than to reproduce the face and mind of man.

Mr. Tinworth's Art.

MR. GEORGE TINWORTH has produced a new terra-cotta panel on a Biblical subject, and Messrs. Doulton, for whom he has worked so long, are making an exhibition of it. We are of those who have never been able to appreciate highly Mr. Tinworth's art.



LANDSCAPE, WITH A VIEW OF OXFORD.

(By R. H. Ladbroke. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. See p. 424.)

We understand Professor Ruskin's delight in his naïveté, and Professor Blackie's and Mr. Tom Taylor's admiration for a certain freshness of treatment and naturalistic invention that must have come refreshingly enough when the craftsman first appeared upon the scene; and we readily acknowledge his sincerity and the purity of his aims. But

Mr. Tinworth has never got much beyond amateurship; his composition is perfectly elementary, and he obtains his balance by marshalling his figures in much the same way as an army is marshalled upon the pantomime stage. A tree on one side is balanced by a tree on the other; a couple of palm branches, held aloft on one side, are set off by three smaller ones correspondingly waved upon the other; a crowd on one hillock has a crowd on an opposite hillock to secure a cheap symmetry, and the principal character stands, of course, in the very centre of the panel, so that there should be no possible doubt whatever of its preponderant importance. This is what we see in Mr. Tinworth's new "Song of Miriam." We are tired of this elementary form of composition, nor do we less resent the fact that the artist, to whom "vividness" of characterisation is specially ascribed by Messrs. Doulton, has represented Miriam as a charming young girl of blithe and happy spirit, instead of representing her—as she really was—as an ancient dame of fourscore years and more.

Provincial Art Galleries.

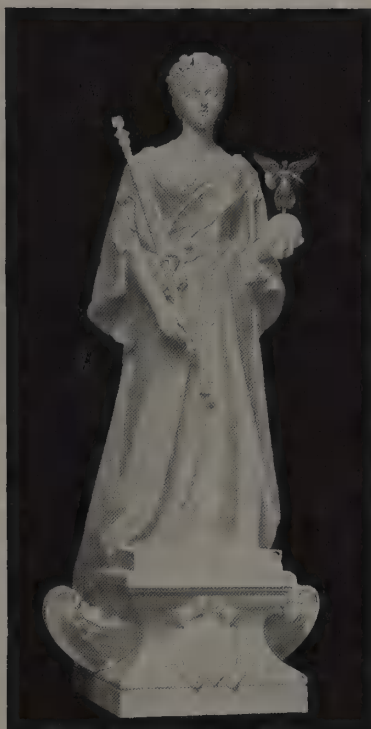
THE City Art Gallery, Birmingham, has had an important and valuable gift from Mr. JOHN T. MIDDLEMORE in Mr. HOLMAN HUNT'S "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." The addition of this painting undoubtedly makes the Birmingham Pre-Raphaelite collection the finest and most complete in the country. This Gallery has also been presented by GEORGE MYERS, Esq., with Miss FLORA M. REID'S "First Communion," and by J. C. HOLDEN, Esq., with "Landscape near Offchurchbury," by THOMAS BAKER, of Leamington (1809—1864). The Leeds Art Gallery has purchased Mr. GILBERT FOSTER'S "Azure Mead."

Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE exhibition of studies and sketches by members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has one especial merit—it is sufficiently limited in size to allow of all the drawings it contained a reasonable chance of being properly seen. The total number of contributions was four hundred and twenty-six, and these were so disposed as to occupy the wall space agreeably and without crowding, or too close juxtaposition. The show under these conditions was much more attractive than any of the more extensive gatherings of miscellaneous works with which these galleries are periodically filled. The correct balance of figure subjects and landscapes was observed with quite sufficient discretion, so that there was an unusual absence of justification for the often repeated complaint that water-colour exhibitions constantly present an undue preponderance of landscape examples. In the first room the drawings were distributed in groups. The first of these consisted of a series of excellent notes of streets and buildings at home and abroad, by Mr. FULLEYLOVE, handled with admirable freedom and sense of colour. Next hung some studies of heads by Mr. H. M. RHEAM, painted with the somewhat excessive minuteness of touch which is characteristic of him, but lacking to some extent the refinement

and accuracy of drawing which would justify so much surface finish. In the same room Mr. CLAUDE HAYES showed several delicate arrangements of atmospheric colour, and beyond were ten of Mr. R. B. NISBET'S robust landscapes, sketches that admirably fulfilled their mission of expressing concisely facts in nature very well worthy of pictorial record. In the central gallery, where the works were arranged after the usual manner of hanging, was Mr. WALTER LANGLEY'S "Pensive Thoughts," a small study of a

fisher girl, laboured to an extent out of all proportion to the necessity of the subject. Sir JAMES LINTON too was represented here by a couple of the learnedly painted heads which adequately illustrate the manner of his regard for nature. "Helena, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*," was perhaps a little too technically obvious; there was more refinement and greater skill in "Bianca, from *The Taming of the Shrew*." He showed also, in the East Gallery, a graceful black-and-white drawing. In this last room Mr. BERNARD EVANS had a set of sketches from nature which revealed, perhaps too evidently, how his preconception of landscape effects and out-of-door colour leads him to falsify what he sees, so that he may bring nature into accord with those traditions which he has based upon close observation of the productions of his predecessors. It is questionable whether what he has gained in style is at all a sufficient compensation for what he has lost in receptivity and flexibility of expression. There was more satisfaction to be derived from an examination of Mr. AUMONIER'S atmospheric studies, colour notes in which the individuality of treatment was not opposed to pure reality. Beside these contributions from Mr.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

(Statue by W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., in the Royal Exchange. See p. 424.)

Aumonier was a black-and-white drawing of a picnic party, by Miss G. DEMAIN HAMMOND, a piece of work that came as a welcome addition to a show which was on the whole of unusual interest.

ONE only wishes that the exhibition of water-colours by the late H. G. HINE, held at the rooms of the Fine Art Society, had been more thoroughly representative. As it is, it has, of course, been worth seeing, even though the greater part of its contents consisted of sketches, and though it never was in sketches that Hine was seen at his best. The Society ought, we think, to have obtained the loan of half-a-dozen very typical and finely finished "Down" drawings from the collectors who have long cherished them. A judicious admixture of such work would have given greater value to the other pieces exhibited—all of them, we believe, drawings which were in the house of the veteran at the time of his death. Though Hine was eighty-three when he died, it would be a mistake to suppose (though the thing is almost implied in the catalogue) that for fifty or sixty years he had been painting the Downs. The fact is that he was a middle-aged man before it ever occurred to him to paint them at all—though he had been brought up at Brighton at their very feet—and he was actually

approaching old age when he executed his best drawings of a theme which Copley Fielding, a generation before him, had treated with good taste, no doubt, and a measure of manual dexterity, but with little penetration, little individual vision. Between 1870 and 1885, or thereabouts, were executed the finest and ripest Hines. If it could scarcely be said of him, as it was said of David Cox—at all events, by Mr. Wedmore—that “his genius came to him in his old age,” it could safely be asserted that in old age came to him his highest accomplishment, and, moreover, it was only in quite the latest years of his prolonged life that any shadow of weakness overtook him. One immense drawing at the



“THANK YOU, MR. OAKMAN.”

(Drawn by C. E. Brock. From “W. V., Her Book and Various Verses.”)

Fine Art Society’s, “Bible Bottom, in the Malling Hills,” proved with what breadth and force indeed, when Hine was not far from eighty, this admirable, since mellow and harmonious, colourist could grapple with the difficulties offered by what may be spoken of as “a large canvas” and an uneventful scene. But, on the whole, Hine, like other masters of water-colour, was better in smaller drawings. In the smallest that he executed breadth was preserved, for, though there was great finish, there was no finicky detail—the unity of effect, which so many artists cannot retain beyond the stage of the sketch, was by Hine successfully preserved during prolonged labours and over a surface wrought and finished like that of a carved or enamelled jewel. The work of Hine may be placed fairly by that of Thomas Collier. In water-colour these men are the legitimate successors of the masters of the past generation; and they are this because each of them is, after all, perfectly individual.

Mr. J. J. SHANNON’s exhibition at the rooms of the

Fine Art Society has been one of the features of the season. We intend to notice his work fully in an illustrated article which will appear in an early number of the MAGAZINE.

The Berlin Photographic Co.’s latest triumph is a portfolio of reproductions in photogravure of eighty-four of the principal pictures in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. Twenty-three of the REMBRANDTS, including “The Jewish Bride—Saskia;” ten VANDYCKS, among them being “The Madonna with the Partridges;” five RAPHAELS, and nine MURILLOS are the chief contents of this important volume.

The exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association in June was well up to the level of former years. Among the most interesting contributions were the work of Mrs. G. F. WATTS’s pupils in terra-cotta from Compton (Surrey), and the Pottery, executed under the direction of Mr. HAROLD RATHBONE at Birkenhead. Some of the work of the boys under the latter’s guidance was excellent in design and execution. Other noteworthy exhibits were the wood-carving executed in the classes under the control of the Kent County Council, and some excellent specimens of inlay-work from Stepney. The latter were principally designed by the Hon. MAEL DE GREY, and executed by JOHN REASON, a former pupil of the Battersea Polytechnic. Kirkby Lonsdale and Leighton Buzzard again are to the front with leather-work in bookbinding, etc., and the Soho Girls’ Club and Turbotson Cottage Industry with needle-work. Mrs. BRUCE CLARK’s and Miss TREVELYAN’s efforts to revive the lace-industry show excellent results.

A small exhibition of Mr. LOUIS J. RHEAD’s designs for posters, etc., has been held by Messrs. Hare and Co., by which an opportunity was afforded of seeing the style of work in this direction favoured in America. Mr. Rhead’s work is obviously based upon that of his master, GRASSET; but he has a great sense of decoration, and is a rich colourist.

Mrs. LOUISE JOPLING has been showing at the Clifford Galleries a selection of portraits in oil and pastel, some of the latter being the most successful. In the same room were some Italian sketches by Mr. E. B. HAVELL.

Reviews. SEVERAL persons seem eager just now to instruct the British public in the art of making drawings for the use of publishers, and it may be as well to say at once, before too many unoccupied persons try to make their fortunes by putting to the test the teachings of these books, that there are already many persons who still remain unoccupied, although they know a good deal more than these books are able to teach. Mr. CHARLES HARPER’s “*Drawing for Reproduction*” (Chapman and Hall) might almost as well have been entitled “On the Reproduction of Drawings,” for a very large amount of its space is devoted to talk about the various technicalities of the bitumen process, the albumen, the swelled gelatine, and other processes which hardly concern the draughtsman at all. If only the space taken up with these matters had been devoted to the professed subject of the book, it would have been better for the student. Mr. Harper would have been better advised to have frankly called his book “Pen Drawing for Reproduction,” inasmuch as out of 160 pages which the book contains, only about six deal with drawing in wash, the remainder being devoted to pen-drawing. The truth is, the author is something of a fanatic in the matter of pen-drawing. He is, in his sympathies, a journalist rather than an artist, and is enamoured of all those mechanical methods of producing cheap effects which, if they are useful in a newspaper, should certainly be limited to such use. We are not quite accurate in saying that what of the book that is not devoted to wash-drawing is given to the use

of the pen. The truth is, a very large part of the book is given to rash and foolish talk about many persons and things; and one is tempted to ask if the author hopes to magnify himself by belittling other people. Certain it is that pages are devoted to sneering at Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Walter Crane, the Newlyn School, Mr. Railton, and Mr. Blackburn. Even Mr. Abbey and Mr. Pennell do not quite please the author, whom, apparently, it is an honour to displease. Mr. Harper may know something of his subject: he hardly knows how to write about it; and his book is so full of



THE AZURE MEAD.

(By Gilbert Foster. Recently acquired by the Leeds Art Gallery.)

irrelevant matter, that it will be a source of irritation to anyone who takes it up in the belief that he will learn from it how to draw for reproduction.

We are also at issue with Mr. ERIC MEAD, who in "*Pen Pictures, and How to Draw Them*" (Upcott Gill) has hidden away what little he has to say about "pen pictures" amongst a series of essays mostly written on entirely irrelevant subjects. Judged from the illustrations in this book, the author has himself something to learn about how to make pen pictures.

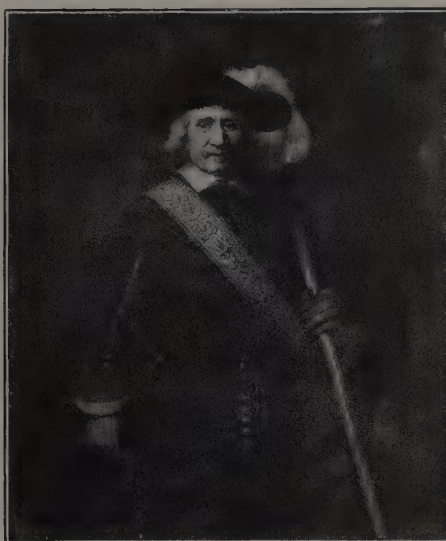
A melancholy interest attaches to the portfolio of etchings by Mr. WILLIAM MONK, R.P.E., of "St. John's, Clerkenwell" (Cadbury, Jones and Co.). The historical notes and letterpress description of the Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, for which we have nothing but praise, were written by that brilliant young journalist JOHN UNDERHILL, whose premature death deprived the fourth estate of one of its most promising members. Here we have a really valuable document and record of all that is left of one of the most magnificent of English religious foundations. With respect to the etchings we particularly are grateful for the graphic rendering of the ancient crypt of the Church of St. John, a splendid example of what the late President of the Royal Academy has called "manifest construction;" and for that of the fine Perpendicular gateway and its beautiful council chamber. The former, we fear, is known to most only by the cut on the cover of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for it was in one of its towers that Edward Cave, the "discoverer" of Dr. Johnson, projected and published his *Trader's Monthly Intelligence*, as it was originally sub-titled.

One of the most charming of books is "*W. V., Her Book and Various Verses*" (Isbister and Co.), by Mr. WILLIAM CANTON, a book in prose and verse dealing solely with the author's little daughter, full of the daintiest and prettiest fun, of most touching love, and tenderest and most playful thought. No child in literature was ever

sweeter and more engaging, nor rejoiced in a kindlier poet and historian. There is a touch of genius, too, in the verse, which proclaims Mr. Canton the Baby's Laureate. Happy the father with such a child—happy the child with such a father and "Book"! The volume is accompanied by two delightful drawings by Mr. C. E. Brock, which in themselves would sell the book had it need of such adventitious aid. "Thank you, Mr. Oakman," is a drawing with a good deal of the fancy of Cruikshank, the grace of Doyle, and the dignified humour of Tenniel.

It is difficult to determine the *raison d'être* of such a book as Mr. W. ROBERTS'S "*Rare Books and their Prices, with Chapters on Pictures, Pottery, Porcelain, and Postage Stamps*" (G. Redway). The value of a work on such a subject must depend wholly on its completeness and accuracy; and to attempt to deal with all these subjects of the collector's craze in one small handbook is sufficiently to misapprehend the need of the collector. Indeed, the title is the book's own condemnation. For the rest, there is pleasant reading enough to those curious in the matter of connoisseurs' foibles; but the volume appears neither better nor worse than a collection of magazine articles, necessarily incomplete, here thrown together. It is to be hoped that the promised "Collector Series" will be on a very different plan.

Miss AMY MARK has written some little verses which Mr. BERNARD SLEIGH and another have drawn upon wood blocks in rough block letters, adding some decorations, and engraving the whole by hand. But the book suggests nothing beyond the amateur and the engraver's apprentice. The only page that is readable is the title, which is not engraved, but is set up in good bold type, and placed last instead of first in the book, as in ancient days. The book has been printed at the press of the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, and published by G. Napier and Co., also of



THE STANDARD BEARER.

(By Rembrandt. Recently purchased by C. Wertheimer, Esq. See p. 424.)

Birmingham, and looking at all the labour involved, and the dreary result, one simply wonders whether it was worth the trouble.

A second edition of "*Alphabets*," by EDWARD F. STRANGE (George Bell and Sons), has made its appearance,

and we are glad to see that several errors pointed out in our notice of the first issue have been corrected. The book is undoubtedly most useful to all interested in art-printing and decorative lettering.

In "*Riverside Sketches*" (Macmillan and Co.) Mr. G. D. LESLIE, R.A., continues the "Letters to Marco" with which he delighted his readers a couple of years ago. These contributions on the garden and the field had for their fortunate recipient Mr. STACY MARKS, R.A., a kindred spirit and deep lover of nature, too. They are instinct with a love of nature, and perhaps for that reason they may not be entirely acceptable to the mere lover of science, to which so many naturalists boast that they confine themselves. It is not Mr. Leslie's fault if comparison between himself and Gilbert White be thrust upon him; it is simply that an equal love of nature, disinterested and unaffected, has filled them both. It is impossible not to appreciate the sympathetic charm of the book; nor can we dissociate ourselves from the author's expressed surprise that so few other painters seem to care for flower-tending and bird-watching. He has a few recollections of Landseer, with a facsimile of an interesting letter accompanied by a masterly sketch by the great painter. Mr. Leslie's own illustrations are rather diagrams than serious sketches, and are at least adequate as such, if not always marked by facility.

At the Crystal Palace Exhibition at Munich, **Miscellanea.** Mr. T. AUSTEN BROWN, R.I., A.R.S.A., has been awarded a first-class gold medal for his "Mademoiselle Plume Rouge," and Mr. GEORGE W. JOY a second-class gold medal for his "Danaiids."

The whole of Lord LEIGHTON's studies for his figure pictures and decorative works, numbering some hundreds, and which cover his entire working life, from his student days in Rome to the week in which he died, have been

Room XI.); and "Landscape, with a View of Oxford," by ROBERT H. LADBROOKE, purchased from the J. D. Lewis Fund (No. 1,467, Room XX.).

Mr. C. WERTHEIMER has become the possessor by purchase of the magnificent "Standard Bearer," by REMBRANDT, which was the gem of the Warwick Castle Gallery. The picture is one of the finest Rembrandts in existence, and was purchased by the then Earl of Warwick from Sir Joshua Reynolds. It has been known at various times as "A Dutch Burgomaster," "Van Tromp," and "The Admiral." At the Clifden sale, Mr. Wertheimer purchased ROMNEY's "Lady Elizabeth Spencer and Viscountess Clifden" for 10,500 guineas—a record price for a Romney.

The statue of the Queen, the work of Mr. W. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., of which we give a reproduction on p. 421, has recently been placed in the centre of the paved court of the Royal Exchange. It is executed in hard Carrara marble, the whole being 17 feet 6 inches in height; the statue itself standing 8 feet high. The statue and the upper pedestal are carved out of one block. Her Majesty is represented as she was at the time of the opening of the Exchange in 1846, wearing the crown and Parliamentary robe. In her right hand she holds a sceptre, and in her left an orb upon which is a small statuette of Victory made of silvered bronze. Upon the front of the upper pedestal is an escutcheon, and at the sides project ships' prows, emblematic of England's commercial power.

THE death has occurred of M. PIERRE LAHOUE, **Obituary.** the French painter. Born in 1844, he was a pupil of Cabanel's, exhibiting his first work, "Mercury and Argus," at the Salon in 1865. In 1874 he gained a medal of the first class, and the *Prix du Salon* with "Saint Laurent sur le gril." He attempted after that several works of an ambitious character, but his most successful



THE LATE HAMILTON
MACALLUM, R.I.

(From a Photograph by G.
Friederichs, Heligoland.)



THE FIRST COMMUNION.

(By Flora M. Reid.)

(Recently Presented to the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 421.)



LANDSCAPE NEAR OFFCHURCHBURY.

(By Thomas Baker, of Leamington.)

purchased by the Fine Art Society, and will form their principal Autumn Exhibition.

We reproduce in these pages the following three pictures which have recently been hung in the National Gallery: "A Battle-Scene," by JACOB WEIER (No. 1,470, Room XII.); "A Study of Still-Life," by WILLEM K. HEDA (No. 1,469,

effort was a design executed for a provincial church, exhibited at last year's Salon, "Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise."

Mr. HAMILTON MACALLUM, R.I., the well-known painter of marine subjects, has died at the age of fifty-three. He studied at the Royal Academy School, entering in 1865.



THE BAGGAGE WAGGONS APPROACHING CARLISLE (1849).

(From the Painting by Sam Bough, R.S.A., in the Collection of the late H. L. Anderson, Esq., of Helensburgh.)

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

BY ROBERT WALKER.

ALTHOUGH Sam Bough was not a native of Scotland, his name is enrolled on the list of those painters who not only have personally made most satisfactory contributions to the achievements of Scottish art, but have exercised a considerable influence on Scottish artists—their own contemporaries and their immediate successors. In Bough's case this influence is not yet exhausted. Some of the most recent developments in the practice of Scottish painters will, if carefully examined, be found to owe not a little of their character to the methods of Bough and the example he set.

Like Robert Burns, to whom in many respects he was spiritually kin, Sam Bough came in upon the world with "a blast o' Janwar win'." He was born at Carlisle on January 8th, 1822. Bough's father came originally from Somersetshire—a prudent man, who gave his son a good education. While quite a child, Bough showed his artistic tendencies by his love of drawing. He began active life, however, as

an apprentice in a lawyer's office—that of Mr. Nanson, Town Clerk of Carlisle; but between Bough's nature and the "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood" there was no affinity. The boy rebelled, and turned with unconquerable longings to his beloved pencils and brushes. He would be a painter, and nothing but a painter, and was wisely allowed to have his own way. Mr. Nanson, indeed, told him plainly that "he was a big fool" to give up his business prospects, and there was an end of the opposition. Considering the encounter of provincial prejudices and ignorances—stronger even then than now—that Bough might reasonably have anticipated, we must allow that he got off easily. It was from Mr. Nanson's son that our artist received his first commission, the price being one guinea and a half.



SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

(From a Photograph by G. W. Wilson and Co.)

Bough was almost entirely a self-made artist, and Nature was his chief school. That his performances were so excellent is due to his innate genius, to his indomitable energy, to his

close study and sympathetic knowledge of the ever-changing aspects of sky and land and sea. These delighted his eye, and filled him with intense desire to record on canvas their beauties and wonders as his own clear vision saw them. From first to last Bough was always himself; he followed no other man, and he practised no academic rules because he had not learned any. Whether he would have been a better painter had he received a thorough artistic

he was carrying on his own education. Wandering, in true Bohemian fashion, with a tent and a cart, over all the northern counties, he sketched and painted every scene that caught his young and eager fancy. He worked at first mostly in water-colour; and it was only after his return from London that he began to try his hand at oil painting. When he was still quite young, he was employed to illustrate Jefferson's "History of Cumberland."

In 1845, when he was twenty-three years of age, Bough accepted an engagement as assistant scene-painter at the new Theatre Royal, Manchester. Beverley, the celebrated scenic artist, was his master, and he had as fellow-assistants Sam Glover and Fred Fisher, both of Glasgow. The "labourer" in the paint-room who ground the colours and cleaned the slab was George Augustus Sala, then a young man at the very outset of his career.

Bough was a born scene-painter; he passed over the elaboration of details in order to secure the general effect of the details in the mass of the composition. He carried to the end of his life the impress of the lessons he had learnt in the painting-room. While in Manchester, he exhibited at the Institute there, and gained the Heywood Gold Medal for one of his water-colour drawings—"Ascham Hill." Whenever he could steal away from his engrossing work in the theatre—where he soon



PEEL CASTLE (1874).

(From the Painting by Sam Bough, R.S.A., in the Possession of Andrew Muirhead, Esq., of Edinburgh.)

education is a question which it would be idle to discuss. In early life Bough received some lessons in drawing from a Mr. Dobson, a house-painter in Carlisle; and in his seventeenth year, on the invitation and at the expense of Mr. Aglionby, M.P. for Cockermouth, he paid two visits to London, where he copied pictures at the National Gallery—the works of Poussin and Rubens being those in which he took most interest. In these early years

became chief scene-painter—he indulged in long sketching rambles over the fells and through the dales of Lancashire and Cumberland, educating and cultivating in his own manner his art sense and facility of handling.

Bough took an important step in life when he came to Glasgow as principal scene-painter in Mr. Edmund Glover's Prince's Theatre, West Nile Street, Glasgow, a building of which now only the



GLASGOW, FROM CAMBUSLANG.

(From the Water-colour Drawing by Sam Bough, R.S.A., in the Possession of A. G. Macdonald, Esq., of Glasgow.)



THE MAIL COACH ENTERING CARLISLE (1855).

(From the Painting by Sam Bough, R.S.A., in the Possession of Leonard Gow, Esq., of Glasgow.)

memory remains. He painted here several notable act-drops. The principal of these are "The Clyde, from Dalnottar Hill," "The Queen's Visit to Glasgow" (1849), and "The Falls of Clyde." In 1864, several years after he had severed his theatrical connection, he painted a most effective act-drop for Mr. Glover's Dunlop Street theatre, "The Clyde, from Finlayston." As a scene-painter he had additional experience in Dundee, and, for a brief period, in Edinburgh with Mr. Murray, the manager

Loch and by the banks of the Clyde; but his favourite painting ground was in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, where he for some time resided. The gnarled oaks of Cadzow Forest, hoary with antiquity; the glittering waters of Clyde and Avon, murmuring over their pebbled beds between verdurous banks; the green seclusions of Barncluith; the picturesque ruins of Cadzow Castle, afforded inexhaustible materials for his facile brush. He was never weary of depicting them, and he seemed



THE CLYDE, FROM ABOVE BOWLING.

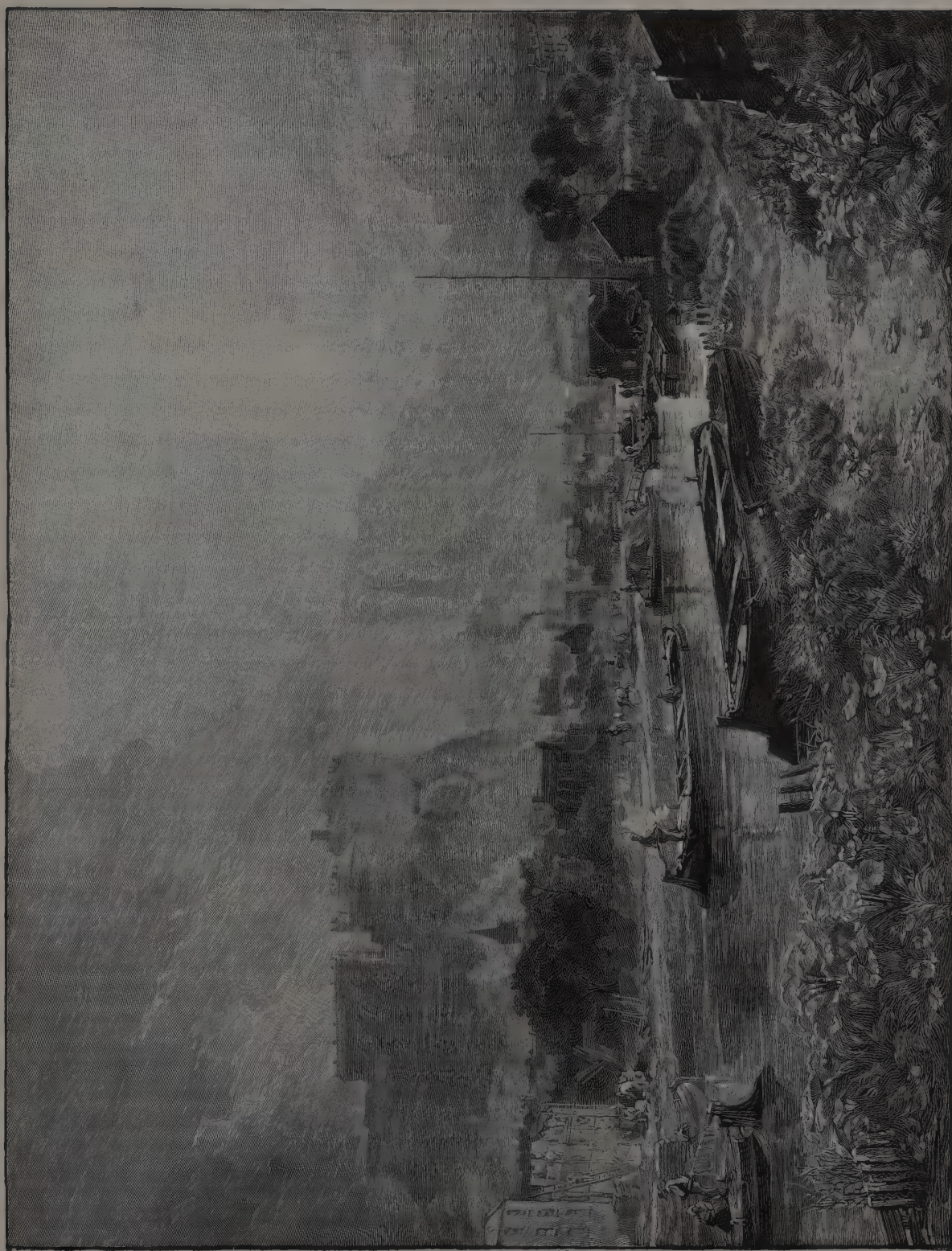
(From the Water-colour Drawing by Sam Bough, R.S.A., in the Possession of A. G. Macdonald, Esq.)

of the Theatre Royal there. He painted also two or three panoramas, work in the execution of which he could indulge to the full his love of a big brush and telling effects.

During these busy years there had been slowly and steadily growing upon him a determination to resign all other occupation and become altogether a landscape-painter. The advice of judicious friends coincided with his own inclinations. After a short residence in Edinburgh, he returned to Glasgow in 1848, and began on his own account the fight for life as an artist. He found splendid subjects in the scenery of the West coast. With his friend, Mr. Milne Donald, a well-known West of Scotland painter, he often worked on the shores of the Holy

to find on each recurring visit fresh beauties to appeal to his eye for scenic effect and to exercise his hand in composition and arrangement. Some of his most delightful water-colours were done for reproduction—notably for the firms of Messrs. Blackie and Messrs. M'Clure and Macdonald. The struggle was a tough, but not a long one. It soon ended in victory for Bough. He was a welcome contributor to the exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy and of the Glasgow Institute, and his pictures grew rapidly in demand among buyers and connoisseurs.

In 1850 he married, in Glasgow, Miss Isabella Taylor, principal contralto in Glover's Theatre, who still survives him. About 1854 he removed to



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE CANAL BASIN.
(By Sam Bough, R.S.A. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

Edinburgh. In 1856 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy; in 1875, a full Academician. After a few months of failing health, he died on November 19th, 1878.

Two exhibitions of Bough's collected works have been held since his death. The first took place in 1880 in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute, in conjunction with an exhibition of works by George Paul Chalmers. The second was opened in

to become the property of the Corporation of Glasgow.

Personally, Sam Bough was a man of many contradictions. Strong in his likes and dislikes, brusque in his manner when he chose to be so, but naturally genial and warm-hearted, he had many friends and some enemies. He was an admirable story-teller, a fearless wit with a sarcastic tongue, a generous friend to young and



THE AVON, NEAR BARNCLITH.

(From the Water-colour Drawing by Sam Bough, R.S.A., in the Possession of A. G. Macdonald, Esq.)

July, 1896, in the Corporation Art Gallery of his native town, Carlisle. In both exhibitions most of his chief canvases were displayed. The Carlisle collection contains 184 examples.

Although there has been of late a strong demand among collectors for Bough's oil pictures, his fame will assuredly rest on his water-colours. In them his colour is generally purer and warmer than in his oil works, and they are very tender in feeling and expression. Reproduced are three gems belonging to Mr. A. G. Macdonald, of Glasgow, an old and warm friend of Bough's. These, with other pictures belonging to Mr. Macdonald, are eventually

earnest artists, a lover of dogs and all animals, and a most consistent and outspoken foe of all shams and artificialities—too outspoken, indeed, to please the stricter sect of Edinburgh propriety-worshippers. He loved Shakespeare and Burns and Scott, and could recite by the hour passages from his favourite poets. Quick in his resentments, warm in his attachments, hearty in his enjoyment of life and its beauties, full of go and fire, a devoted worshipper of Nature, he was, indeed, no common man. His art was the direct outcome of his personality, and both, at their best, were original and distinctive.



ART IN THE THEATRE. THE LIMITATIONS OF SCENERY.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

(Drawn by Luc Olivier Merson, Membre de l'Institut.)

CAV. II.
CVN. III.
GRAD. VIII.
CASINA.
PLAVTI



LET me say at once that it is not at all a complex or recondite question which I here approach: to wit, the proper function and limitations of scenery in dramatic art. No doubt we shall come across debatable

details; but the main principles of the matter are clear enough, if only we do not wilfully befog our vision with pedantry or paradox.

The fundamental axiom, I take it, is that scenery should as nearly as possible express to the eye the locality which was present to the author's imagination, without distracting the attention of the audience from the action of the play, either by too great ingenuity and luxury or by ludicrous and grotesque inadequacy. It follows, of course, that we must not look for an absolute standard of right and wrong in stage decoration. Any given scene is good or bad, not in itself, but solely in relation to the eyes which are to behold it. A very beautiful picture may be a very bad scene; and a daub, from the painter's

point of view, may be a masterpiece from the point of view of the *metteur en scène*. (For the purposes of this article, I may perhaps be allowed to invent the word "mounter" to designate the person who, as it were, fits the scenery to the play. He may or may not be the scene-painter—generally he is not. Mr. Hawes Craven and his colleagues, for example, are the scene-painters of the Lyceum; Sir Henry Irving is the mounter.) A scene which Charles Lamb, to go no further back, thought passable enough, would to-day annoy us, and distract our attention from the acting, by its shabby conventionality; and conversely, if Charles Lamb went to see *Henry VIII.* at the Lyceum, he would not hear a word of the play for wondering at the magnificence of the decorations, which we accept as more or less a matter of course. The mounter, then, ought to study his public, and adapt the scenery to the reasonable expectations of the audiences to which he appeals. This will always imply a certain advance, for the theatrical public keeps on instinctively "asking for more." But when the mounter sets himself to astound his public by dint of sheer glitter and expense, he ceases to be an artist and becomes a showman.

Pray do not overlook the importance of one



St. Bernard

Engraved by Jeans from a Drawing by Sir J. R. Millar Bart. P.R.A.



phrase in the axiom above suggested: "the locality which was present to the author's imagination." Some authors conceive an abstract scene, without any detail or local colour; others know to an inch the position of every chair and table in the room before they dream of turning their characters loose in it. M. Claretie relates that when Victorien Sardou paid to M. Thiers the official visit required of a candidate for the Academy, he seized the opportunity to deliver a little lecture upon the importance of furniture to the modern dramatist. "Ah!" said the old statesman, smiling, when the playwright had finished his allocution, "I now begin to perceive the secret of Molière's success." "Which was ——?" inquired Sardou. "That he happened to be an upholsterer," was the reply. One cannot but wonder whether Sardou himself relates this anecdote, for the sarcasm is a biting one. No one was more innocent of upholstery than Molière. The scene of almost all his great comedies may be compendiously described as "any room with any furniture." The Comédie Française, then, does right in leaving the scene of *Le Misanthrope* and *Les Femmes Savantes* as conventional as a photographer's background. It is true that the wall-decoration and the three or four chairs symmetrically disposed about the apartment are in the style of the seventeenth century; in other words, just enough anti-quarianism is brought into play to avoid glaring anachronism. This is as it should be. Any attempt to decorate the salon of Célimène with nick-nacks of the period would be inartistic and absurd—as absurd as engaging Mr. Alma-Tadema to design the scene of *Andromaque* or *Britannicus*. Racine cared nothing for archaeology or local colour. He imagined a conventionally stately hall in a conventionally classical palace; and so far as decoration was concerned, Epirus, Rome, and Jerusalem were all one to him. The historical spirit is now abroad in the world, and every schoolboy has a truer mental vision of the externals of antiquity than Racine had or cared to have; consequently we no longer dress Phèdre in a hoop or Nero in cork-heeled shoes. Such obvious incongruities would put us fatally out of tune. But if seventeenth-century costumes would be incongruous with classical names and fables, no less would minute archaeological research in architecture and costume be incongruous with seventeenth-century rhetoric. Therefore the scene of *Phèdre*, at the Français, does not greatly differ from that of *Britannicus*. At any rate, it represents an abstract and generalised Hellas, in which no distinction is made between the Heroic Age and the Age of Pericles. And this, again, is as it should be. The scene and (practically) the costumes remain conventional, as

the author imagined them; but the convention is modified so as not to fly in the face of common knowledge with regard to the externals of antiquity. The mounter's care is to please, or at least not to offend, the eye, while leaving the mind free to follow the development of character and the process of emotion.

So far so good; there is not the remotest doubt as to how the French classic drama should be mounted. But when we turn to what interests us more immediately, the English romantic drama, there is room for paradox to rush in. Applying our principle, we ask: "In what form were the localities of his plays present to Shakespeare's imagination?"—and the answer is not immediately obvious. If we were to construct an *à priori* Shakespeare from our knowledge of the material conditions of the Elizabethan stage, that meagre, arras-hung platform, we should expect to find his conception of locality still more abstract and conventional than that of Corneille or Racine, who, after all, were not totally unacquainted with the art of scene-painting. But the case is far otherwise. Shakespeare, too, has his abstract scenes, which might, like the scenes of Molière, be described as "any room" or "any street." But where his imagination is working at really high pressure, he generally gives some scenic indication which clearly shows that he realised not only the material aspect, but the light and shade, nay, the very atmosphere, of his localities. Mr. Hall Caine has recently argued that it was his general habit to paint his scenery in words, as would a novelist of to-day. For instance, in Hamlet's line, "Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon," Mr. Caine reads a proof that Shakespeare intended his audience to conceive a windy night with the moon gleaming intermittently through ragged cloud-rack. This, I think, is going rather too far. I cannot remember a single instance in which Shakespeare is at the pains to describe a locality to his audience as a modern novelist would; but there are abundant passages in which he had evidently a definite picture in his own mind's eye, and was alive, through the nerves of his characters, to the atmospheric conditions of the scene. Take, for instance, the frequent allusions to the wintry temperature in *Hamlet*—

"Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick of heart."
"The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold."

You may search French tragedy in vain for any such expression. In its conventional halls there reigns a conventional temperature. "En ces lieux," to use the consecrated expression, the blood may turn to ice (Enone: "Juste ciel! tout mon sang dans mes veines se glace") or to fire (Phèdre: "Je sentis tout mon corps et transir et brûler. Je reconnus Vénus,

et ses feux redoutables"); but the refrigerating or inflaming agent must always be moral, not physical. We see, then, that Shakespeare was much more acutely conscious of physical conditions than were the French tragic writers. There are a hundred passages to prove that wherever the scene had any special bearing, whether by harmony or contrast, upon the psychological process, he saw it very clearly. He did not describe it—he simply let his characters allude to it as they naturally might, in total disregard of the nudity of the actual stage. The "blasted heath" of *Macbeth* is the natural habitat of the witches—nothing more. To say that the poet *describes* it is absurd; the whole description lies in the two words quoted; but that he *saw* it is very evident. Again, he cannot be said to describe Macbeth's castle, though Boswell found that the remains of some building near Inverness, which was certainly *not* Macbeth's castle, "perfectly corresponded with Shakespeare's description of it." What Duncan says is—everybody knows the lines, but it is always pleasant to repeat them—

"This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

And Banquo replies to the old king's remark with his oft-quoted disquisition upon the habits of "the temple-haunting martlet." The object of this passage is not in the least to paint a picture, but to contrast the peace and security which reign in Duncan's soul with the grisly fate which we know to be impending over him. Shakespeare, who could handle portents and presentiments with such masterly effect, knew also the dramatic value of the absence of presentiment. But it is clear that he had a picture in his eye, though it was not his purpose to paint it. Yet again, those eleven words of Macbeth's, which surely reveal the master of style at least as conclusively as any other phrase in all literature—

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood"—

are in reality of psychological rather than pictorial import; they are an expression of the chill autumnal gloom that has fallen on the soul of Macbeth, and of his sickness of heart at the thought that his friend Banquo is even then falling under the assassin's knife; yet it is evident that the poet would not thus have made nature reflect the usurper's mood if the physical aspect of the scene had not been present to his mind. Similarly, when his imagination was intent on a pair of young lovers in the first rapture of their union, he conjured up around them that marvellous night of moonlight and music at Belmont, when

"the floor of heaven
Was thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

These are only a few of the proofs that Shakespeare's imagination was vividly pictorial, that he saw his characters moving in a concrete world of form and colour, of light and shade, of wind and various weather. Unquestionably, if scenery is to "express to the eye the locality which was present to the author's imagination," the greatest artists will find their work cut out for them in the mounting of this author's plays.

But now comes the question: Can the greatest artists approach this task with any hope of success? Shall we not always have to say, adapting Johnson's line, "And panting Art toiled after him in vain"? In a certain sense, yes; and yet the enterprise is inevitable, and very honourable successes have been, and are yet to be, won in attempting it. Once for all, we cannot return to the arras and rushes of Elizabethan stage. The ingrained habit of twenty-three decades, of seven generations, forbids it.* The Elizabethan stage was a platform surrounded on three sides by the audience; our stage is a picture set in the frame of the proscenium. We cannot, within the frame of the picture, reproduce the conditions proper to the platform; and if we reverted to the platform itself, we should also have to revive methods of elocution and action which would, almost certainly, strike us as barbarous and grotesque. The poorest pictorial indication of a scene helps the imagination more, or disturbs it less, than none at all. If we saw two men with helmet, spear, and shield, march in upon a bare or baize-covered platform hung with black tapestries, and proceed to talk about "this blasted heath," we should certainly either laugh outright or have to struggle against our sense of the ludicrous. The costumes would only heighten our feeling of incongruity; the logical course would be for Macbeth and Banquo to revert to Elizabethan habiliments, if not to appear in evening dress, with canes for claymores and Gibus hats for shields. A modern audience is more or less accustomed to eke out with its imagination the imperfections of painted scenery; the habit of supplying scenery entirely from imagination, with no aid from the painter's brush, if it ever really existed in the generality of the public, would have to be laboriously re-acquired. The only practical course, then, is surely to let art and taste do all they can to present to the eye, and suggest to the imagination, the picture and atmosphere which the poet evidently

* This was written before the Elizabethan Stage Society had given its interesting performances of *Measure for Measure*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Doctor Faustus*, etc. Its experiments are curious and interesting, especially when applied to plays which are essentially unfitted for the ordinary modern stage. But they are mere efforts of enthusiastic dilettantism, and it is neither probable nor, to my thinking, desirable that they should be imitated by Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Beerbolm Tree. (July, 1896.)

conceived. There is much to be done in the way of improvement, if not of actual scene-painting, at least of scenic construction, and especially of stage-lighting. Professor Herkomer's experiments in this direction at his own little theatre at Bushey were of the greatest interest and importance. Let not the scenic artist be afraid lest too great ingenuity in the production of his effects should sin against the canon that the attention of the spectator must not be distracted from the play itself to its trappings. Even if one or two audiences should be lost in admiration of some novel and ingenious triumph of scenic presentment, we should soon come to take it as a matter of course, and to have a merely restful, not distracting, sense of completeness.

Theorists have sometimes argued as though Shakespeare consciously realised and rejoiced in his freedom from the trammels of scenery, and deliberately rejected the ministrations of the painter. This, of course, is a mere illusion. There is not the remotest reason for supposing that if scene-painting had been practised in his day, Shakespeare would not have availed himself of its aid, or would not have been able, under the conditions it imposes, to express his genius in the utmost perfection. I have sometimes wondered why no attempt was made to adapt to the stage the scenery which, under Elizabeth and James, was lavishly employed in the Court masques. I have even been inclined to argue that Shakespeare cannot have been the alert impresario, the consummate showman, of some people's imagination, because this idea never occurred to him. But a little examination dissipates all surprise. It was not pictorial scenery, as we understand it, that was employed in the masques, but elaborate pieces of mechanism and constructed "properties." No more than the plays of the time were the masques presented within a picture-frame, like that supplied by our proscenium; and this frame is obviously essential to anything like a picture. The stage of the masque, as we see from numerous drawings, was often, if not always, simply the floor of some hall, the spectators occupying either the galleries or raised benches along the walls.* The "real tree" and the "real

pump" were in great demand. Arbours and fountains and grottoes abounded, along with complicated and ingenious pieces of mechanism, something like those which we now see in Christmas spectacles. Ben Jonson's famous coadjutor in many of his masques was not a painter, but an architect and mechanist—Inigo Jones, to wit. Now these constructed properties, suitable for presentation on an open platform, our ancestors did not fail to use on the regular stage. We have all heard of the "hell mouth," and other like properties, which the Elizabethan stage borrowed from the mediæval mysteries. "Practicable" erections were no doubt common enough, and there is every reason to suppose that the "pleached bower" of *Much Ado* and the cave of *Cymbeline* were not left entirely to the spectator's imagination. The main fact to be borne in mind, however, is that the frame, the proscenium, is essential to a stage picture, and that the Elizabethan stage possessed no proscenium. There must be an absolute line of demarcation between audience and stage before scene-painting, in our sense of the word, becomes possible. It is true that scenery of a certain sort had come into use before the line of demarcation was strictly drawn; but the whole history of theatrical construction shows a steady shrinkage of that portion of the stage which extended in front of the proscenium. The final disappearance of all trace of the Elizabethan platform belongs to our own day. Its last remnant, a space of from three to eight or ten feet between the curtain and the footlights (technically termed the "apron"), may still be seen in some old-fashioned playhouses; but in almost all modern theatres, except those built for musical purposes, there is no appreciable space between the curtain and the "float." It is noteworthy that the first scene-painter who has left any permanent mark in theatrical history, De Louthembourg, was the contemporary of Garrick, who was the first to draw a hard-and-fast line between stage and auditorium by clearing the stage of that portion of the audience which used to encumber it.

The upshot, then, is that the whole configuration of Shakespeare's stage rendered scenery impracticable, so that the fact that he made no attempt to introduce it cannot possibly be considered as implying a deliberate rejection of its aid. We cannot, except for the gratification of a momentary antiquarian curiosity, revert to the physical, any more than to the social or intellectual, conditions of the Elizabethan stage; therefore all we can do is to apply to the Elizabethan repertory our existing methods of scenic illustration, adapting them one to the other with all the ingenuity, taste, and discretion we can command. Need I say that this principle by no means excuses wanton excisions, or even high-handed re-arrangements,

* This is probably too definite a statement. I find that the drawings I had in my mind's eye were French, not English. (See Bapst's *Essai sur l'histoire du théâtre*, pp. 197 and 201.) At the same time I believe my argument to be substantially correct. All evidence which we possess as to the scenery, whether of Court masques or of plays performed at Court, refers rather to properties than to scenes, in our sense of the word. In 1571-2, for instance, we find a payment made "for paynting the houses that served for the playes and players;" but this seems to imply practicable fronts intended to indicate houses rather than to represent them pictorially. There is some evidence, however, of an advance towards pictorial and movable scenes at Court performances just about the time of Shakespeare's retirement from the stage. (See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii., p. 174, etc.)

merely to suit the convenience of the scene-painter or the machinist?

When we come to the drama of our own day, discussion practically ceases, and we can at best enunciate a series of truisms. It needs no Aristotle to tell us that a play which relies mainly upon its scenic adornments belongs to an inferior order of literature, or that a play of a higher order may be overburdened by profuse and tasteless decoration. At our leading comedy theatres, as it seems to me, we often attain absolute perfection in the mounting of modern interiors. The movement towards careful and artistic realism which began under the Bancroft management at the old Prince of Wales's, was carried to its highest pitch by Mr. Bancroft himself at the Haymarket, and has been ably continued by Mr. Hare, Mr. Alexander, and others. Rooms, not only of our own day, but of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are transported bodily to the stage with a solidity and accuracy of reproduction which can admit of no improvement. And do not think that this is a merely mechanical feat. If you want to see how much art goes to the mounting of a modern interior, compare the scenes of (say) the first and second acts of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* at the St. James's with the gaudy and "shoppy" apartments heaped upon the stage by some manager of no personal artistic sense, who has merely given *carte blanche* to his scenic artist and upholsterer. A triumph in the way of adaptation of scene to character was the room at the Deanery of St. Marvell's in Mr. Pinero's *Dandy Dick*. It was clerical in every line and tint, and initiated us into the mental habits of its occupant the moment

the curtain drew up. In the completeness of our interiors we far surpass the French and all other nations (unless, indeed, there has been marked progress in Paris during the last few years); but in exteriors, and especially in the treatment of foliage, I think our scene-painters have something to learn from their fellow-artists beyond the Channel. It may be argued that the elaborate "sets" which practically preclude any change of scene in the course of a single act are hampering to the freedom of the dramatist; but for my part I hold that the "one act one scene" principle has its artistic as well as its merely mechanical justification, though I fancy the coming generation of playwrights will, when they find it convenient, employ shorter acts than those now in vogue. If you can get through your action in a quarter of an hour, there is no reason for padding your act out to twice or three times that duration. Finally, I ought perhaps to guard against a misconception. In applauding our modern methods of scenic decoration, I am far from defending the system which excludes from the stage all plays except those which seem likely to secure at least a hundred-night run, and so to repay the enormous expenses of their mounting. It is well that some theatres should bid for long runs and should therefore cultivate what may be called artistic luxury of decoration; but it is a crying evil that there should be no single theatre of the first order where plays which do not appeal to the hundred-night public can be mounted with modest and inexpensive appropriateness. What the drama most urgently needs is a middle term between the gigantic success (or ruinous failure) and the abortive "trial matinée."



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

SILVER PLATE BY MR. GILBERT MARKS.

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

THE artistic awakening of the last fifty years in what are sometimes known as the "minor arts" has been productive of great good. New vistas of intellectual employment have been opened to the eyes of those who could think before of little wherewithal to pass their time. The wood-carver's bench and the metal-worker's pitch-block have ousted such previous "home arts" as that of Berlin-wool work. The South Kensington Museum supplies a treasure-

thorn in the side of the mere owner of men and machinery.

Now, those who should do this are the wealthy amateurs who can refuse to be led by the nose to purchase whatever stock horrors are foisted upon them. Unfortunately it is exactly this class that is wanting. The money is there, but it is for the most part woefully misapplied. Those who for half a century have assisted the cause of artistic education



TULIP BOWL.

(The Property of J. G. Russell Harvey, Esq.)

house of examples which all may enjoy; and in our decorative manufactures there has appeared an undeniable amelioration. The advancement of these the nation has tried to help on by purchasing the finest masterpieces for the emulation of our designers. We are set to study art before beginning to apply it to manufactures. These latter are to be improved only by a general high standard of taste. That can never be attained by subordinating all originality to the exigencies of the machine. The level of wholesale supply by the thousand must be raised by the utmost possible encouragement of the individual craftsman. He can never hope to vie with the machine in productive fertility, but his proper encouragement should have the effect of instilling into manufacturers a habit of lively emulation. So an upward progress should be attained by making the originally-minded hand-worker a

with the best intentions may well ask, "What have we been doing after all these years that, although the public insists upon better books and furniture and fabrics, we should still be mocked by the spectacle of purchasers pouring out money like water for the stock pattern centrepieces and race-cups of the manufacturing silversmith, or the diamond horse-shoe, crescent, pheasant, bicycle, and other sporting abominations of the manufacturing jeweller?"

We are recruiting an army of art-workers, but we have neglected the correlative class of the art-patron. For him, as much as for the professional art-worker, were meant by nature (if not by the authorities) the technical schools and schools of design. We want a technical Eton, where wealthy amateurs, caught young, shall be taught to hammer up brass and copper in order that they may learn to appreciate the difference between the unique

hand-executed and the die-struck work. They should be induced to expend their utmost artistic skill upon the baser metals, until they have appreciated



POPPY DISH.

(The Property of Sir Henry Doulton.)

the fact that artistic value in the minor arts lies not very much more in the material than in the pigment and canvas of the painter.

When at last they have achieved the great mental revolution implied by the recognition that all that glitters is not art, and have imbibed a proper hatred of misapplied materials, then these rich amateurs should be allowed—nay, even compelled (unless of marked originality)—to give away their tracers and punches to some poor and promising student. By the due encouragement of the latter they shall commence their true vocation—that of the truly appreciative art-patron.

This serious scheme sounds Utopian, no doubt; but fortunately there are exceptions to be found amongst the purchasing public, just as there are notable instances of enlightened manufacturers who can appreciate individual work and lend a kindly, helpful hand to the worker.

There has been on view lately a small exhibition of about forty pieces of silver plate of an entirely different class to that which wearies our eyes in West-End shop windows. Each piece, besides being hall-marked, is signed in full; and, though companion-pieces are made, it is a fixed principle with the artist never to make two entirely alike. Mr. Gilbert Marks, whose name is not here mentioned for the first time in the pages of this Magazine, had a small exhibition of his work last year, and the result was, to say the least, encouraging. It

proved the assumption that a small class of persons might possibly exist, amongst the huge mass of purchasers of silver plate, who are accessible to the influences of freshness of design and individuality of workmanship. They can appreciate the fact that, as in painting, true finish does not consist in complete "tightness," but also in subtlety of tones, so in silver plate qualities of art are not attained by machine polish and absolute mechanical similarity of repeated forms. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Marks's work are perfectly aware that by subjection to the ordinary polishing processes its mere surface texture might be made nearly as uninteresting as any stock cake-basket or salad-bowl. On the other hand, it does not belong to that style of work which, if polished up, would commence at once to display the painful bruises and laborious botchings of a worker who has not as yet mastered his trade. Mr. Marks's *repoussé* work is thoroughly workmanlike, and shows complete command of the tracer and the punch for decoration on the flat, as well as of the arduous "snarling-iron" which beats up the interior of a vase. It is not afflicted with that distressing "naïveté" and "simplicity" which is the rather easy goal of a certain class of decorators. You may look here in vain for those vague indeterminate bumpings and exaggerations of empty spaces which characterise the simple tribe. Mr. Marks's method is thoroughly sane and masculine. He has fully recognised the fact that in metal-work sharpness and crispness—very different from mechanical hardness—are very good things in their place. He is equally at home in high and low relief, though there seems at present to be an ineradicable tendency in amateurs of plate to prefer



POPPY BOWL.

(The Property of William Newall, Esq.)

the former. It is to be hoped, however, that in time we shall recognise the subtle possibilities and beauties that exist in low relief, and rid ourselves of the idea that there is less labour and merit in it because it is not knocked up so high.

Our illustrations will show that Mr. Marks employs flower motives for his decorative schemes, with great effect. In detail he is essentially realistic. We recognise at once with pleasure the familiar forms of the wild rose, cornflower, single pink, narcissus, tulip, and spring anemone—all rendered with an easy fidelity to which we are unaccustomed in contemporary silver plate. Less expected, but as easily recognisable, are the dandelion, whose leaf is very effective for decorative purposes, and the medlar, whose tufted fruit is particularly applicable to *repoussé* work. There is

the opportunity for the high relief which is commonly approved, while the plain globular surface is broken by the intertwining tufts. The various foreshortenings of this fruit on a large round dish are particularly good, though perhaps the sharp veining of some of the leaves is a trifle over-accentuated. On the other hand, the treatment of the form and texture of the convolvulus upon a large two-handled bowl leaves very little to be desired.

The reproduction of the large double-handled

poppy bowl shows with what complete success the difficult task of expressing the lightness of the poppy flower has been attacked (p. 438). The complicated frilling of the petals has not been shirked any more than the anatomical construction of the centres. The turning back and the natural fall of the leaves are charming. The large two-handled



POPPY TAZZA.

(The Property of Joseph Ruston, Esq., J.P.)



SEA-HOLLY DISH.



TULIP DISH.

tazza expresses the same motive equally well (p. 439). The poppy-heads upon the base are very happy, and the general outline of this graceful piece most pleasing. When we look at Sir Henry Doulton's loan of a large poppy dish we see with what conscientious freedom from emptiness and oversimplification the work has been executed (p. 438). It should be said that it is not altogether easy, from small photographic reproductions, to realise the amount of labour which has been expended in gaining a true and interesting texture. The veining of the leaves has been most carefully given, and the hairy nature of both leaf and stem most thoroughly expressed. Mr. Marks avoids covering his ground with meaningless "matt" surfaces, which would make a whole design look "busy." A pleasant hammered surface is what he prefers for the ground of his design, but the "mark of the tool" is never unduly or untidily exaggerated. Where he has used flutes, as round the base of his salts, they are varied at the bottom by little leaf details, which are never in two cases alike.

The mere preliminary tracing of the very intricate design of the sea-holly salver (p. 439) would be a laborious task; and when we come to consider the loving patience and skill required to finish this important piece, we are not surprised to learn that it was commenced fully two years before it was completed.

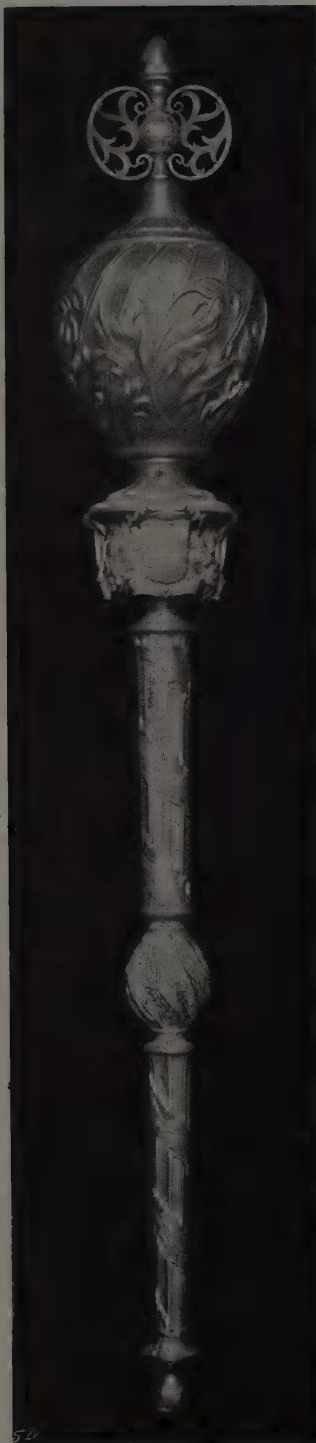
Though naturalistic in his treatment of detail, in the arrangement of his designs Mr. Marks has held by a symmetry to which we are accustomed. His flowers are humoured so as adequately to fill the shapes they are intended to ornament. The tulip dish (p. 439) shows a skilful facility in the placing of his design upon the silver—a facility which seems an easy matter only to those who have never tried the task. A spray of blossom does not seem to have fallen from some plant and to have been turned to metal upon a plate that happened to lie beneath it, as is so distinctive of the naturalistic Japanese metal-work. Mr. Marks's

rhythmical curves are well thought out beforehand and seldom offend. An ingenious and uncommon arrangement was to be noticed upon a large dish adorned with campanulas. The main stem of the plant ran completely round the edge between the outside rim and the sunk centre; from this main branch the subsidiary stems waved off outwards round the rim and inwards over the hollow middle of the dish.

Mr. Marks has not striven to attract at any cost by precocious outlandishness of shape or decoration. One thing amongst others differentiates his work from what we customarily buy. He does not indulge in slavish repeats, and, though perfectly able to work to strict measurements, he fully appreciates the difference between the art of the silversmith and the rules of the engineer's pattern shop. He has so far—wisely, I think—confined himself to a naturalistic development of decoration upon accepted shapes. In one instance, indeed, I think he has adhered rather too closely to a traditional form. I refer to a bowl ornamented with campanulas, the upper rim of which is surmounted with the battlements or scallops of the common punch-bowl shape, known as "Monteith." These battlements were only so fashioned for a set purpose—that the slits between might hold the punch glasses steady while they were being brought into the room. The rim was detachable, and was removed with the glasses when the punch-making commenced. Mr. Marks's bowl has, I fancy, no detachable rim, and the shape of its battlements are hardly decorative enough to warrant their divorce from purposes of utility.

Mr. Marks's present exhibition only indicates one stage of his development, and the success of it leads us to expect much of him in future years. He has interests in other decorative motives besides

those of the flowers he so charmingly handles, as might have been seen from a key and a mace which he has executed.



SILVER MACE FOR CROYDON.

SPORT IN ART: ENGRAVED ANTLERS.

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

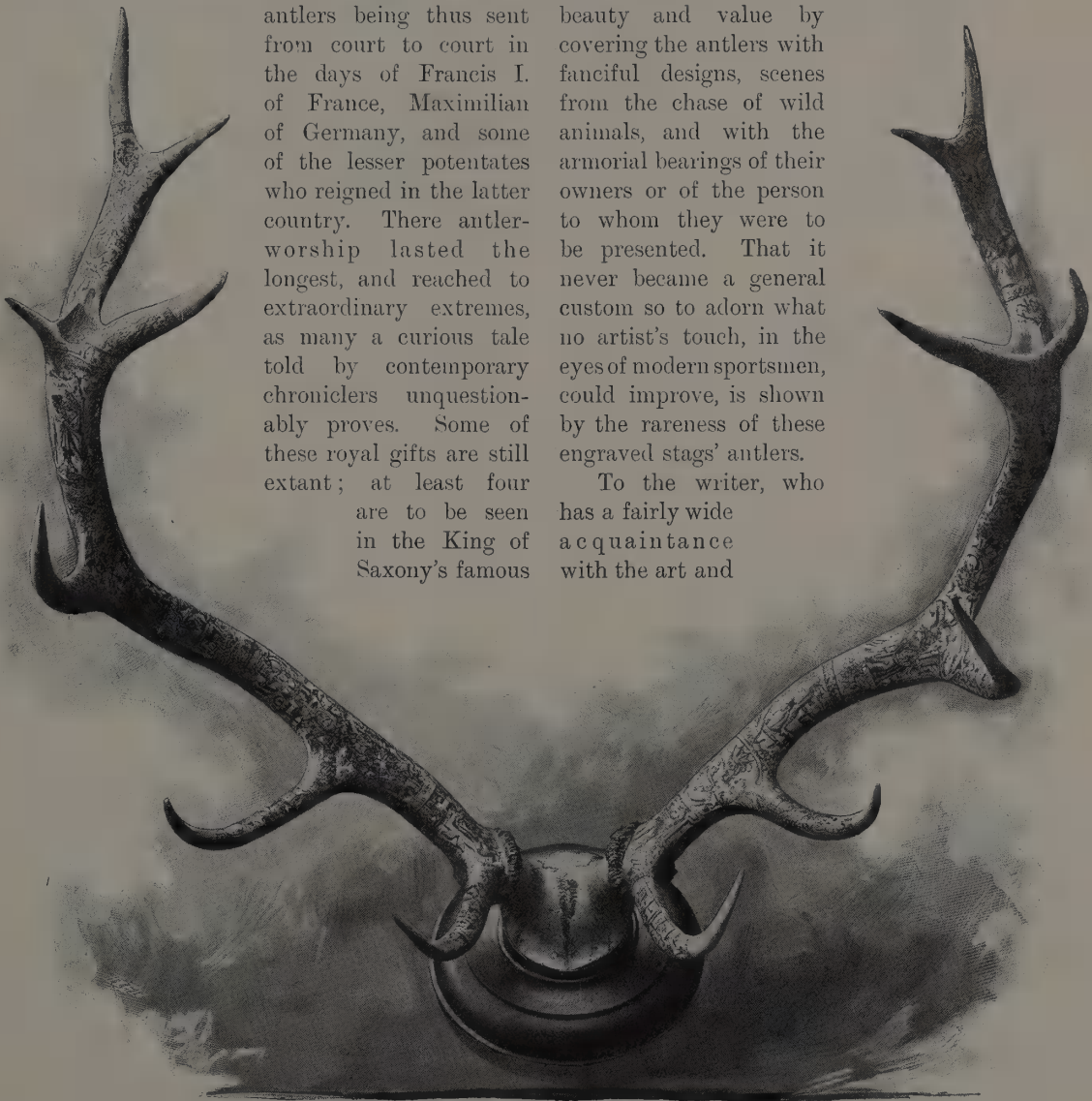
THE presents most prized which the crowned heads of Europe were in the habit of sending to each other three and four hundred years ago consisted either of hounds, falcons, and trained hunting-horses, or of famous trophies of the chase. Of these, large stags' antlers were first favourites. These exchanges of royal presents—for a return gift had to be made—were invariably the occasion of great pomp and ceremony, ambassadors with large suites and heralds being the bearers of the gifts. History sets forth

many instances of great antlers being thus sent from court to court in the days of Francis I. of France, Maximilian of Germany, and some of the lesser potentates who reigned in the latter country. There antler-worship lasted the longest, and reached to extraordinary extremes, as many a curious tale told by contemporary chroniclers unquestionably proves. Some of these royal gifts are still extant; at least four are to be seen in the King of Saxony's famous

old hunting castle, Moritzburg, near Dresden; while others grace the Imperial collection in Vienna and the noble *Sammlung* in Count Erbach's castle in the Odenwald.

In most instances these trophies were left as nature caused them to grow on some giant of his race; in others, probably under the impetus of an awakening love for art, the possessors of great stags' antlers were not content to leave them in their natural state, but imagined that the engraver's tools would add to their beauty and value by covering the antlers with fanciful designs, scenes from the chase of wild animals, and with the armorial bearings of their owners or of the person to whom they were to be presented. That it never became a general custom so to adorn what no artist's touch, in the eyes of modern sportsmen, could improve, is shown by the rareness of these engraved stags' antlers.

To the writer, who has a fairly wide acquaintance with the art and



ENGRAVED ANTLERS.

(The Property of Baron Rothschild.)

with the trophy collections of Europe, there are known but three specimens which have survived the conflagrations, wars, sieges, and other vicissitudes of the past three or four centuries, to which, unfor-

of the artist's work, the following description will give some idea of its beauty.*

From the burrs, which are left in their natural state of pearly roughness, up to within a couple



tunately, so much that would be of surpassing interest to the art-loving sportsman has succumbed. All three specimens are from the sixteenth century, and, curiously enough, two of them bear precisely the same date—i.e. 1563. These two are respectively in the possession of Lord Tweedmouth at Guisachan, near Beaulieu, and of the eminent art connoisseur,

of inches of the extreme tips of each tine, the whole head, beam as well as every one of its fourteen well-formed tines, is covered with designs in black line, engraved on the horns, which previously were smoothed and polished to look like ivory. Age has given the originally white horn a yellowish tinge, so that at the first glance one can hardly



Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, in Vienna. The latter curio the writer has examined very thoroughly, and, though the small scale to which it is necessary to reduce the photographic view of this head makes it impossible to observe the exquisitely fine details

believe them to be genuine deer's antlers, and not

* An account of these antlers was published in the *Field* of December 28th, 1895. In my recently-published "Sport in the Alps" I also allude to these as well as other quaint instances to which antler-worship was driven.

old ivory. The designs, consisting of fantastic arabesques and garlands such as distinguish the Italian Renaissance period, as well as numerous armorial bearings, betray the approximate date of their origin, even were there no date on the antlers. In close proximity to the latter one sees the artist's

points. It is said to have been engraved by a pupil of Albrecht Dürer, the style of engraving being quite in character with that of that well-known master. The principal subjects engraved are figures representing the different countries of Europe, together with some grotesque and sporting subjects."



initials, "G. H.," and, immediately above the two, occupying, as it were, the place of honour on the right antler, between the brow and bay tine, is the coat of arms of the still-existing Tyrolean nobles, the Counts Trap. Probably these once very rich and powerful nobles, at a time when Tyrol, as we know, was the art-centre of Southern Europe, had the work executed in commemoration of some special event. The other armorial bearings and emblems represent Italy, Spain, Portugal, etc.—countries which presumably had some connection with the origin of the designs.

Baron Rothschild acquired, I believe, this remarkable work of art some years ago, paying 6,000 florins, or close upon £600, for it—a sum large in itself, but by no means out of proportion, consider-

The third pair of engraved antlers has, by a piece of remarkable good luck, lately come into the writer's possession. Being almost half a century older than either of the others, and the designs of greater interest to the sportsman than those that adorn the others, it is, perhaps, not the least important of the three specimens. The date on these antlers is 1520, a time when in South Germany the Gothic spirit in art had not yet completely given way to the Renaissance, of which yielding the Rothschild antlers bear such unmistakable traces. In one or two particulars the writer's specimen differs from the others; in none more so, unfortunately, than in the fact that, while the other two pairs of antlers are each on the skull, the older set are separate. They are either shed antlers, or



ing the rareness and splendid state of preservation of the trophy.

The second engraved pair of antlers, bearing the same date, is, as already said, owned by Lord Tweedmouth, and the following account is communicated to me by the owner:—"It is a fine wide pair of antlers of over 40 inches, with thirteen

some vandal hand has in past ages cut them from the skull-bone. Their length is about the same as Lord Tweedmouth's set—nothing out of the way—but the shape of the antlers is rather more singular. The main beam, from the brow tine upwards to the third tine, is remarkably flat, thus offering comparatively large level spaces upon which the artist

could engrave the sporting scenes for which this specimen has attracted the attention of art connoisseurs. Their subjects represent the chase of the aurochs, the stag, the bear, the boar, the wolf, and the ibex, while numerous animals of every imaginable real and imaginary kind—from sea-serpents and gigantic butterflies to tortoises and spiders at home in the centres of artistically-constructed webs—lend animation to

Gothic *hennin*, or conical cap, on her head, throwing up her hands at the daringness of Master Reynard. Another group represents a ceremonious return of master and mistress to their castle. The two chief personages in this scene betray the origin of some of our artist's designs, for they are exact copies of two figures that occur in the "Liber Chronicorum Mundi," published in Nürnberg in 1493, in a woodcut by the famous Wohlgenuth



the Gothic scroll-work that covers the antlers, where the latter are not occupied by pictorial representations. From top

to bottom we see these quaint designs in endless variety without a single repetition of subject or pattern. The comic side of sport was also taken into account by the artist: a camp scene represents the happenings of a hunter's life in the woods. In the foreground is a camp fire, over which hangs a huge kettle, the contents of which are being stirred by a burly underling, while the master, stretched out on the grass, stares into the flames, with his chin resting in his hands; a dog of some long-forgotten Gothic breed sits at his master's side, and follows his example in contemplatively watching the flames.

representing dancers on Christmas night punished for their impiety and condemned to dance for a whole year. Wohlgenuth

was the master of Dürer, and the latter was at the height of his fame when, as indicated by the date, the artist's graver completed its work upon these antlers.

To judge by the superior size and prominent place on the antlers of the saintly figure of St. Korbinian, there was probably some close connection, either as patron saint or in other character, with the noble or royal owner of these antlers. St. Korbinian, who might almost be described as the patron saint of explorers, is depicted with the usual attribute of saintliness, a huge halo. By a cord held in his right hand he leads his famous bear,



Close behind the group we see a big dish full to the brim with fish of goodly size, and from it a fox is in the act of stealing a big trout; a female, with the

of whom legend tells us the following remarkable story of a wild animal's susceptibility to the influences of religion. Korbinian, then an unknown

young monk of the eighth century, was travelling from the ancient monastery of Freising, in Bavaria, Romewards as the bearer of some gifts to the Holy Father. It was the depth of winter, and to the ordinary difficulties of crossing the inhospitable Alps was added the danger of falling a prey to the numerous bears and wolves which then still fre-

stag crouching familiarly at his feet. Underneath this picture are the bust-portraits of a man and woman in the quaint head-dress of the period, and near them, occupying the broad part of the antler where the tray tines branches off, is a shield with a coat of arms—presumably that of the noble for whom the work was executed.



quented the mountain solitudes. Korbinian, driving before him his donkey, on whose back his precious gifts were packed, had reached a wild part of the Brenner Pass, when a huge bear suddenly swept down upon the solitary traveller. The faithful donkey speedily fell victim to Bruin, and, no doubt, Korbinian would have shared the animal's fate, had he not in the meanwhile found time to direct such useful religious talk at the bear's head, that the latter forthwith offered his own broad back as a means of transporting the sacred gifts to Rome. Thus it came to pass that Korbinian, to the astonishment of vast multitudes, entered the sacred city driving before him a sumpter bear, a feat which, we are told, was the first step—as well it might be—towards saintly rank.

On the left antler, occupying the same position that St. Korbinian does on the right one, but smaller in size, is depicted St. Hubert, with his inevitable

In one other feature the writer's antlers differ from those in the Rothschild collection, for in the former instance the tracery covers the antlers to the extreme end of each tine. How much skill is evinced by the complete and artistic way in which every particle of space—at best of the most irregular shape—is covered with tracery, can really only be realised by an inspection of the antlers. Equally evident does it become that the artist had to surmount serious difficulties in the execution of his work when it was performed on antlers that had not been removed from the skull and had to be turned and twisted about to allow the graver the necessary elbow-room.

It would be interesting to know whether any other public collection or private person possesses other specimens of these curious "improvements upon nature," which, we see, manifested an exuberant love of art.



THE EXPOSURE OF SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE exposure of the misdeeds and gross imperfections of management which for years have distinguished the South Kensington Museum has been proceeding merrily during the last few weeks. Monthly reviews, weekly and daily journals, have been vying with each other in laying revelations before the public as to one of the worst-conducted departments in the public service. From this well-deserved censure we have, up to the last month, ourselves held aloof, feeling that the duty of THE MAGAZINE OF ART was less to pass judgment on officials and departments than to draw attention to the beauties of the collections in their charge. But matters have come to such a pass that we are no longer justified in maintaining silence, and we join our voice to that of our contemporaries in hailing the Committee of Inquiry agreed to by Mr. Balfour, anticipating from it generous reform for this most ill-managed institution, and a more or less complete rearrangement of its organization. For the time, we need say nothing of the Schools, the whole system of which is enough to dishearten the most enthusiastic and well-intentioned of their conductors; for, if a new Education Bill be introduced and carried, the whole administration at South Kensington which directs these schools will be carried to Whitehall—that is to say, if, by the encouragement offered to each art-centre to educate its own art-masters, the very *raison d'être* of the Schools be not swept away. But South Kensington Museum with all its ramifications must remain—not, we may hope, exactly in its present form. Yet, if it is to survive, and if it is to offer adequate return to the public for the public money poured annually into its treasury, a vital change must be made and a new spirit infused into the place.

In addressing our readers on the subject, we are gladly conscious of the fact that we speak to them of things with which they are not entirely unfamiliar, and as to the truth of which they will accordingly require little insistence. In laying before the general public, through the medium of other journals, the facts which we are about to recount, writers have the disadvantage of feeling how difficult it is to persuade the ordinary reader of the accurate, unexaggerated truth of their representations, so incredible do some of the charges appear. We do not for a moment pretend that there is no good at all about South Kensington. The mere fact that the public has borne so long with it shows that its excellencies have almost been held to balance its grave abuses and ridiculous anomalies. But many

of those who read these words will justify us in our condemnation, and will recognise that in the following lines we have touched only on some of the main points, and have left aside many of the less important ones which will probably at once occur to their recollection.

We firmly believe that much of the evil has its root in the ridiculous system by which the South Kensington Museum has fallen into the hands of the Military. This has lately developed to such a degree, that the stern protest recently uttered had become inevitable. It was not so bad in Sir Henry Coles' time; but when Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, who succeeded him as Director, absented himself so greatly from his office at South Kensington in order to organize numerous exhibitions elsewhere as well as the series of international exhibitions in London itself, more and more power was placed in the hands of the gentleman who has risen in the service of the Museum from subaltern army rank to that of general officer. The spectacle of lieutenants and captains being drafted in to take charge of an art-museum and, in a measure, of the art-education of the country, and to rise grade by grade in the army list, is too humorous to be considered with gravity. Were South Kensington transformed into a sort of almshouse for the army at large, we should be struck by the comedy of the idea, though we should deplore it for the sake of art; but when we find that it is specially reserved for officers and ex-officers of the Royal Engineers, not at South Kensington alone, but in the capital cities of Scotland and Ireland, we protest warmly against the injustice of it, being well persuaded why the other acts of the administration are what they are, and why South Kensington has become a very by-word in centres of artistic learning on the Continent. Indeed, the doings of South Kensington Museum might almost be chronicled in the newspapers under the heading of "Military Intelligence," to such an extent does martial law prevail in this purely artistic institution. Were the Secretary less autocratic than he is; were his Director to be considered worthy of being at least his equal in influence, power, and responsibility; were interference not only with the *personnel* but likewise with the disposition of funds of the various sections of the Museum to be forbidden to anyone other than the Keeper of the Department himself—less objection might be taken to the prostitution of South Kensington into a sort of annexe of Chelsea Hospital. We are not even sure whether these gentlemen of the Royal

Engineers are soldiers masquerading as Museum officials or Museum officials playing at soldiers. Had the Museum and its objects developed as they should, we would not now, any more than in the past, have raised our voices against what we believe to merit censure and reprobation—namely, the handing over to so great an extent our art-museum and art-education into the hands of a section of soldiery; but such are the abuses to which we have referred that we take advantage of the present juncture to set our protest on record, and to explain towards what point the first and the most important reforms shall be directed.

From what has been said, it will be seen that one of the first reforms to be effected is the suppression of the military element, or, at least, the substantial curtailment of its control and power of interference. The next, more important still—a vital consideration bearing upon the very existence of the Museum—is the complete severance of the section of Art from that of Science. The Science section, as has truly been set forth in the *Contemporary Review*, is encroaching more and more upon Art, which, on the other hand, is being starved to meet the unjustifiable demands of Science. It is not merely a matter of money, nor even of general policy. In practical working, the *personnel* of the Art side is at the beck and call of the Science division; and, astounding as it may appear, no alterations in the art-collections can be effected, no engagement and allotment of attendants and others be carried out, without consultation with and without the consent of the Science Director! The friction resulting can be imagined. But even did the best of humour prevail, in an institution in which the very atmosphere appears to be impregnated with and infected by mutual jealousy, suspicion, and mistrust, the principle is one which ought not to be permitted in the department.

We have spoken of the staff of the Museum. Herein prevails an anomaly perhaps as idiotic—no milder word expresses our meaning—as any that can be quoted at South Kensington. Will it be believed that the entrance competitive examination into the ranks of the Museum officials is of an ordinary kind, making no demand for expert knowledge, beyond acquaintance with the contents of some one single text-book that may be selected, and brooking no special accomplishment or attainment on the part of the candidates? It would be thought that a Museum representing not only the general arts of design, but their special application to pottery, silversmith's-work, textiles, metal-work, and so forth, would have aimed at drafting on to its staff persons with special knowledge of the subjects to which their attention is to be devoted. The

contrary is the fact. A dead level of mediocrity in elementary knowledge is not only a recommendation, it is a *sine quâ non*; because, forsooth, it is considered an advantage that these assistant-keepers and others may be shifted from department to department—from the Accountant's Department to the Library, thence to the Secretarial offices, or, again, to the Circulation Department, at the sweet will of the Secretary! The wonder is that we should have in the Museum any experts at all. That we have two or three is, in a sense, in spite of the Museum regulations; but even this does not save the Museum from being laughed at in the better-conducted institutions abroad. Until this matter is set right, and the whole of the staff put (as it should be) under the absolute control of the Director, the efficiency of the Museum must not be expected to show improvement.

One of the sections of which the public might well be proud, could but a free hand and a proper independence be accorded to its Keeper, is that of the Art Library. But when its officials can be removed by the Secretary just when they are about to become really useful workers, and can be replaced by incompetent persons drafted in from other sections where they could make no mark and give no satisfaction; when important proportions of its scanty funds can be frittered away on extravagances and relatively useless purchases, in spite of the protests of the Keeper; when that Keeper is denied the full control of his own funds and his own assistants, and has foisted upon him anticipated work which should be relegated to future consideration, in face of matters of far more pressing importance; when outsiders are appointed to do work in his department which should not be done at all, or, at any rate, which should not be given preference to matters of urgency; when he is interfered with in his attempts at proper organisation, and is apparently thwarted in his most useful schemes—it is impossible that this institution, noble and unique in its possibilities, should give the public the advantage which they have a right to expect from it, and which it might easily be made to yield were meddlers kept outside. We do no more here than refer to the scandalously inaccurate "Catalogue of the Engraved National Portraits," to which public attention has several times been drawn of late, and on which a large sum of public money has been squandered. We content ourselves for the moment by saying that it is a scandal which will stand for all time to the discredit of the Museum which issued it. We see that its price has been reduced from 5s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. a copy since a review upon it was published in the *Westminster Gazette*; even if the public are induced to buy it, the nation will be losing over it about 16s. 6d. a copy!

A matter of still more practical moment is the working of the Circulation Department, so that its reform and reorganization become of the very first importance. This Department, as our readers are probably aware, was established for the purpose of circulating among the affiliated museums, exhibitions, and art-classes of the country, collections of art-objects intended not merely to amuse the public, but to instruct the workers, designers, and artisans of the district centres to which they are sent, so that the standard of the industrial arts of England might thereby be raised. How the work of this Department has been carried on has been sufficiently laid bare by letters in the *Times* and elsewhere giving expression to the discontent prevailing at the chief manufacturing centres. The curious lack of appreciation of the needs of these centres has been commented on from the first, and, although the remarks of the present writer not long since (November, 1894) had the effect of slightly modifying the unintelligent method, the blind fatuity for which it was remarkable, the Department—which, practically speaking, has in its hands the standard of the national taste—is a standing proof of the urgent necessity of radical reform. Within the Museum, it is understood, the intention has been further to dignify the actual chief of the Department the working of which Mr. Hanbury, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, has so sweepingly denounced; so that here we have another example of the lumbering foolishness—to use no harsher term—of the Department of Science and Art. It is not that a highly-equipped officer could not be found; but it is sufficient that such a one should be known to make him a *persona ingratis* with the military gentlemen in whose apparently unsympathetic hands are the unhappy destinies of British art-craftsmen.

When reform is embarked on—and it is for the Committee of Inquiry to see that that reform is embarked on at once—the question of the frauds and the forgeries in the Museum should not be passed over. A committee of experts duly appointed to examine into this matter would certainly produce a report for which the public is, doubtless, little prepared; and witnesses could produce evidence which must not be allowed to remain uncalled. It may be taken that all museums contain forgeries; and it is probable that at South Kensington as many are housed as at any other museum of its standing. That this should be so under South Kensington system is, of course, inevitable; but that many forgeries, the character of which is perfectly well known, should be allowed to remain for the daily deception of the public is a matter not only scandalous in itself, but entirely mischievous in its

principle. It is the height of cowardice—and, one might add, of treachery, too—that these things should be allowed to remain to testify to the errors or the ignorance of former directors, lest the public outcry against money misspent might sound unpleasantly in South Kensington ears. It is not as if there were any doubt about the matter; spurious objects for which, in some cases, very high prices have been paid are unblushingly allowed to retain their places and to sport their falsely-descriptive labels from mere fear of removing them. After what has been said, it is unnecessary to insist further on this important point; it need only be added that any action that may be taken on it need not thereby be made to imply censure upon any official.

It was to be anticipated that these remarks, like other criticisms, would call forth no reply from South Kensington Museum; for before the principle of a Committee of Inquiry was conceded, we heard it said that the order has been passed round in the Museum that silence is to be strictly maintained in respect to this and to other attacks; partly in the hope that the matter might blow over, chiefly because there is no adequate reply to be made or excuse to be offered. Although it has made no public apology, attempted no defence, the Museum has not the less for that matter been startled by the outburst of public condemnation. No sooner were the articles published which have been alluded to than the authorities, instead of endeavouring forthwith to set wrong matters right, at once proceeded to hold an inquisition with a view to ascertaining through what channel the carefully-kept secrets of the institution had leaked into the knowledge of a public writer—not only, we suspect, for the purpose of punishing the indiscretion, but with the shrewder view of ascertaining just how much the critic knew and how much might safely be denied. This proposition may appear to be a severe one; it is, unfortunately, too clearly suggested by the fact that answers, candid in their expression and accurate in their facts, cannot readily be obtained even to questions asked in the House of Commons. We do not desire to wage war against South Kensington; our desire is to see it properly administered. We should be only too willing, if it will but set about the reform which otherwise must be imposed upon it, to go no further with criticism and revelation. If such a disposition be not immediately apparent on behalf of the Museum, we shall proceed to lay before our readers and the Committee such further matters as may, we hope, stir their indignation and help create a stern demand for instant reform, the satisfaction of which could not be delayed.

RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

CORREGGIO* is one of those great artistic personalities our knowledge of whom is by no means in proportion to his fame. Perhaps no artist of equal importance—a painter whom we naturally bracket with Titian, Michelangelo, and Raphael, even though we as naturally place him after them—has been so completely neglected by the serious biographer. I speak, of course, from the standpoint of modern requirements—for that *schwärmerei* for the master, which found its most pronounced expression in the Carracci, produced a perfect flood of laudatory ink in the eighteenth century. Most of this, however, was mere panegyric, the authors of which made no attempt to amplify Vasari's sketch. Tiraboschi followed with a creditable study in the "Biblioteca Modenese," necessarily imperfect because of the scanty material accessible; to him succeeded Pungileoni, who threw considerable light on Correggio's history, though his chaotic treatment of the theme detracted greatly from the value of his volumes. In 1870 Dr. Julius Meyer, the late director of the Berlin Museum, published the monograph which was accepted for twenty-five years as the standard work on Correggio—a book marked by much learning and research; but since he wrote critical methods have been revolutionised. The school of comparative criticism founded by Morelli has grown steadily in importance, and, strongly as we may contest some of its conclusions, we cannot deny that its basis is mostly sound. Correggio was one of the painters to whom Morelli applied his analytical process with success, while Frizzoni and Venturi have carried on the inquest. Apart, then, from its critical errors, Dr. Meyer's book could no longer be considered final; and there was clearly room for a biography that should embody the results of wider knowledge with a more unbiassed narrative.

That the subject can quite carry the weight of such elaborate and exhaustive treatment as it has now received is a question that must be left to individual tastes. Correggio's latest biographer, the

accomplished Director of the Parma Gallery, is justly contemptuous of the superficial criticism which condemns his hero as "uninteresting." But



THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

(By Correggio. From "Antonio Allegri da Correggio: His Life, his Friends, and his Time.")

under this damaging polysyllable many of us will be conscious of a grain of truth. Enthusiastic as he is, Dr. Ricci himself is too fine a critic to ignore it.

Of Dr. Ricci's qualifications for the task he has undertaken there can, however, be no question. In his official capacity at Parma, no less than as one of the most brilliant of those younger connoisseurs who are carrying on the work begun by Morelli, he was marked out for such a work. Of Correggio, as of many another famous artist, it must be said that he can be fully appreciated only on the spot where we behold his monument. The Parma Gallery owns a most important collection of works by the master and his scholars; but Correggio's fame as a *deus loci* rests still more securely on his great frescoes in the cathedral, in the church of San Giovanni Evangelista,

* "Antonio Allegri da Correggio: His Life, his Friends, and his Time." By Corrado Ricci, Director of the Royal Gallery, Parma. (W. Heinemann, London).

and in the famous Camera di San Paolo. A daily communion with his work and an intimate familiarity with the scenes in which he laboured have



STUDY FOR AN APOSTLE.

(By Correggio. From "Antonio Allegri da Correggio: His Life, his Friends, and his Time.")

enabled Dr. Ricci to realise the influences by which his art was moulded, the conditions under which he worked, his social surroundings, and domestic story, with a completeness both vivid and convincing.

The plan adopted by Dr. Ricci is quite admirable. He has endeavoured, he tells us, to supplement the meagre historical details of Correggio's placid and industrious life by a picture of those stirring times in which he lived, showing how wide-spreading was the great artistic and intellectual revival in Italy, and how its workings manifested themselves in his hero's art. He traces Correggio's relations with princely patrons such as the Gonzaghi, with great ladies such as Isabella d'Este and Veronica Gambara (of the latter amiable *précieuse* he gives a pleasant and life-like sketch), with the heads of religious houses, with his great forerunners and exemplars in art, with the scholars he formed, and the imitators he generated. In this wide field of research he seems carefully to have sifted his material, rejecting all the legends which have been found to rest on insufficient data, and testing the statements of his predecessors with much patience and judgment.

Many picturesque traditions disappear beneath his pruning-knife. Thus the tales of the painter's poverty, on the one hand, and of his noble descent, on the other, are dismissed as pure inventions. Documents in the archives of his native city show that his kinsfolk belonged either to the thrifty farmers of the *contado* or to the *petite commerce* of the town, and were the owners of lands, houses, and shops. The myth of a sojourn in Rome, insisted on by the Padre Resta and by Mengs, has also to disappear. Vasari's story of the master's end is set aside still more ruthlessly; but here the author has, of course, been anticipated.

In quoting documents already put under contribution by his predecessors, Dr. Ricci has, in several instances, corrected errors of transcription or translation, clearing up many difficulties. Sometimes, again, he is able to place the fruits of new discoveries before us. His happiest *trouvaille* is the contemporary *Diario parmigiano* of Smeraldo Smeraldi, a distinguished engineer, who, writing in 1598, describes the chamber decorated by "Master Antonio da Correggio" in the convent of San Paolo at Parma.

In describing Correggio's work, Dr. Ricci has followed the chronological sequence of production, treating each great achievement as a nucleus round which to group contemporary incidents.

Allegri's life was as uneventful as that of most painters. Born in 1494, it is evident

that he must have shown a precocious talent for his art, since he was barely twenty years old when he painted his great altar-piece for the Franciscans. Morelli, indeed, assigned several of his youthful pictures to 1511-12, a date Dr. Ricci rejects as too early, though he is of opinion that they were all painted between 1512 and 1514. In these juvenile works Dr. Ricci points out pronounced Mantegnesque reminiscences. In one of the most suggestive chapters in his book he contests Morelli's negation of the abiding influence of Mantegna on Correggio, dwelling on a virtual identity of motive between the Franciscan altar-piece and the "Notre Dame des Victoires" in the Louvre, between Correggio's frieze in Parma Cathedral and Mantegna's "Triumph of Julius Caesar," between Mantegna's decorations of the *Camera degli Sposi* at Mantua and Correggio's frescoes in the *Camera di San Paolo*—to name but the most striking analogies. Morelli, intent on the demonstration of the Ferrarese origin of Correggio's art, has unduly minimised these Mantegnesque elements, which had led Scannelli, Ratti, Mengs, and, in fact, all the earlier writers to go too

far in the other direction, and to declare Allegri the actual pupil of Mantegna. We know now that Mantegna died in 1506, when Antonio was a child of twelve. But, during the traditional sojourn of Correggio at Mantua in 1511, when he fled from the plague that was decimating his native city, he is pretty sure to have absorbed a good deal of Mantegna's influence. Such a sojourn further explains the Ferrarese tendencies of his beginning, for Lorenzo Costa had been established at Mantua since 1507 as Court painter to the Gonzaghi, and Dosso Dossi was also working there in 1512. Rejecting the theory of Correggio's apprenticeship to Bianchi-Ferrari at Modena, and Morelli's elaboration of it by the surmise that Ferrari handed him on to his friend Francia at Bologna, Dr. Ricci comes to the conclusion that, after learning the rudiments from his uncle, Lorenzo, a third-rate painter of his native town, he completed his training at Mantua, probably in Costa's *atelier* and certainly under the direct influence of both Costa and Dosso Dossi, by the former of whom the echoes of Francia discernible in his works were transmitted.

As a critic, Dr. Ricci is by no means a blind adherent of the school of Morelli. More than once he dissents *sans phrases* from opinions advanced by the Napoleon of criticism and his lieutenants. Thus he rejects Correggio's authorship of the "Ganymede" in the Modena Gallery, a fresco transferred to canvas in 1845 from a ceiling in the castle of Novellara. This, he suggests, is probably by Lelio Orsi, of Novellara. The more famous "Ganymede" at Vienna is, he points out, exactly reproduced from an angel in one of the pendentives of Parma Cathedral, and is in certain respects so awkwardly adapted to the new rôle that, in spite of its fine quality, he hesitates to ascribe it to the master. Perhaps it is the work of Correggio's most gifted pupil, Michelangelo Anselmi. The small "Marriage of St. Catherine" at Naples he pronounces a copy by Annibale Carracci. Anxious to be as concise as possible, Dr. Ricci refrains from detailed discussion of pictures which obviously have no right to the name of Correggio. He makes a single exception, however, in the case of the notorious "Reading Magdalen" at Dresden. He agrees, of course, with Morelli's iconoclastic judgment as to the merits of this picture, but questions his tentative ascription of it to Van der Werff—an ascription by which no one with any real knowledge of the Dutch school can ever for a moment have been misled. As yet the last word on this famous picture is far from having been said.

The illustrations to Dr. Ricci's book come as near to being exhaustive as we could expect, but they are very unequal in quality.

I cannot conclude without a word of warm praise for the skill with which Miss Simmonds has made Dr. Ricci's English dress. It was done under the great difficulties which must always attend translation from a manuscript. As yet the book has only been printed in English; possibly it may never be issued in any other form. W. A.

NO words of commendation are at this date required for Robert Louis Stevenson's early work on "Edinburgh" (Seeley and Co.). Justice has been done to the charm of these "picturesque notes" by the taste shown in the production of this new edition, and by the numerous illustrations provided by Mr. Hamilton Crawford, R.S.W.S. The artist's work is, perhaps, not uniformly excellent, but that it is adequate and sometimes delightful, may be seen from the example which we here borrow from the book. It will be remembered that Stevenson's work is not a mere guide to Edinburgh, but a series of essays in his



LEITH STREET, FROM REGENCY BRIDGE.

(Drawn by Hamilton Crawford, R.S.W.S. From Stevenson's "Edinburgh.")

own inimitable style—freer in his early than in his later days—which practically covers the whole city, old and new, and breathes forth the true sentiment of Auld Reekie and of the New Town from its pages.

GIAMBATTISTA TIEPOLO

(b. 1696; d. 1770).

BY SIGNORA LINDA VILLARI.

THIS eighteenth-century Venetian is, undoubtedly, one of the most original painters Italy has ever produced. Long and unjustly relegated to the

Therefore, Venice was happily inspired in celebrating the bicentenary of Tiepolo's birth by an exhibition. The originator of the scheme, Signor



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

(From the Fresco in Palazzo Labia, Venice. From a Photograph by C. Naya, Venice.)

limbo of the *barocco* school prevailing in his day, all now recognise the enduring merits of Tiepolo's work. In his hands the *barocco* may be fantastic, but neither flaunting, vulgar, nor ignorant, as in the case of his contemporaries. On the contrary, his productions show learned technique, delicate harmonies of colour, luminosity, refinement, and, above all, such stupendous freshness and fertility of conception as to mark him the sole giant in an age of dwarfs.

Pompeo Molmenti, deserves thanks for this practical homage to the great master of whose works he has so ably treated in print.

For, although a Tiepolo hunt through dusky churches and *scuole* is always a charming experience, it is good to find so many of these pictures conveniently lodged in the Royal Palace, side by side with others from different towns; to be able to study them at ease, and glean from the photographs of his famous frescoes in Lombardy, Germany, and

Spain a completer idea of his special work and enormous range of power. Vast imagination, daring, grace, spontaneity, learned technique, richness of tone, sunlight chiaroscuro, anatomical knowledge, and originality of treatment are all before us—in a bird's-eye view—and all tend to prove that this last exponent of grand Venetian art was a worthy descendant of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. The latter's influence, indeed, is clearly visible in some of Tiepolo's compositions—notably in the Palazzo Labia frescoes. Careful study of Albert Dürer undoubtedly assisted to develop his conciseness of expression in black and white, but all his work has a stamp of its own.

Giambattista Tiepolo's strength seems all the more remarkable when we remember his environment. Born in 1696, he lived in decadent, easy-going times. The glories of Venice were already dead; the political edifice, society, commerce fast crumbling to ruin. Art had fallen from its high estate; dramatic *barocco*—not without a certain merit—had changed to blatant incoherence or to feebly - pretentious prettiness. Amid the crowd of insignificant contemporary painters, Canaletto, Guardi, Longhi, Rosalba are the only names worthy of record. Tiepolo, however, was of different stuff. A man of the people, in spite of his noble name, and son of an ex-sea-captain, he drew his energy, perhaps, from the nautical strain in his blood, while the spirit of some old Venetian explorer may have inspired his daring brain and tireless hand. His personal story is quickly told, for his whole life was devoted to his art. He first studied under Lazzarini, a mediocre artist, from whom he can have learnt little; from his second master, grim Piazzetta, still less. But he soon asserted his independence, and, recurring to the Old Masters, studied their methods. It was by their plan of treating canvases in fresco before laying on his oils that he obtained his remarkable luminosity of colour. He married young, in 1719, and his wife, Cecilia Guardi, sister of the well-known painter of Venetian scenes, bore him nine children. Two of his sons shared his labours in the studio: Gian Domenico as a painter of some imitative talent, Lorenzo as an excellent engraver of his father's works.

Tiepolo speedily won fame and honour in his native land, and was exceedingly popular in society. Handsome, sweet-tempered, and successful, he seems to have had all the good qualities of his generation—its serenity and light-heartedness—without its defects; for he was at peace with all men, jealous of none. Always full of new ideas for his work, he seems to have faced the world with the gaiety of the gambolling angels and amorini he loved to portray. Commissions poured in upon him from all sides, nobles called him hither and thither to decorate their mansions, and a good part of his life was spent on giddy perches in palace halls. For instance, in the delicious Villa Valmarana, near Vicenza, no fewer than twelve rooms are lined with his creations. At Würzburg he devoted three years to the magnificent frescoes of the bishop's palace; and in 1762, at the age of sixty-two, he travelled to Spain at the summons of Charles III.

Venice saw him no more, for, after completing his colossal tasks in the Palace of Madrid, the Escorial, etc., and several fine altar-pieces and



GROUP FROM "THE ASCENT TO CALVARY."

(From the Painting by Tiepolo, St. Alvisé, Venice. From a Photograph by C. Naya, Venice.)

portraits, he was suddenly snatched away by death in 1770, while still working with all the vigour and freshness of youth. He was interred with great pomp in the church of St. Martin at Madrid; but the building was subsequently demolished, and no trace remains of Tiepolo's grave.

After his death his fame suffered eclipse. Critics, native and foreign, abused his mannerisms, dwelt on his riotous exuberance, and said nothing of his merits. He was out of fashion. Besides, the severe study of the antique promoted by his foe, Raphael Mengs, and, later on, the rising taste for early Italian masters, were both too exclusive to permit impartial judgment of Tiepolo's work.

But, during the last twenty years, appreciation of his genius has steadily increased. It is recognised that this eighteenth-century painter had special gifts of his own, and evolved some essential modern qualities from the traditions of the grand old Venetian school.

As a dramatic realist he is the forerunner of a certain French school, and influences the work of more than one living Italian. Domenico Morelli, for instance, the famous Neapolitan colourist, seems often to paint with Tiepolo's brush.

Of the sixty-one oil paintings collected in Venice "The Communion of Santa Lucia" is certainly the finest in colour, luminosity, and composition. The theme is tenderly treated, the material signs of martyrdom being placed, like a foot-note, at the edge of the canvas, while the kneeling saint and the glorious sunlight flooding the robes of the high priest emphasise the peace and joy of sacrifice. The original first sketch (from Milan) is also delightful, but the arrangement of the figures and of

architectural details is greatly improved upon in the finished work.

The famous "Ascent to Calvary" (from St. Alise) is a stupendous work, but the central figure, background, and sky have been cruelly restored. The group of the thieves and soldiers is a typical example of Tiepolo's strength, and equally so of the curiously modern note in his work. The penitent thief might be the hero of "Les Misérables," driven to wrongdoing by hardship, but full of reverent pity for the tortured Redeemer. The two companion pieces, "Crown of Thorns" and "Flagellation," are somewhat theatrical and inferior work. They seem to have been hastily painted on ill-prepared canvases, for their colour has blackened, and the composition of the "Flagellation" is defective. But, in the first of the two, the lust of the Pagan Caesar frowning down on the Christ is a happy inspiration, while the arch and column behind prove the skill of Tiepolo's architectural collaborator, Girolamo Colonna (detto Mingozzi). This ornatista's work was so highly esteemed in Venice that when the Barefooted Friars commissioned Tiepolo to paint his great fresco



THE COMMUNION OF SANTA LUCIA.

(From the Painting by Tiepolo. From a Photograph by C. Naya, Venice.)

("Translation of the Holy House to Loreto") for their dome the contract expressly stipulated that Colonna should be entrusted with the architectural details.

The nine ceiling-pieces borrowed from the Scuola del Carmine are grandly decorative works, and, if losing somewhat of their proper effect on flat walls, are at least better seen than *in situ*. All are beautiful; the angels and cherubim frisking in space are cheering as joy-bells, and so living that one almost forgets what learning was required to create them. The two amorini making off with the

Book of Judgment to benefit imperilled souls are the sweetest, most entrancing little thieves!

The whole series of the Virtues is vigorously executed; the group of "Fortitude, Justice, and Peace," the best in tone and of subtlest effect. The centre-piece representing the Virgin and Child descending from Heaven with attendant angels, is a very noble work and full of refinement. The Virgin—no meek Madonna, but Queen of Heaven—triumphantly clasps her Babe, and regards the suppliant saint with a look of grave benignity on her austere-beautiful young face. The arrangement of the supporting angels is unconventional and spontaneous; some are half concealed in the folds of the luminous blue robe, others clustered together, others cleaving the air independently. The saint's figure is impressive, and, behind him, the Evil One shrinks from the celestial vision in such wise that only part of the cowering form is seen. On the Carmine ceiling this composition is framed about by the smaller symbolic pieces.

The "Virgin and Saints" (from the Gesuati church) is a well-known Tiepolo, but, though the white-robed saints are exquisitely treated, the Virgin is commonplace and conventional. In "St.



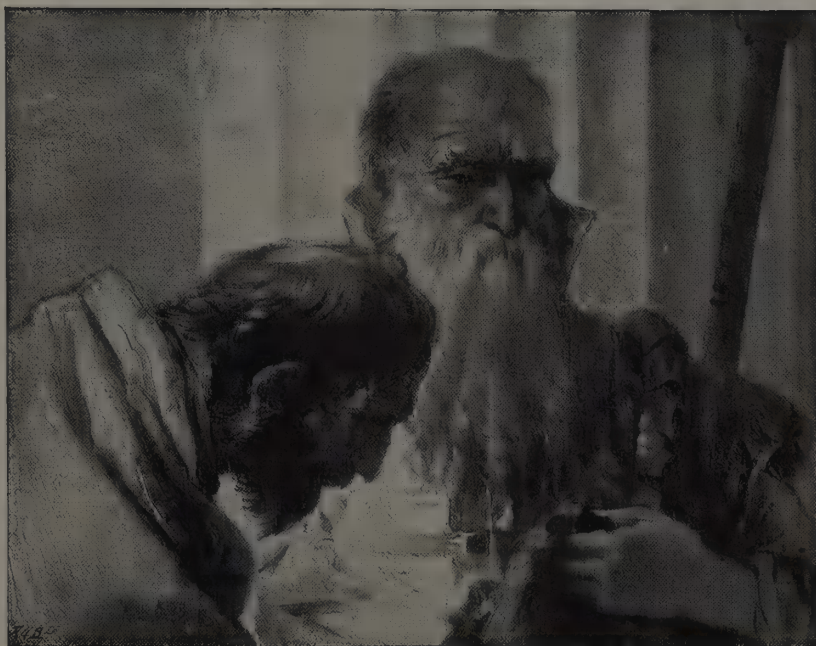
HUMILITY, MEEKNESS, AND TRUTH.

(From the Ceiling by Tiepolo, in the Scuola del Carmine, Venice.
From a Photograph by C. Naya, Venice.)

Patrizio healing a Cripple" (from Padua) the serene and luminous saint is contrasted with the shadows about the sick man. In the background, beyond a massive arch decorated in high relief, spectators watch the miracle from a lofty terrace. This device is frequently employed by the master, and always to good effect.

"A Dancing Party of Venetian Masks" exhibits Tiepolo in a lighter mood. This amusing bit of comedy is cleverly executed, excellent in colour and grouping. It was much admired by his contemporaries, and its owner, the dilettante Algarotti, of Bologna, boasted of possessing "our Tiepolo's best Pulcinelli."

"A Sitting of the Knights of Malta" (from Udine) has some historical interest, and the crowd of figures is vigorously managed; but one hesitates to attribute the faulty perspective to Tiepolo's learned hand. The group of



DETAIL FROM THE "SANTA LUCIA."

ladies, however, is unmistakably his, and a glowing study of colour, "The Martyrdom of St. Vittore," a small oil-sketch, has rare qualities of tone and composition.

Passing over various productions of slighter merit, we come to a delightfully original sketch of St. John preaching to the people in the wilderness. It is in a subdued scheme of colour; the figures are firmly grouped; it shows a fine feeling for landscape, and blue-green ragged fir-trees are successfully introduced.

One of Tiepolo's finest works, an altar-piece at Este representing Santa Tecla freeing that town from the plague, was, unfortunately, omitted from the Venice collection. Being a votive picture held in special veneration, it could not be removed from the cathedral without risk of provoking a riot. The photograph which was sent instead showed its fine composition with the charming view of the towered city in the background.

Other photographs stir admiration for the great frescoes at Würzburg and Madrid, etc., and exhibit their painter's Dantesque power of conception. Ceilings and domes were the field best suited to his genius. He revelled in space. The vastness of Tiepolo's skies, his ease in peopling them with winged visions, his manner of grouping the tribes of the earth, giving their racial characteristics, and adding appropriate beasts and birds, his decorative management of pyramids, temples, mountains, ships, etc., are no less amazing than his triumphs over

hard problems of colour, value, and anatomy; and if his fancy was sometimes unbridled, its extravagance was that of strength, not weakness. Prominent examples of this are to be seen in Venice in the wonderful "Antony and Cleopatra" frescoes at Palazzo Labia.

Among Tiepolo's drawings, sketches, etc., the etchings of "The Flight into Egypt" are specially admirable both in execution and design. Every incident of the sacred tale is thought out in a new way, full of human pathos and interest. The ministering angel, Mother, Babe, and saint, the touches of landscape, are all freshly treated. Even the ass ridden by the Virgin has distinct individuality.

The numerous rough studies are precious lessons in art, for they show how much can be expressed by a master-hand with two or three pen-strokes and a dash of sepia. Most remarkable is the hasty sketch of a dying St. Jerome. He leans, exhausted, against a rude fence, watching the approach of the shadowy Destroyer, his lion crouched in terror.

The tale is told with the fewest touches, yet nothing left unexpressed. "La Dame au Perroquet," a study in red chalk (contributed by the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar), is a refined and noble drawing of a very beautiful woman. But, arriving in the last week of the exhibition, it attracted little notice.

It seems worth mentioning that the well-known Venetian upholsterer who supplied the fittings for this collection of Tiepolo's works is also a Tiepolo and the master's direct descendant.



THE VIRGIN IN GLORY AND ST. SIMEON.

(From the Ceiling by Tiepolo, in the Scuola del Carmine, Venice. From a Photograph by C. Naya, Venice.)

INDUSTRIAL ART IN THE PARIS SALONS OF 1896.

By HENRI FRANTZ.

THE art-critic who comes to study the various products of French industrial art in our two Salons has to face a real and indisputable difficulty. He cannot but wonder whether we in fact possess any indigenous industrial art—the spontaneous outcome of the tendencies and tastes of the nation. Before speaking in detail of the objects exhibited, this primary question needs an answer from a general glance at the two Salons.

It must be confessed that, on the whole, this inspection is not favourable to French industrial art. It might even be asserted that this art does not as yet exist, and that the various attempts hitherto made in that direction are merely the first sketch, as it were, of a revival long since seen in England. It must not be thought, however, that the French take no interest in industrial art. On the contrary. A very perceptible evolution of taste has already guided in this direction many young artists who started in search of fresh ideals and forms, and the movement, though new, is not the less evident to the student of art. There is not an exhibition now which does not in some way, however modest, answer to the new impulse. But, though it may be seen that our artists are seeking in this direction, it would be premature to say that their search has, excepting in isolated cases, had any great results. The artists who have taken up industrial art have not yet freed themselves from English influence, as I shall presently have occasion to point out. They come back to it sometimes in a disappointing manner, in spite of themselves, just when we hope to see their individuality assert itself.

And those who have tried to be independent, to find a new and rational ideal in themselves, are so far from having attained a definite expression that



CHIMNEY-PIECE.

(By Charles Plumet.)

it is impossible to foresee what success they may achieve in the future. We must be content to note that such attempts are made, as we shall see in the course of a brief visit to the two Salons.

From this point of view, as from that of pictorial art, we shall find that there are differences between the two great shows. The Champs Elysées being, it must be confessed, quite behind the time in modern progress of ideas, we shall study it more briefly than the Champ de Mars. At the same time, we must acknowledge with pleasure that more importance is given every year to industrial art, and that this section, which did not exist a few years since, is gradually assuming a prominent place.

But if we go in under the dome of the Palace of Industry we find two totally dissimilar styles of work. Some decorators cling to the formulas of

the time of Louis XV.—a little stale, it must be owned, but always pleasing and graceful—infusing into them a touch of individuality. On looking



CABINET.

(Designed by M. Levillain.)

at Monsieur Soulet's Louis XV. bureau of walnut wood, or his show-table, it was felt that modern decorative art, such as we hope to see in France, can never be the offspring of such imitation. The art of the Louis XIV. and Louis XV. periods, exquisite as it is, cannot be used as the starting-point or basis of a new style. Other artists, on the contrary, try to give us novelty, and it is only fair to note it. A piece by Monsieur Levillain, here reproduced, shows an eclectic sense, though the result is not perfection. Its chief feature is the carved panel—an elegant bas-relief, full of light and delicate fancy—but the whole thing is heavy and thick, and the squareness only adds massive clumsiness.

The "Wardrobe" in carved and mosaic wood-work by

Monsieur Louis Majorelle is a more interesting effort, deserving of praise from certain points of view. This wardrobe—as may be seen in our reproduction of it—is double. One side has a glass or looking-glass door, the other is fitted with shelves. Though the construction is not altogether new, the ornamentation may claim that distinction. The Chinese-inspired inlaid work on the left does not tell effectively, especially as to colour. The border wreath, on the contrary, is bright, well understood, and executed in many places with finish and skill.

In the Champ de Mars the place filled by industrial art is essentially conspicuous. This was one of the first French exhibition galleries to recognise the importance of such art, so it is not surprising that it should play a larger part here every year. The portions exhibited by Monsieur Carabin of the "Fittings for a Study," including a chair, a table, and an easy-chair, may be regarded as typical pieces, novel, and individual in conception.

The table, resting on large massive feet, represents an enormous closed book. The easy-chair, not less ponderous, has for its arms two cats which seem about to climb the back of the chair. Behind the back a female figure bends over, straining every muscle to support the weight of the chair. Here, it must be confessed, in spite of the designer's best efforts, and his evident wish to produce something new, he has completely failed. And his failure is easily accounted for if we study the whole effect of his work. Monsieur Carabin has striven to apply principles which have no connection with industrial art. His idea is more architectural in feeling. It has none of the intimate tone which charms us in



STUDY TABLE AND CHAIRS.

(By M. Carabin.)

furniture. His design is consequently heavy, repellent, and absolutely devoid of elegance. It is



WARDROBE.

(By Louis Majorelle.)

difficult to conceive of such objects in a room, where the effect would be worse, no doubt, than in the vast hall of the Champ de Mars.

Nor could I admire the "Collector's Cabinet" by Monsieur Louis Hérold, though the inlay is fairly skilful. It is impossible not to object that, while designing a piece of furniture for a special purpose, he has overlooked the useful aspect. The part which is intended to contain a collection is, in fact, sacrificed to the rest, vanishing entirely before the ornamental importance of the panels.

Monsieur Tony Selmersheim, on the contrary, exhibited some pretty furniture, showing real individuality and a sense of decorative treatment; but the artist still seems a little uncertain of his footing. He needs to define his intentions, and will then, it may be hoped, produce some real works of art. The "Bedstead" he sent pleased by the grace of the wreath of flowers round it. In the wardrobe the small side mirrors are quite a new idea. His

"Hall-lamp," again, is full of distinction. It was wrought in collaboration with Monsieur Charles Plumet, who also exhibited a tasteful work in the "Dining-room Chimney-piece," with plaques of earthenware by Monsieur Bigot. It is a large front of walnut wood, enclosing a fire-place in brick. It consists of two symmetrical portions. Above is a series of shelves on which to place china, etc. At the top is a glass cupboard containing artistic glass exhibited by Monsieur Léveillé. The whole mass would have looked lighter if the fireplace had been larger instead of seeming crushed by the rest of this façade.

A more important work was Monsieur Serrurier's

"Study." Of course, in this, as in every other art, the artist is at greater advantage when he can exhibit his whole idea than when he shows only an isolated part of it. Monsieur Gustave Serrurier, of Liège, already well known in Paris as a decorator, has worked chiefly in collaboration with Monsieur van de Velde. He is, beyond question, an artist full of knowledge and imagination; but is he very original? Certain portions of his "Study" were charming, especially the cabinet; but are not these arm-chairs very like others we have seen? The chimney-piece especially seems too obviously the outcome of English influence both in colour and arrangement. It is chiefly in



HALL LAMP.

(By Tony Selmersheim and Charles Plumet.)

English rooms that we meet with chimney-corner seats forming part of that end of the room. This is the impression derived no less from the minor objects in the room—the wrought-iron candlesticks and brasswork. I have no wish to insist too strongly on this defect; but in a French exhibition what we first look for is surely something of the spirit of the nation.

Monsieur Jean Damp's "Bedstead," with hangings and carvings by Monsieur Isaac, was a little poor in style, with the exception of the head, which was graced by a bas-relief of light and elegant workmanship; but we must try not to remember the beautiful bedsteads of the Louis XIV. period, or even of the Empire. A comparison with those would be too unfavourable.

Glasswork and artistic objects of every kind were to be seen this year at the Champ de Mars, a sign of happy augury. Known artists have laboured to introduce novelty of design, and in some cases the results proved interesting. For instance, Ernest Duez, the painter whose death a few weeks since we had to lament, had a curious arrangement of stuffs and tapestries. Monsieur Alexandre Charpentier, the talented sculptor, sent cups and trays in bronze well worthy of note. So, too, were the services in precious metal exhibited by Monsieur Vallgren and Monsieur Halou. Finally, Monsieur Karl Koepping, of Dresden, contributed a case of blown glass, some of which was very graceful.

As has been said at the beginning of this article, fine French industrial art can hardly as yet be said to exist. With some it is a mere attempt, and with others it cannot yet shake off its imitativeness. Originality has not yet signally marked its efforts; but the daily growing taste of the public for artistic products allows us to suppose that a revival is not far off, and nothing can be more interesting than to follow the movement from its beginnings, and to consider what share in it must be ascribed to foreign elements and to reminiscences of mediæval art. To banish foreign influence altogether would be a mistake. Since the eighteenth century it has greatly affected French literature, and it has had an effect more or less direct on every great artistic revival, so that we may be sure that the coming resurrection of industrial art in France will not be independent of it. But what is needed—and what has not yet happened—is that foreign styles should be slowly assimilated and not merely copied, as they have too often been.

The exhibitions of 1896 showed us, in fact, two extremes. Certain artists, at the Champs Elysées more especially, misunderstand or overlook foreign art. They can derive nothing from it. Others, like Monsieur Gustave Serrurier, imitate it too closely, too literally, not allowing free play to their individuality, and neglecting the native tastes and tendencies of the race.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—SEPTEMBER.

The
Parliamentary
Inquiry.

NOW that Parliamentary Inquiry has been definitely promised, it is urgently necessary that the whole of South Kensington Museum should be laid under examination, and that attention be not exclusively confined, as the Museum authorities would like it to be, to the Circulation Department alone. The misdeeds and misgovernment of this Department, which came in for such crushing censure from the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, should not be considered as a mere failure of duty on the part of any particular officer. It should be regarded as a mere symptom of a disease which afflicts the whole body of South Kensington; and it is accordingly the disease, and not the mere

symptom, for which a remedy should be sought. We have waited many years for such an inquiry; if the opportunity

be not now seized for setting the whole place in order, things will assuredly degenerate still further, public money will be more than ever wasted, and art manufactures suffer.

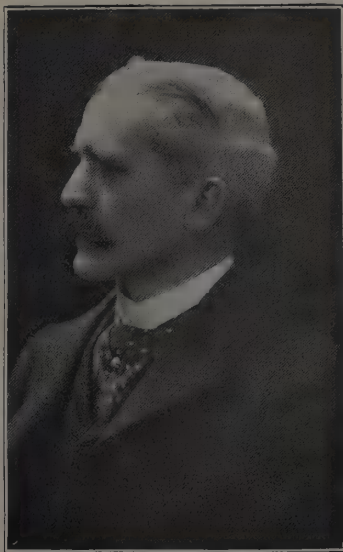
It is always refreshing to turn to the administration of the British Museum from that of South Kensington. The return recently made to Parliament will be read with pride and satisfaction. Although there has been a slight check in the attendance during the past year, the growth in the various collections has gone on in the most gratifying manner, and great progress has been made in the numerous



BEAUTY AND THE ARTS: VISCOUNTESS CLIFDEN AND LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER.

(By Romney. Purchased by C. Wertheimer, Esq., for £10,725. By permission of Messrs. Graves and Co., Limited.)

cataloguing sections in the various departments. Almost as pleasing a feature as the generous contributions by private donors, which constitute a very considerable portion of the year's acquisitions, is the courteous feeling of reciprocity existing between the great national libraries of France and England. The advance in the Print-room is



ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

(From a Photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn.)

very striking in comparison with that in the Art library at South Kensington; but then it must be borne in mind that Mr. Colvin is not subjected to outside interference, such as is alleged in the case of Mr. Weale. The Mitchell collection of 1,290 early woodcuts, the incomparable Malcolm collection of drawings and engravings of Old Masters, the collections of prints and woodcuts presented by Sir A. Wollaston Franks, and the fine series of modern etchings presented by M.

Jules Hauteœur, are among the chief acquisitions by the Print-room. The public will be glad to know that the past year "has been probably, taking quality and quantity together, the richest in the annals of the Department—at any rate, during the present century. The total number of prints and drawings acquired was 7,721."

Lord Leighton's Sale.

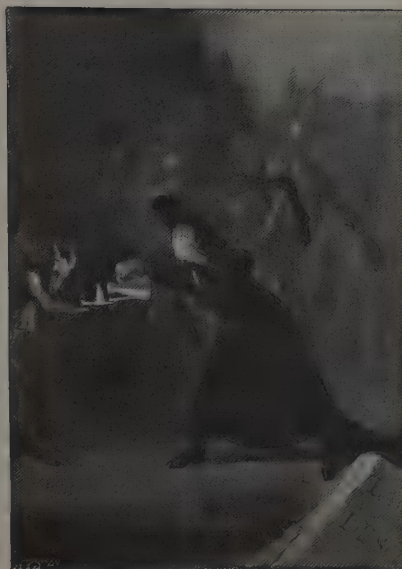
It was hardly expected by the art-world that the total amount derived from the sale of the late LORD LEIGHTON's works and property would reach the estimate hoped for by his trustees. Nevertheless, the prices obtained were satisfactory, and Lord Leighton's reputation will not suffer from the comparatively small amounts fetched in the auction-room at this late season of the year. Among the facts most interesting to the public in relation to the sale is the purchase by Mr. Tate of George Mason's fine pastoral picture, which will probably soon find its home in the National Gallery of British Art along with the other pictures that gentleman has presented to the nation. The most curious circumstance is the discovery—for most people—that Lord Leighton was essentially a landscape painter. We all knew that the oil sketches for his figure-pictures were better in colour and spontaneity than the subsequent works he painted from them. But the revelation that his little oil sketches of landscape, made during his trips to Italy and the East, declared him a perfect master in the representation of light and atmosphere, was a good deal of a surprise. It requires no prophet's power to foretell that these little pictures will preserve their value when many of the more ambitious efforts will be less esteemed.

How the New Academician was Elected.

FORTY-NINE members of the Royal Academy met at the last Assembly on July 20th to select an Associate for promotion to the full rank of Academician. The following

Associates "got upon the blackboard" at the first "scratching":—Mr. Leader and Mr. T. G. Jackson, with 9 votes each, Mr. Ernest Crofts with 8, and Messrs. Bodley, Gregory, and Sargent with 4 each; while Sir Arthur Blomfield, and Messrs. Storey, Brett, Colin Hunter, Waterlow, David Murray, Stanhope Forbes, and Swan, all received support. In the second "scratching," Mr. Jackson obtained 15 votes, and Mr. Crofts 13; Messrs. Leader and Sargent kept their respective numbers of 9 and 4 votes, Mr. Gregory advanced to 5, and Mr. Bodley fell back to 2. The two first-named then went up to the ballot, when there were only 46 voters, Mr. Calderon, the Keeper (who presided in the absence of Sir John Millais), and the two candidates abstaining. When the ballot balls were counted it was found, for the first time for very many years, that the result was a tie. The vice-President was thereupon called upon to give a casting-vote, which he did in favour of Mr. CROFTS, in consideration of that painter having belonged to the Academy for eighteen years, while Mr. Jackson has been waiting only four. A feature of the election was the general support given to architects, and the neglect of sculptors, for whom not a single vote was cast.

A New Society. A SOCIETY of Miniature Painters has been formed under the presidency of Lord RONALD GOWER. Though actually founded in 1895, it has neglected active operations until recently, owing to the absence of its President from England. The main object of the Society is to "revive the art of miniature painting, and to endeavour to restore it to that prominence it formerly enjoyed prior to the introduction of photography." It is proposed to hold two exhibitions in each year, at which miniatures—in all mediums—medallions, enamels, repoussé work and other objects of art containing miniatures will be admissible. The committee will exercise a severe scrutiny over work sent in for exhibition as well as upon that of candidates for membership. The roll of members already numbers fifty, and the Council are considering the advisability of limiting the total number. The list of officers is certainly a strong one, and promises well for the success of the Society. The vice-President is Mr. ALFRED PRAGA, and among the members of the Council are Dr. LUMSDEN PROPERT, Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON, Messrs. C. P. SAINTON, ERNEST LLOYD, and F. SARGENT. The secretary is Mr. H. D. HAVELOCK WILSON, and at present the Society is established at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street.



SCENE FROM A PLAY.

(By P. Goya. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. See p. 462.)

National Gallery. The following additions have been made to the National collection:—"The Picnic" (No. 1,471), "Scene from a Play" (No. 1,472), and "Portrait of Doña Isabel" (No. 1,473), by F. Goya, have been hung in Room XV. Mr. Holbrook Gaskell has presented "Dredging on the Medway," by W. J. MÜLLER (No. 1,474, Room XXI.); "The Calm: a Sea-shore Scene," by CHARLES BROOKING (No. 1,475, Room XVI.)—bequeathed by the Rev. R. J. MAUL. "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons," by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.; "Portrait of Lady Clarges," by J. DOWNMAN, A.R.A.; "Portrait of Julia E. Gordon," by Sir DAVID WILKIE, R.A.; "Six Sketches," by Sir

DAVID WILKIE, R.A.; "Beckenham Church," by DAVID COX. The latter are all water-colours, and are hung in the West Octagon Room, where are also five miniatures, bequeathed by Miss Julia E. Gordon. "The Virgin and Angels Adoring the Infant Christ," Florentine, fifteenth century, has been lent by G. Salting, Esq., hung in Room I.

Reviews. In the sumptuous volume, "*George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and the Art of his Time*," the artist has a monument, the credit of which almost wholly belongs to Messrs. T. and R. Annan and Sons, the publishers. In Mr. EDWARD PINNINGTON Chalmers has found his Boswell,

and friends will recognise in his work the Chalmers whom they knew. Yet from the literary point of view this large volume is a tiresome book, including as it does scores of feeble letters—most of them expressing nothing in particular; others giving vent only to the petulance of the moment; others, again, addressed to men he cared little for, written only

to have thrown into the work every fact, every line, however trifling and unimportant, to swell the general mass, for readers to take out of the bulk what to them is most agreeable and digestible, so that each may become his own bookmaker. At the same time the biographer, it must be admitted, has distinct qualities as an analyst for the reader of leisure, and from that point of view we hesitate to condemn it. Reduced by half its size, it would have been a book to recommend; as it is, it deserves to be praised and to be acquired—as may be most cordially admitted—on account of the admirable quality and profuse liberality of its illustration. Its appendices, moreover, are

likely to be useful. It may be said that Chalmers' art was incomplete; but it was extraordinarily suggestive, and could not have failed, had the artist lived, to place him extremely high in the ranks of British artists. Indeed, we have always felt that Chalmers has never been properly appreciated by the English public. Landscape, portraiture, figure-subject, all were treated by him not only with originality and skill, but with a sense of romance and artistic feeling that make the spectator feel that he is before a man in whom the seed of genius lay. He painted with a rich, full brush; he loved effects of strong light and shade; and he possessed a strong dramatic instinct and a natural insight into pictorial character. To all these artistic qualities—save that, of course, of colour—the beautiful little photogravures with which the publishers have embellished the book almost without exception bear eloquent witness. The book will be a revelation to many readers, to whom, in spite of the verbosity of the writer, we may recommend it as a really worthy memorial of a fine artist. Perhaps the only point on which we would differ with the author would be his conclusions as to the very mysterious conditions of Chalmers' tragic death. Mr. Pinnington appears desirous of leaving the door open to melodramatic speculation. The mystery, such as it is, will perhaps never be solved; but it seems to us that the most obvious explanation leaves the artist's character untouched.



A CHILD'S FUNERAL IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(By E. Sichel. Recently acquired by the Bradford Art Gallery. See p. 464.)



THE PICNIC.

(By F. Goya. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

for the sake of extracting replies about things he wished to know. It is not only that the book is diffuse; it is not only that it is unconventional; it is the production of a verbose writer who has set himself no limit, but seems



STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

(By C. B. Birch, A.R.A. Recently erected on the Victoria Embankment.)

Those who remember an earlier volume by Mrs. MARGARET STOKES will not be surprised to find the sub-title of her "*Three Months in the Forests of France*" (George Bell and Sons) to be "*A Pilgrimage in Search of Vestiges*

of the Irish Saints in France." In this, as in the former book, despite the very restricted limit of a subject that can appeal only to a very few hagiologists and antiquaries, Mrs. Stokes has written so gracefully and pleasantly that she charms a much larger audience. For the legendary and historical associations that cluster around her theme, make readable many chapters which otherwise might have proved distinctly uninteresting. Another attractive feature of the book lies in its many illustrations. Although art is not the main purpose of the work, yet it is well represented incidentally, as, for instance, in the very beautiful west front of the Abbey of St. Riquier, which is here



MEMORIAL TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

(By A. Chevalliaud. See p. 464.)

reproduced from a photograph. Both with pen and pencil Mrs. Stokes attracts the average reader to share her enthusiasm in a quest which in duller hands would have scared him away. This is in itself an achievement, one that should help to secure for this book the success which its predecessor deserved and received.

Mrs. ARTHUR BELL has written some interesting notes to accompany a collection of reproductions of old pictures just issued by Messrs. George Bell and Sons under the title "*Masterpieces of the Great Artists, 1400-1700.*" The selection is a good one, and consists entirely of old and well-known favourites of the masters of Italy, Spain, The Lowlands, and France. The half-tone reproductions are very good, but the photogravure plates were better omitted; they are thin and dry and generally disappointing. They can make very bad plates in Germany as well as very good ones. The book has a capital cover from a design by Mr. GLEESON WHITE.

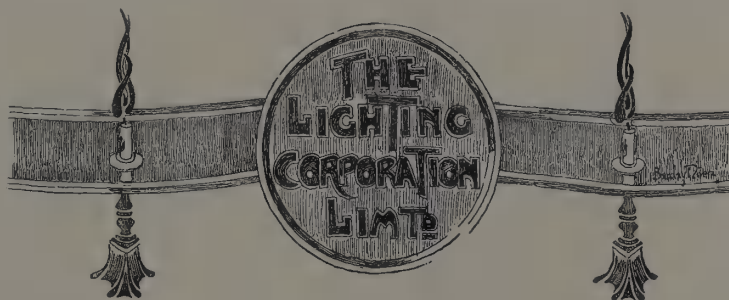
In "*The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. BERNHARD BERENSON continues the synthetic study on which he embarked, dealing with the Italian painters, grouped into schools. We like Mr. Berenson's work; it is written with sympathy and earnestness, and above all with intelligence. Moreover, it is eminently readable in spite of a rather provoking habit of using an expression *ad nauseam*. Mr. Berenson has discovered that what he calls "tactile values"—which seem to be what we have hitherto called good drawing and surface rendering—are the characteristic of the Florentine school in the rendering of the objects depicted, and thenceforward the word "tactile" stares at us from his pages—thus, looking at random, we see it four times on p. 11 and five times on p. 93. But this is relatively a slight fault. Mr. Berenson is a thinker, and his little book will induce thought in his readers. We do not, however, accept his strange and unsupported attribution of the famous broken wax bust of the Mater Dolorosa in the Lille Museum to Leonardo da Vinci; we prefer to retain

on every ground the traditional ascription to Raphael. It is matter for regret that there is no index to his volume; but the indices of the chief painters and pictures of the school, and the present whereabouts of the latter, invest the book with a practical utility.

The illustrations of the works of "*Vandyck*" which from time to time have been issued in *L'Art* have formed the basis of an important illustrated Life of the artist by Monsieur GULES GUIFFREY. It has been translated into English by Mr. WILLIAM ALISON



THE MASSINGER MEMORIAL WINDOW. (See p. 464.)



A NOVEL HOARDING DECORATION.

(Designed by B. Niven.)

and published by Henry and Co. The illustrations, which include a large number of etchings, photogravure plates and reproductions in the text, are very numerous, and of their kind good; but we fear the book is too large to be read with any comfort, though the type is big and the book is admirably printed.

The students of the Slade School, with some outside assistance, have issued the first number of an illustrated

Quarterly, to which they have given the title of "*The Quarto*" (Virtue and Co.). It does not appear to be published with any other idea than just to amuse the contributors. It makes no claim to be anything, nor does it promise to do anything except "to bring before the world the work of young or unknown artists who have at some time or other received instruction at the Slade School." We wish the effort every success, and hope the promoters may find a great many students of the school whose work may be worth making widely known.

"*The Flaw in the Marble*" (Hutchinson and Co., London) is an unacknowledged novel dealing with artistic life in Paris—a sculptor-genius and a mysterious actress dubbed "La Joconde," from her likeness to Da Vinci's



SIGNING THE MARRIAGE REGISTER.

(By J. Charles. Recently acquired by the Bradford Art Gallery.)

picture, being the central figures. As a study of character the book is clever. The illustrations by Mr. LEONARD LINDELL are poor.

New Engravings. Mr. PAULUSSEN, of the Society of Graphic Arts, Vienna, sends us a print of a fine etching, after REMBRANDT's "Saskia," by Herr WILLIAM UNGER in his well-known manner. It is issued in various forms—parchment, remark proofs, artist's proofs, etc.—but, unfortunately, we are not able to say where it may be seen in London; and Vienna is a long way off.

Messrs. Graves and Co., Limited, have recently published a very fine mezzotint after the "Viscountess Castle-reagh" of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE. The picture belongs to Lord Londonderry, and is a very valuable possession. There is small wonder that at the public sale-rooms these old English masters should command increasing prices. They possess a fascination the secret of which is practically lost so far as the vast majority of English portrait-painters are concerned. This is a picture which is full of charm, and Mr. GREENHEAD has retained it in his mezzotint in very great degree. The plate should have a great success.

Miscellaneous. Mr. W. F. YEAMES, R.A., has been appointed Librarian of the Royal Academy.

Mr. FRANK BRANGWYN's "Trade on the Beach" has

been purchased for the Luxembourg, and the artist elected a Sociétaire of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts.

An Art Club has been founded at Chester under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, and with Mr. EDMUND J. BAILLIE as secretary.

Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has been appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, in succession to Mr. W. H. ALEXANDER, who has resigned.

"Signing the Marriage Register," by Mr. J. CHARLES, and "A Child's Funeral in the Highlands," by Mr. E. SICHEL, have been purchased by the Municipal Art Gallery, Bradford. Reproductions are given in these pages.



THE LATE PROFESSOR ERDMANN ENCKE.

(From a photograph by Baruch, Berlin.)

A memorial to Cardinal NEWMAN has been erected outside the Little Oratory at Brompton. It was designed by M. CHAVALLIAUD, and is constructed of Portland stone, with the statue of the Cardinal in Carrara marble.

A memorial window has been unveiled in St. Saviour's, Southwark, to the memory of PHILIP MASSINGER. Designed by Mr. KEMPE, the window contains in its upper part a portrait of Massinger; and in the lower a figure of St. Dorothea, virgin and martyr, with a palm of Victory, and a basket of flowers in her hands. The inscription at the bottom states that the window is "In memory of Philip Massinger, buried as a stranger in this church. Those who admire his genius, and sympathise with his struggles in his life and loneliness in death, dedicated this window." St. Saviour's has been entirely renovated, and it is proposed to make each window a memorial of one of the writers of the sixteenth century.



STATUE OF QUEEN LOUISE.

(By the late Professor Erdmann Encke. From a photograph by Frith and Co., Reigate.)

PROFESSOR ERDMANN ENCKE.

Obituary. MANN ENCKE, the German sculptor, has died at Potsdam. Born in Berlin in 1843, he studied first at the Royal Academy at Berlin, and afterwards under Albert Wolff. Several of his works adorn public places in Berlin, one of which, the statue of Queen Louise in the Thiergarten, we reproduce. He was elected a member of the Academy in 1881, and two years later a professorship was bestowed upon him.

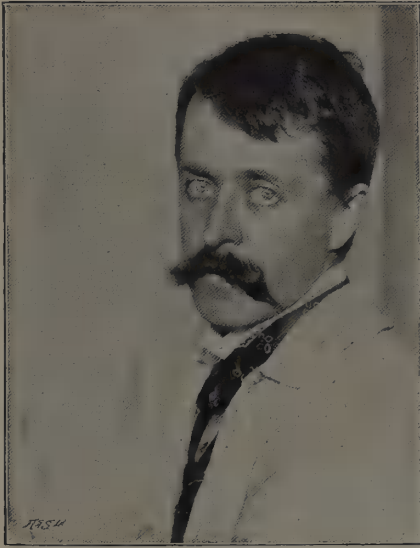


CADER IDRIS FROM THE DOLCELLY ROAD.
(Original etching by William Bradley.)

AN "ORIGINAL" PAINTER: MR. F. CAYLEY ROBINSON.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

AMONG all artistic qualifications one of the rarest and most valuable is originality. It is,



F. CAYLEY ROBINSON.

Originality will help him to express himself in ways that are convincing by their freedom from repetition of stereotyped motives, and will lead him into a nobler and more dignified way of recording the impressions which nature makes upon him. For these reasons an artist who is soundly original is one to welcome and rejoice over. He is doing his best to make art a living influence, and to carry further its wholesome development. He is a man who makes art-history, because he is not satisfied merely to use over again in a commonplace fashion material which is at the disposal of every worker. He gives us fresh food for thought, and shows us how to estimate the efforts of others. In fact, his place in the æsthetic scheme is that of a teacher and a guide, to prove to us that there are still unexhausted possibilities in art, and to lead us away from the crowd of imitators, who are all striving to use one another's ideas, into the more peaceful paths of steady progress.

It is because there is in his aims and intentions a really earnest desire to be original in this sound and well-considered way, that the performances of Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, young artist though he is, claim quite serious attention. The years that he has been at work are certainly not many, for it was

perhaps, a virtue which many men who do not really possess it affect to have, but with them it takes a debased form and masquerades as eccentricity or pretentious disregard of accepted rules. It becomes then merely a mannerism, a kind of formulated pretence of superiority behind which an unqualified worker strives to conceal his real weakness, and it is turned to base uses as a medium for unblushingly advertising actual incapacity. As an attribute of a really sincere artist it is, however, all-important, for by its aid he can make apparent the ideas which in his mind are active to produce works of art that are fit to live.



DRIFTING.

(From the Painting by F. Cayley Robinson. In the Possession of Mrs. Roller.)

only at the end of the eighties that he painted his first picture, but from the outset he has shown a peculiarly distinct purpose in everything that he has produced. He has taken a definite line, and has adopted a particular technical method well suited to the expression of his individuality; so that both the matter and the manner of his painting are apart

Yet it is hard to see how anyone possessed of such opinions as Mr. Cayley Robinson holds could do otherwise than reject the accepted ways of securing the attention of the public. His inclinations are plainly not to paint what is in widest demand simply because by so doing he could attract to himself a comfortable section of the people who



THE FERRY.

(From the Painting by F. Cayley Robinson.)

from those which prevail in the work of the majority of his contemporaries. And yet this separation is not felt to be an affectation. It is obviously the honest inclination of a strong man who is too sincere a believer in his duty as an artist to consent to be a follower in the smooth track of imitation. He prefers to dream his own dreams and to give shape to his own imaginings, rather than to adopt the easy course of modifying to suit himself the fashionable practices of men who have gained the approbation and earned the monetary rewards which the unthinking many are ready enough to bestow upon their favourites. His choice is emphatically that of an artist; it is the preference of a devout worker who intends to spend his life in serious endeavour, and who is not daunted by the inevitable difficulties which have to be faced by everyone influenced by the dangerous desire to battle against the popular tide.

but what pleases them because it is brought conveniently down to the level of their intelligence. He has, instead, aspirations after a type of art which depends upon a particular mental view, a sympathetic insight into Nature that will give him results which satisfy his individual predilections. It is one of the main articles of his creed that the artist should only be the medium through which Nature in her purest forms is made perceptible; and he holds that the personal cleverness of the worker, and whatever capacity he may have for executive effect, should be subordinated to the far more important duty of interpreting faithfully the direct impressions which she gives. The adventitious aid of pleasing convention, or of an attractive manner of putting down trivial details, he rejects because these tricks of the trade serve but to obscure the intellectual suggestion that comes from true sympathy

with Nature. The mere workmanship should be, he contends, as an absolutely transparent surface through which appears, unmodified and unaffected, the real subject. This is a technical idea which is, at any rate, consistent, but one which is certainly difficult of attainment because it implies a very

from human sympathy of the crudest kind fuel and fire for the vivifying of ideas." This combines a protest against ill-considered and uncultivated production, with a declaration of the expediency of regarding no part of Nature, properly understood, as unfit to engage the artist's attention. It denies the



IN A WOOD SO GREEN.

(From the Painting by F. Cayley Robinson.)

peculiar mental attitude and an especially subtle perception of what is really paintable.

In the minds of most men such a creed would be made the excuse for being simply literal, for mere reproduction of whatever facts, paintable or not, that the artist might have forced upon his attention. Mr. Cayley Robinson, however, uses it as a stimulus to the intellectual rather than the optical side of his observation. He seeks for an abstraction of Nature, representing her spirit and deeper meaning rather than her superficial aspect. The text which he regards as the basis of all his pictorial argument is taken from the works of J. Addington Symonds: "It has become my object to assimilate culture to the simplest things in man's life, and to assume

value of thoughtless and merely reproductive realism; but it affirms the principle that in the world around us the sympathetic seeker can find all that he requires, all that his highest discrimination will tell him is most fit to use in great pictures.

During the half-dozen years that Mr. Cayley Robinson has been active in art he has striven consistently enough to carry out the principles in which he puts his faith. Everything he has painted has been, to an unusual extent, thoughtful and imaginative, showing an amount of introspection and intellectual conviction unusual in a man of his age. He has never been led away by the fashions of the modern art-world into undisciplined excursions, but has steadily laboured to develop his capacities along

the lines which even in his student days he decided were those which he wished to follow. The story of his artistic growth is like that of many other artists of original views, a record of struggles against educational methods which did not give him the assistance he desired, and were abandoned at last for more useful and helpful forms of study. His earliest experience, and the one which he looks back upon now with most dislike, was gained in the antique rooms at the St. John's Wood and Royal Academy Schools, where he suffered under the drudgery of drawing day after day from casts, the beauty of which he was unable, for want of knowledge of the living model, to appreciate or even perceive. But at the end of his three years at Burlington House he adopted a method of acquiring knowledge which was far better suited to his particular views. He bought a small sailing boat, and spent the greater part of another three years afloat, observing much and painting only a little. It was during this period, however, that he produced his first two pictures, "The Outward Bound" and "Drifting," both of which were characteristically treated versions of the surroundings among which he found himself.

The first canvas which strongly marks his individuality was painted about the end of 1891. This is "The Ferry," a composition curiously original both in its arrangement and in its unusual quality of sentiment, a quality which is emphasised by the deliberate archaicism of the line and mass placing, and by the subdued harmony of the colour scheme. Soon after he had finished this picture he went to Paris, where he worked under Bouguereau and Ferrier; and to this visit he ascribes his first awakening to the real significance of the artist's profession. It can hardly be doubted that the years which he had passed afloat, and in the closest contact with Nature, had well prepared him to receive just the right kind

of impression from really sound and scientific teaching; he had been feeling his way before blindly and without a proper sense of responsibility. The æsthetic atmosphere of the French studios gave him what he wanted in the way of guidance, and taught him how to apply to pictorial purposes the material that with his peculiar receptivity he was gathering plentifully in many directions.

On his return from Paris he painted, during 1893, three pictures—"Suzanne," "In a Wood so Green," and "The Fishers"—in all of which the deepening of his conviction and the steady-ing of his fancy were very apparent. He was back again in Paris in the winter of this same year, and his second visit added to the feeling of technical security, of which his first had laid a sound foundation. Since then, as he says himself, he has worked hopefully, understanding himself better and with a truer perception of his duty to art. He has painted year by year with deliberation, and with frequent pauses for fresh study from life. The "Mother and Child," which was all he produced in 1894, was followed in 1895 by the "Souvenir of a Past Age," in which appears very strongly the atmosphere of mediævalism that seems to satisfy him most fully. "The Beautiful

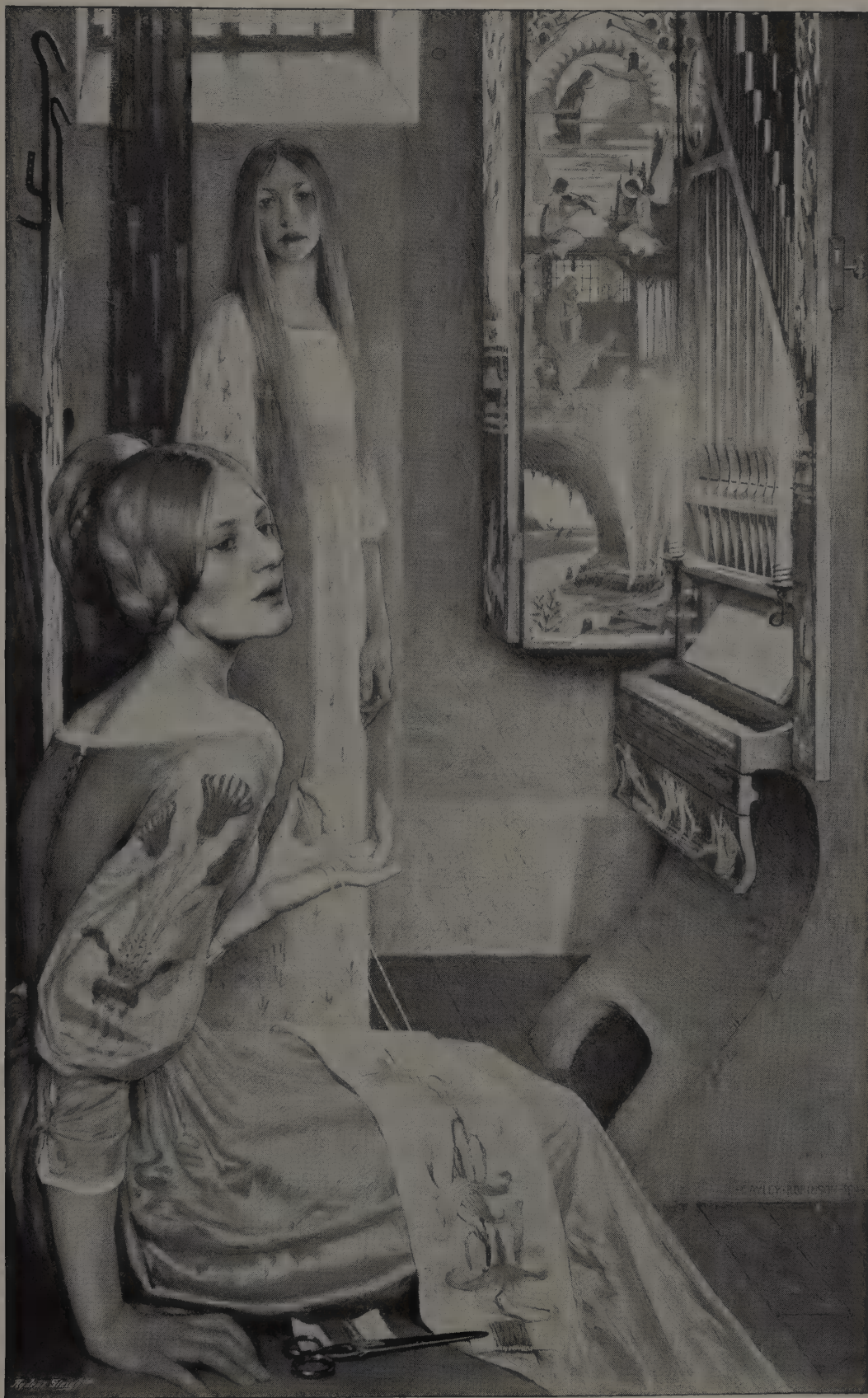


THE BEAUTIFUL CASTLE.

(From the Painting by F. Cayley Robinson.)

Castle," which belongs to the same year, was less characteristic because it was in some sort an experiment, an attempt only partly effective to realise pictorially the spirit of mediæval romance. In producing it he was again feeling his way, testing a new mode of expressing those imaginings with which his mind is occupied. Apparently the experiment failed to satisfy him, for in the picture which he completed last spring—the "Close of Day," he reverted to the manner of the "Souvenir of a Past Age," and aimed at results more humanly interesting and less veiled behind a cloud of abstruse symbolism.

This fondness for the characteristic seriousness



A SOUVENIR OF A PAST AGE.

(From the Painting by F. Cayley Robinson.)

and formality which distinguishes the art of the Middle Ages seems now to have become an inseparable attribute of Mr. Cayley Robinson's work. It has grown with his technical development, and is apparently an essential part of his æsthetic consciousness. He has affinities with the artists of the Early Italian Schools, with definite leanings besides to the severe decoration of mediæval Germans. Among living painters he inclines most to Sir Edward Burne-Jones and M. Puvis de Chavannes, from both of whom he has learned not a little worth remembering. Probably his admiration for pictures of the symbolical and unrealistic character arises from his habit of looking below the mere surface of Nature, and of trying to express something of her mystery and profundity. Such art, though it runs the risk of being lost in the depths that it attempts

to fathom, must certainly be direct and without the overlaying of any complication of modern detail. If it is to be convincing and not simply obscure, it must be unaffected by any of the airs and graces of the present day; any touch of contemporary insincerity condemns it at once to ridicule and destroys its meaning. So far as he has gone Mr. Cayley Robinson has quite succeeded in keeping himself aloof from whatever motives might spoil the purity of his belief, and he has avoided with what is, on the whole, excellent judgment any temptation to weaken his ideal from motives of policy. He has already established himself as an artist who occupies a place by himself, and he is conspicuous because he fills that place with real distinction. If he goes on as he has begun he can hardly fail to make his mark on the art-record of our times.



THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

(From the Painting by F. Cayley Robinson.)

WHAT SOUTH KENSINGTON IS DOING.

BY LEWIS F. DAY.

THE annual exhibition of students' work at South Kensington is thrown rather into the shade this year by the more significant retrospective show adjoining, which includes the more important of the prize works of the past eleven years. This last is a new departure in quite the right direction, but it should not eclipse altogether the results of last year's work throughout the country, which, in so far, at least, as concerns the industrial part of it (the part of it which seems to justify the appeal to the pocket of the ratepayer), is well worth the attention of those interested in design and craftsmanship.

It includes, as usual, a vast variety of subjects, from book illustration to church decoration, and from needlework to monumental sculpture; and, if the awards tell anything like the truth, there is more good work, if not better work, than last year. Of gold medals, 12 are awarded, as last year; of silver, 120, against 84 of last year; of bronze, 353, against 250 of last year; of book prizes, 460, against 428. Prize-taking may not mean much, but since it is quite certain that the standard of work, so far from being lower than it was, is higher, it must mean something, and that to the credit of national art-teaching.

High awards go to Birmingham, Bristol, Clapton, Glasgow, Lambeth, Manchester, Newcastle, New Cross, Nottingham, Plymouth, Sheffield, South Kensington, West Bromwich, and other schools. The Training Class at South Kensington also takes one gold and thirty-five silver medals, several of them for modelling, notwithstanding that the examiners in this subject express themselves barely satisfied.

Space, of course, permits specific reference to only a very few of the more interesting prize works.

It is noteworthy that two-thirds of the gold medals are given for modelling, one of them to Miss Steele, of the training class, whose model for a casket is admirably severe and dignified, and in very

curious contrast to the more professionally accomplished design for the same subject by Miss Kershaw, of Sheffield. Other good modelling from the training class is from the hands of Misses Simpson, Mercer, and Twiss. But it is not from South Kensington alone that good modelling comes. Manchester sends a very clever lock-plate and handle by Mr. P. W. Smith, at once Gothic and modern; Leicester, a sun-dial by Mr. A. T. Roberts, delightful in profile; and Plymouth, a piano front by Mr. S. N. Babb, in which the singing boys, indeed, remind one rather obviously of old friends in Florence, but the architectural framework is perfect in its simplicity. It is refreshing to see such repose in students' work.

Among drawings from the life, the time studies of Mr. Andrew Allen, of Glasgow, are distinguished by a much more subtle appreciation of beauty than belongs to students generally. Surely the right thing to do, when there is not time for everything, is to get at least the *beauty* of the life.

The most beautiful drawings for mural decoration are

the panels of Mr. H. E. Crocket (Hammersmith). They are not much more than sketches, but they are full enough of promise to make one wonder what he will do presently. The cartoons of Mary Watson (Durham College, Newcastle) are also exceptionally workmanlike; but, strangely enough considering their decorative character, her full-size figures are stronger than the ornamental work shown in the small key sketch.

Notable again are the stained-glass cartoons of Mr. H. Ospovat (Manchester) and the coloured sketch for glass by Mr. Alex. Walker (Glasgow Athenæum), strong in colour without being crude, and most cleverly schemed. The best designs for ceramics do not seem to come from the tile-making and pottery districts. The more satisfactory tile designs, for example—few of them strong—are this year from Macclesfield and Chichester.



GOLD MEDAL DESIGN FOR A CASKET (1896).

(By Florence H. Steele.)

Pattern design generally appears not to be so loose as last year; there seems less tendency to follow a rather florid fashion. The wall-paper design of Mr. W. Ward (Birmingham) errs perhaps a trifle on the



GOLD MEDAL DESIGN FOR A
CANDLESTICK (1895).
(By Lillian Simpson.)

other side. It is a little hard in drawing, but it is cunningly contrived, and, though on old lines, it is fresh. It contrasts interestingly with the printed silk by Mr. K. M. Coggin (New Cross), based upon the goat's-beard in seed, at once delicate, tasteful, and appropriate. It will be a moot point with some whether to think more of a silver medal than so simple a thing deserves, or to accept it as of good augury that modest work, well done, receives such ample recognition.

The stencilled hanging by Mr. M. E. Pearson (Wolverhampton) is also a clever adaptation of natural flowers (nasturtiums) to pattern. Less satisfactory are the design of Mr. E. A. Carmichael for a printed velvet, a pretty notion carelessly carried out, and that of Mr. J. G. Hardy (South Kensington), the figures in whose tablecloth, well fitted as it is for execution in damask, are such obvious reflections of a familiar Little Jack Horner and Miss Muffit as hardly to come under the denomination of design.

Originality and character are shown in the casket of Mr. O. Ramsden (Sheffield), in the metal-work of Mr. H. C. Oakley (South Kensington) and Mr. P. W. Smith (Manchester), the pilasters of Mr. M. L. Simpson and Mr. F. H. Steele (both of South Kensington), the book-illustration of Mr. A. B. Giles (Lambeth), and the title-pages of Mr. G. M. Elwood (Holloway). Of the many practical working drawings this year, one of the most thorough is that of Mr. A. H. Baxter (Leicester), reproduced here.

The retrospective exhibition, to which, again, space denies the detailed criticism it deserves, is in some respects a shock to foregone conclusions, pleasant or the contrary, as may be, but in any case most instructive. One is surprised rather to find the level of work in 1884 as good as it is, and

to see how much excellent work has been and is being done. Oddly enough, it is in painting from the life, rather than in design, that the change of fashion in these twelve years is most clearly pronounced.

It is curious to trace the career of clever students, to see how year after year they follow up their first success, and then of a sudden disappear from the schools, absorbed, let us hope, into the great body corporate of working artists. Moreover, it seems to be rather the students than the schools which distinguish themselves. At all events, though certain schools, such as Birmingham, Glasgow, South Kensington, and others, assert themselves, one comes away with a much more definite impression of the work of certain men and women (women being very much to the front) than of the schools to which they belonged.

Again, one is struck by the way in which the success of one student gives impulse, or at all events bias, to others all over the kingdom. This says something for prize-giving, whatever its drawbacks may be. No one can conscientiously follow the awards of the last twelve years, here shown together, without seeing how decidedly the prizes given



GOLD MEDAL BOOK ILLUSTRATION (1894).
(By Robert Spence.)

determine the direction of the students' efforts—for good or ill. It is for ill when, because one year a panel of well-designed gurnets gets a prize, for years after students give their minds to fishes and sea-

weed; or when a frieze of ships gets a medal, and ever after ships go following on, for the most part round the rims of dishes; or when, in a weak



DESIGNS FOR A COAL-BOX (1896).

(By A. H. Baxter.)

moment, the judges show favour to a pattern alive with animals, and a violent eruption of animals in design breaks out. It is for good altogether when a high award for careful, intelligent, and purposeful studies from old work encourages students, as it has very perceptibly done, to make drawings, which to have made is in itself an education. There is not a doubt that the gold medal given in 1894 to a remarkably thorough series of historic studies by Miss Evelyn Thompson, taken in connection with the strong disapproval of careless or merely picturesque sketches expressed by the examiners in their reports, has led to infinitely more useful and purposeful work coming under the category of "Historic Studies." Indeed, the careful and comprehensive studies of lettering by Mr. W. H. Lord, of the Training School, this year, may be taken as a response to the definitely expressed advice of the judges. No one, surely, will deny the value to the student of work like that. Again, in answer to the demands of the examiners, there have been sent to Kensington of late years flower studies made with a direct view to

their use in ornament, very different from the mere studies of flowers without backgrounds, which have their decorative use, but do not go far towards ornament. In witness of this may be mentioned the intelligent work of Messrs. I. Varley (Macclesfield), M. R. Crowden (Peterboro'), E. H. Babb (Plymouth), J. Littlejohns (Bideford), H. S. Stronqvist (South Kensington), and, in particular, J. J. Brownswold, of the National Art Training School.

In line with this study is the improvement in the adaptation of plant form to ornament, although here there is still plenty of room for improvement. One of the happiest exercises in adaptation of this kind is by Mr. A. Jefferson (Bradford), whose treatment of the wild geranium is, in one case at least, most ingenious and graceful. Another who has made good ornamental use of flower forms is Mr. S. Thorogood (South Kensington). It has to be owned that in the exercise, which consists of a study of a plant and three adaptations of it, the skill in flower-painting is generally in inverse ratio to the facility shown in adapting it to design. This is not altogether surprising; flower-painting is not what is wanted here; but it is satisfactory to see that the plant seems now, as a rule, to be drawn with a view to its use, and to be made use of, and that there is little of that flower-painting for painting's sake which used to be imported into this subject.

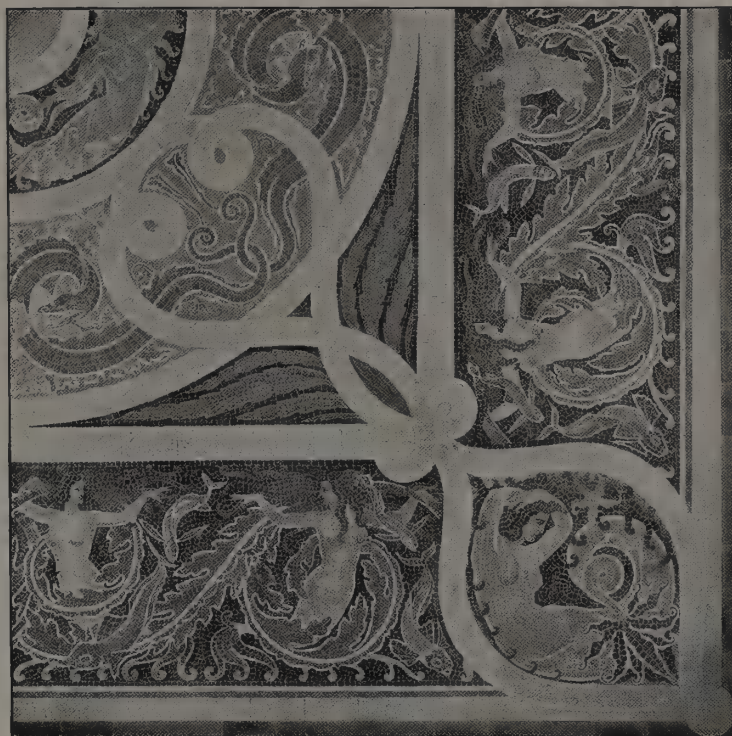
Another exercise in which improvement is marked is in monochrome painting, as will be seen by a comparison of the work of 1887 (which gained a gold medal) with that of 1894, 1895, and 1896. That the later works gain only silver medals may be taken, perhaps, to imply that it goes, as it were, by itself, and no longer stands in need of encouragement.

There is indication of some departure from the ultra-elaborate painting of ornament from the east. The very simple piece of work by Mr. H. Hill (South Shields) is recognised by the award of a bronze medal. This award, together with that to Mr. W. Bramwell (North Shields), seems to hint that the Department is not so insistent upon elaboration as once it was. Compared with such work, quite enough to show that the student knew what he was about, the more elaborate studies of, for example, Mr. M. Jackson (Bloomsbury) and Mr. James Bevan (Sunderland), equally in water-colour, seem obviously to have taken more time than was necessary or even desirable. This applies equally to the studies in oil. The one by Mr. G. Ingles, of the Training School, which obtains a bronze medal, is enough to show whether the student can paint or not. That is the point to be determined; and it is mere waste of energy to

spend more time than is necessary upon examination work—which is, after all, not education. If the Department asks for more, the Department is wrong; but probably it does not, whatever it may once have done; and these awards to less elaborate work seem to show that it does not.

One more point on which there appears, by the light of this exhibition, to be error, is with regard to the much vexed question of outline drawing. A general idea prevails that outline drawings, as

student can do. A further superstition which a study of these works will clear away is the idea that drawings of this class must, according to Departmental authority, be of the orthodox Italian Arabesque type. Most of those this year rewarded depart considerably from it. Some of them are, indeed, strikingly original in design. There are yet, however, competitors, not a few, apparently quite unaware of some of the more recent alterations in the Directory. It is even doubtful whether all



GOLD MEDAL DESIGN FOR MOSAIC WORK (1893).

(By Mary Caldwell.)

directed by South Kensington, should be in hard and wiry pencil line. The awards since 1892, when Mr. J. Proctor (Holloway) took a medal for a mermaid panel outlined with a pen in three different colours, have been mainly to designs outlined with a brush, often upon a tinted ground. This year's prize works are uniformly simple in the way they are done. Evidently they took much less time to do than the old-fashioned laboured pencil drawings, and they show much better than those did what the

art-workers consult, or students have easy access to, it and the reports annually issued for their special guidance. If not, these documents are written in vain. It is of no use merely to print reports—they should be circulated.

It follows from all this (and much more might be said to prove it) that the authorities at South Kensington are doing work which, insufficient though it be, cannot but benefit the industry of the country.





SCENERY ON TOUR

By W. J. LAWRENCE

IN bygone times, when the stock system reigned supreme in theatrical affairs, the provincial circuit practically reared and qualified both actors and scene-painters for the London market. Centralisation has changed all this, and justified the note of warning that comes ever and anon from the praiser of times past regarding the probable extinction in the near future of the artist in Shakespeare, the declaimer of blank verse. So far as the scenic artist is concerned, the complaint holds equally good: but strange to say, it has never yet been made. One shudders to contemplate, in view of the dearth of soundly-trained painters, the possibility of provincial theatres and travelling companies being supplied in the future by scenic factories, such as those which obtain in the New World at St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas, and elsewhere. Essentially a product of the rank commercialism of America, these scene-shops have debased the artistic currency of the country by choking-up the minor playhouses with mechanically-produced work of a crudely conventional order, bearing no more resemblance to the genuine article than a chromolithograph does to an oil painting. It is by no means an uncommon thing for an order for a scene, say thirty feet square, to be received by telegraph in the morning and the whole painted, dried, and put on rail before night-fall! Little wonder that the factory "artist" works slap-dash fashion in full body colours, recking nothing of the art of glazing or second painting. But the iniquity of the thing hardly stops there. Much has been said about the evils of the touring system, and there must certainly be something rotten about a routine whose exigencies compel even the degraded scenic artist to sell his birthright—that glorious entail of distemper, so peerless in atmospheric effect—for a mess of pottage. And this, too, at a time when tempera, in association with purely decorative work,

is becoming in France a formidable rival to oil painting in the hands of artists like M. Emile Bastien-Lepage and M. Charrier! While much might be learned over here from the American factories in the construction and packing of scenery, to cope with the necessities of travel, it is to be hoped that none will emulate the recently-developed factory system of "painting" scenery with aniline dyes in lieu of the old time mineral pigments, so as to avoid the chipping and deterioration which generally ensues on transit. Such an exorcism if it cast out one devil summons ten in his place. Happily in a small country like ours, having only one centre of dramatic art, with which the provincial playgoer is completely in touch, there is little likelihood of outrageous artistic abuses gaining sway.

As a matter of fact, the nomadic habit of our present-day country actors has environments which incidentally form a standing rebuke to the metropolitan system of over-elaboration in *mise-en-scène* as fostered by rivalry and long runs. Few will have the hardihood to deny that the provinces are now alone in upholding the great traditions of one-surface painting so nobly conserved by William Beverley. Indeed the growing demand for built-up work indicates that with us this elemental principle will soon become a lost art. Only in Italy—that fount of all scenic inspiration—are the secrets of one-surface painting still maintained. To my mind some of the finest scenery of this kind seen by the present generation was that imported a year or two ago by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, for their production of *Aida*. Exquisite in technique as the backgrounds of Mr. Alma-Tadema, these marvellous Egyptian scenes had infinitely more "atmosphere," more of the illusive charm of dreamy distance than the best built-up and modelled work of our time. I shall never forget the extraordinary visual impression made by one particular "front

cloth"—an architectural exterior with a small portico at either end—in which the illusion of massiveness and solidity was so apparent, even under the scrutiny of a powerful lorgnette, that not until the scene drew did I become assured that the whole was painted on a simple drop.

Then again that tendency to dwarf the dramatic interest by an abuse of properties and other accessories, not unmarked in the metropolis, has little sway in the country, where carelessness in minor detail sometimes leads to glaring anachronisms. Few companies of any kind trouble to carry their own furniture and *bric-à-brac* (scenery and costumes are quite clog enough for the most ambitious); but I wot me of one noteworthy exception in Mr. Atkins' *Grip of Iron* combination, which has been travelling about very successfully for a number of years past. The last act of this particular presentation of the morbid French melodrama occurs in the highly ornate drawing-room of a Parisian villa. And the manager took care to lay particular stress in the bills that everything seen on the stage, whether chandeliers, statuettes, vases, fairy lights, rugs, curtains, furniture, or what not, was part and parcel

politan theatres of to-day is that it affords a reason for existence to that noble army of faddists known as the Elizabethan Stage Society, whose attempts to put back the clock of Time fully three centuries must be viewed as mere midsummer madness. Writing not long ago in *The Westminster Review*, Mr. Arthur Dillon, who poses as spokesman for these sticklers for an unadorned stage, maintained with some show of sense that the present conditions of *mise-en-scène* militate against the preservation of a rich, unemasculated Shakespeare. "Built-out palaces and temples," we are told, "have now become indispensable, while each scene must have a painted floor-cloth, and woodland dells be provided with mossy banks and rivulets. But all these additions make the scene more immovable and pretentious, and the more overpowering to the play." Hence the poet has to be rudely condensed and distorted to suit the fashion of the hour. "So long as scenery be used for Shakespeare's plays, constant scene-shifting is necessary, and these interruptions enforce and emphasise every change of place to a much greater extent than the dramatist intended."

While it must be admitted that the uncom-



DRAWING-ROOM SCENE IN THE PROVINCIAL MELODRAMA, *THE GRIP OF IRON* (1893).

of the regular *impedimenta* of the company. The whole had rather a ginger-bread effect, although it cannot be gainsaid that there was something Rembrandtesque in the contrast between the *bijoux* surroundings and the ghastly murder by strangulation committed therein.

One of the strongest arguments against the system of over-elaboration pursued in the metro-

promising Shakespearian student (who forms, after all, the merest drop in the ocean of playgoers) has a genuine grievance against Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Augustin Daly, one cannot quite well see what satisfactory alternative could be proposed.

Ever since the days of Charles Kean, Shakespeare has been kept alive on metropolitan boards largely by dint of lavish mounting. In the provinces things

are different—so different that had Mr. Dillon known of them to the full he probably would have qualified very materially his strictures. Time out of mind the country playgoer has been remarkable for his genuine, his *platonic* love of Shakespeare, unmixed with any of that sensuousness which impressive surroundings subjoin. Not but that there have been sporadic outbursts of spectacle in the theatrical world outside London: mere impermanent eddies, leading nowhere and indicating nothing. So far back as the year 1853, Glasgow saw a sumptuous revival of *King John*, and Liverpool an equally pretentious production of *Henry V.*: the latter, at least, a monetary failure. Even the sustained scenic flights of the brilliant Charles Calvert at Manchester at a somewhat later period did little towards raising the standard of Shakespearian *mise-en-scène* in the provinces. Although now and again the curious few were attracted by “those gilt gauds men-children run to see,” the many still remained faithful to the traditional starring tragedian of the two-boards-and-

actors who seemed only to figure as ciceroni to the raree-show. It was precisely because the provinces had no use for the Shakespearian spectacle-monger that Charles Calvert passed away in his prime, a broken, disappointed man. To those who bear his honoured name it must be as a consolation that he played an important, if inconspicuous part in the evolution of the modern theatre. What Sir Henry Irving gained from his early comradeship and counsel none but the great Lyceum *metteur-en-scène* may say. But of Calvert's abiding influence upon American stage-mounting through the wholesale transference of his Manchester revivals to sundry New York theatres the historian can, and, of necessity, must speak glowingly.

Happily for the well-being of Shakespeare in the provinces a golden mean has been struck between the dingy, inappropriate framework of yore and the minutely realistic and over-elaborate backgrounds of our present-day London theatres. A knowledge of the scenic system pursued by that



JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT III., "THE CAPITOL." MR. F. R. BENSON'S PROVINCIAL REVIVAL.

a-passion school, who, with all his obliquities and deficiencies, proved the true conservator of the bard.

Twelve years ago, when the Lyceum *Romeo and Juliet* scenery (divested of the Lyceum company) was “starred” through the country by an enterprising speculator, prior to its far-reaching tour of Greater Britain, the well-seasoned playgoer had naught but ineffable pity for the harmless necessary

very earnest and ambitious young actor-manager, Mr. F. R. Benson, whose vogue in the country grows apace, would have given even Mr. Arthur Dillon pause. Full of local colour (notably so, indeed, in the scenery designed by Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., for the revival of *Julius Cæsar* in 1893), and otherwise conceding much to the temper of the times, the Benson *mise-en-scène* invariably

affords a setting of sober appropriateness in nowise counter to the spirit or the purpose of the poet. Supremely contemptuous of outworn precepts, Mr.

conclusion that the quality of aloofness given to the higher drama by the growth of tradition is beginning to detract from its value as a theatrical



A ROOM IN CÆSAR'S PALACE. (JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT II., SCENE II.)

Benson has wisely realised that the Shakespearian drama, unlike the drama of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, connotes no accessories being essentially devoid of background and detail. From this conclusion he deduces the corollary that no play should be elaborately mounted when a change of scene takes place in the middle of an act. Hence his scheme of setting takes little note of ground rows, raking pieces, and the general litter of properties, the only luxury indulged in being an occasional heavy flight of steps in exteriors. The old system of one-surface paintings has been largely followed; but by the substitution of drops for flats the disturbing element complained of by Mr. Dillon has been materially obviated. Moreover, owing to its sound eclecticism, the Benson *mise-en-scène* moulds itself admirably to the particular play under performance. Stagey rearrangements and distortions are no longer necessitated by the shortcomings of the scenery, and the poet expands at ease, untortured even by thoughts of the procrustean bed. That all this should be effected without frequent resort to that obnoxious theatrical device, the "carpenter's scene," argues at once of considerable achievement. Wise in his generation, Mr. Benson has arrived at the

force. Even as the bluest of blood recruits itself by occasional commingling with a plebeian strain, so the "legitimate," as it is strangely styled, may derive renewed vigour from the sustenance of its inferiors. Hence, finding it absolutely necessary, in accordance with his principles, frequently to exhibit a couple of set scenes in the same act without making use of an intercalary front scene, Mr. Benson had little or no compunction in pressing into service a certain grateful mechanical device hitherto the sole prerogative of melodrama. This ingenious revolving system of scene-shifting permits of one heavy set being transferred bodily in the place of another, the whole creating little disturbance when performed under cover of a darkened stage. Originally adapted from the French drama, *La Crime de Faverne*, twenty years ago, when the astute Boucicault turned it to account in the prison scene of *The Shaughraun*, this device has since been utilised to excellent purpose in *The Silver King*, *Human Nature*, and *In the Ranks*. The voice of the fine old crusted stage Tory is still heard in the land, but in Mr. Benson's case protests have evidently been stayed by the reflection that the end thoroughly justifies the means.

APPLIED ART IN EAST LONDON.

THE promoters of the East London Trades, Industries, and Arts Exhibition are to be congratulated not only upon the conception, but upon the

restraint of design which marks the highest art-craftsmanship. Mr. John Pearson's work in copper *repoussé*, too, is good, his adaptation of a design of



WROUGHT-IRON KNOCKER.
(By J. Ashford.)



THE VINE.
(Wood Carving by A. Lyon.)

successful carrying-out of the idea. Assisted largely by the various Polytechnics and Technical Institutes in all parts of the Metropolis, they were enabled to obtain a collection of work, representing every section of the applied arts, which cannot fail to have a lasting influence upon the artisans and workers by whom East London is so thickly populated. It must be confessed that it was matter for surprise that so much good work is being produced by workers unconnected with any of the teaching organisations of London, as testified by the sections devoted to "Individual Workers." Several of the works here reproduced are taken from this section. The hammered iron window grille by Mr. C. Green and the wrought-iron door-knocker by Mr. J. Ashford are notably worthy of special mention, although perhaps they lack that

fishes and ships being especially successful. A hammered iron screen by Mr. Alfred James Dale and an engraved medallion by Mr. Douglas Ball were also noticeable in this section. We have referred to Mr. T. G. Perrin's skill as a wood-carver in this

Magazine before, and the high quality of the work he exhibits here demands a special word of praise. He easily takes first place in this section, though in fairness to the other exhibitors it must be mentioned that he is instructor in wood-carving to several Schools of Art, so that none but good work should be looked for from him. We must protest, however, against the admission of such works of misdirected effort as pictures, so called, in cork, carvings in coal, firescreens laboriously composed of scraps of coloured china, oil-paintings, large in size, bearing upon their



COPPER VASE.
(By J. Pearson.)

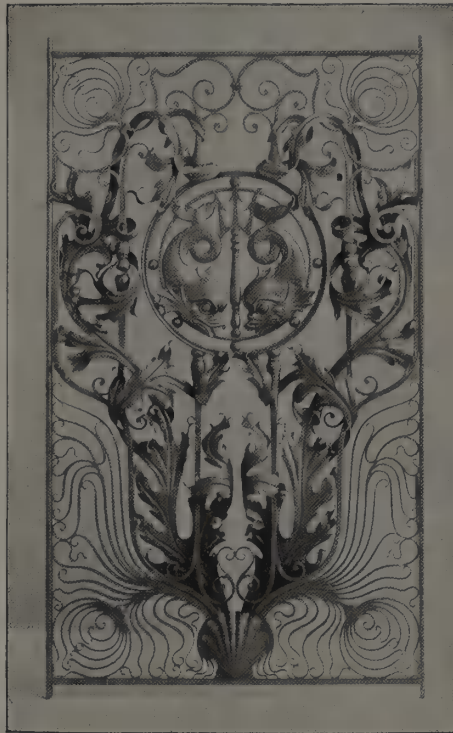
face evidences of the total lack of artistic appreciation, and lastly Berlin wool monstrosities, which we had hoped were totally extinct, such as were exhibited in the women's section. With the splendid opportunities afforded by the technical classes now in existence—and there is a specially good one at the People's Palace itself—there is little excuse for this misapplication of time and labour, and still less for its encouragement by public exhibition.

The contributions of the Polytechnics were largely of pure craftsmanship, the People's Palace class showing the best collection of art-work. From this exhibit we reproduce a specimen of wood-carving by Mr. A. Lyon and one of four door panels by Mr. Watson. A design for a carpet, by Mr. Edwin

Battersea excelled in needlework; and some designs by Miss M. Briggs for printed muslin called for special mention. The Guild and School of Handicrafts contributed work that was refreshing for its simplicity and beauty. It included copper and brass *repoussé* plaques and bowls and a case of hammered and cast silver jewellery and ornaments, chaste in design and beautiful of execution. A wrought iron and brass fender and a copper *repoussé* coal-box were excellent examples of the application of art to the common objects of the household. But the principles of the Guild were perhaps more strikingly exemplified in one or two articles of furniture. An oak writing-table and oak paper-case, which we reproduce, designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, are charming.



DOOR PANEL.
(By H. Watson.)



HAMMERED IRON GRILLE.
(By C. Green.)



OAK PAPER-CASE.
(By C. R. Ashbee.)

Evans, which gained a National book prize, and a design for a hand-mirror, by Mr. Harry Layton, which was similarly successful, together with several contributions by members of the Sketching Club, were noteworthy examples of the art-work produced at this class. From the Regent Street Polytechnic there was an excellent model for a door-knocker by Mr. Arthur Raike, and from the Borough Institution some good designs for rain-water heads by Mr. John Clements and Mr. G. H. Barrett. The Goldsmiths' Institute sent the best designs for wall and ceiling papers; while the Woolwich Polytechnic made photographic work the chief feature of its exhibit.

The simplicity of these was emphasised by their being placed in immediate proximity to a highly ornate cabinet, produced by an ordinary "art furniture" manufacturer, the contrast providing a useful object-lesson for all discerning visitors. We can but express the hope that the efforts of this institution, which is established in Mile End, will meet with the success it deserves. Attention can only incidentally be drawn to the good work being produced under the direction of the Board of Guardians for Relief of Jewish Poor—specially mentioning a pair of carved lamp-stands by Mr. Marks Cohen—and the Shoreditch Municipal Technical School. A. F.



THE SOURCE OF THE SEVERN, PLYNLIMON.

FROM SEVERN SOURCE TO SHREWSBURY.

BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FULLWOOD.

THE greatest but one of English rivers rises in Wales, and only changes its name and nationality after many miles of devious wandering across the picturesque county of Montgomery. The point at which the indefinite moisture of boggy hill side resolves into the first modest tricklings of the infant Hafren (pronounced Havren) is far up the slopes of Plynlimon, a mountain of respectable height and undoubted usefulness, but innocent of beauty or grandeur. The name, originally Pum or Pump Lunon, signifies "the five points"—this on the authority of George Borrow, who may surely be believed, since, on his own showing, he understood the language of Wales better than most of the natives. Plynlimon's vast swelling contours are employed chiefly as sheep-walks, and humanity is only represented by a few resident shepherds dwelling primitively in spacious solitudes. The cheerless character of the region is forcibly indicated in three of Mr. Fullwood's pictures. In fine summer weather, however, a pilgrimage upon Plynlimon, if toilsome, is far from unpleasant, for the air is exhilarating, the views are extensive, and there is a wealth of beautiful colour to delight the eye.

The streams that spring on Plynlimon are many, but most of them are merely contributory to the

mountain's two great waters—the Severn and the Wye, which, rising no more than a mile or two apart, eventually, after many wanderings, meet where the former is widening into an estuary. The chief exception is the Rheidel, which flows from the west of the mountain, and after about twenty miles of impetuosity is prematurely lost in the waters of Cardigan Bay. The Hafren's first appearance is in the guise of a chalybeate spring about 1,500 feet above the sea-level. "Rather a shabby source for so noble a stream," quoth George Borrow. Falling some hundreds of feet in the twelve miles (by road) to Llanidloes, its course is rapid, and in all but dry seasons vehement and irresistible. For the first two miles or so its channel is through an utterly solitary morass. At Blaen Hafren (*i.e.* Severn Head) it emerges into a wider valley, falling tumultuously over a rocky wall into a very deep pool which it has hollowed out with the aid of loose stones. This fall, though of no more than a yard or two, is probably the most important in the whole course of the river. Close by, on the left, is the solitary shepherd's house pictured by Mr. Fullwood, a dreary-looking abode even under the most favourable conditions. Just below, the fall encounters its first employment in an artificially dammed pool for sheep washing. Being

as yet an untamed savage, the Hafren regularly demolishes this every winter.

Wandering in these solitudes you are fortunate if you meet anyone—even if you do, it is ten to one that “Dim Sassenach!” is all the information you will get. If you are very fortunate you may meet Mr. David Price, who is a gold-mine of lore regarding the district. He was born somewhere Rhayader way more than seventy years ago, and misses no opportunity of insisting on the vast superiority of his native scenery, while he acts as guide to the Plynlimon tract. It seems to be a poor enough employment, for tourists are very few. When I met him at the end of June he told me I was the first stranger he had seen that summer. As we sat on the rocks beside the boiling cauldron at Blaen Hafren he explained that the proper name of the river had been corrupted through the Romans calling it Sabrina. “You remember,” he said, “that Milton writes of Sabrina fair”—and from this the ignorant Saxon of old evolved the name Saeferne, modernised into Severn. A tributary, which joins a mile or two lower down, is called the Hora brook, because, said Mr. Price, a great battle took place on the hill where it rises betwixt the Romans and Britons, at the conclusion of which the victors indulged in prolonged shouts of “Hurrah!” Probably the reference was to a sanguinary encounter which

took place thereabouts in the tenth century betwixt the Danes and the Welsh, the invaders sustaining a severe defeat. Philology, as expounded by Mr. Price, is full of charm, and I drank deep of his lore as we continued our walk past the second shepherd's cottage towards the narrower defile where the river makes another fall beside the Gyas Mountain.

We passed a few more houses before we came to the tiny, cheerless slate chapel, which is the first outpost of civilisation. The State church is not encountered until Llanidloes is reached. As, however, almost all the people are Calvinistic Methodists, this does not matter.

After the chapel is passed, the narrow glen through which the Hafren runs is more or less wooded, and the landscape begins to have something of the park-like character which is predominant in the river's surroundings during the most part of its progress through Montgomeryshire. The road is on the left bank of the river, and keeps within sight of it all the way to Llanidloes, though sometimes at a considerable distance when the valley opens out. You enter the town across a single-arched stone bridge just below a mill. When the river is full the scene is picturesque, and at any time you are struck by the splendidly grown trees that abound. The town is on the right of the stream, and the main road down the valley continues on that side. Llanidloes is



THE FIRST VALLEY AND GYAS MOUNTAIN, FROM PLYNLIMON.

a queer, old-fashioned, dull, flannel-making place, with little of interest beyond the church and the picturesque frame-built Market House, from which the four chief streets diverge. It is a good example of a very attractive species of architecture which abounds in the district—no doubt in consequence of the good supply of timber available. From the rather unkempt churchyard there is a romantic view of the river at its junction with the tributary Clywedog and the town sewer.

followed even in dry weather, unless you are prepared to wade; for adjacent proprietors, with the help of fences and barbed wire, say you nay. One wonders why they should take such pains to advertise their unworthiness, for there are few wayfarers in search of the picturesque, though tramps abound on the road.

As you leave Llanidloes the valley appears to be blocked by hills, but after Dolwen is passed the view opens out and the scene widens. At Llandinam, a



BLAEN HAFREN. THE FIRST HOUSE ON THE SEVERN.

The Virgin Hafren, having mated with mankind, appropriately changes her name at this point and becomes the Severn; henceforth her progress is somewhat more staid and matronly, though marked by that eager, purposeful movement which she never loses in her 210 miles wayward journeying to the sea, during which she drains some 6,000 square miles of country. Llanidloes is a terminus in one direction of the Cambrian Railway, and thence it accompanies the river across Montgomeryshire, which may account for the river's diminution of speed; for nothing is stronger than the force of example. The road is good, and for a pedestrian or wheelman offers a constantly changing and ever charming panorama of natural beauty, which, however, will be seen at its best in early spring or late autumn, because of the abundance of foliage. The river course cannot be

pretty old-world village with spacious river-meadows, one is not far from Cefn Carnedd, a hill upon which is to be found one of the largest ancient British encampments in the country. Near Caersws the ever-growing volume of the river receives two affluents from the north, and at Newtown it begins to look important. Newtown is another flannel-making place, larger than Llanidloes and even less attractive. It has a modern brick church of quite triumphant ugliness.

During the fourteen miles or so (by road) from Newtown to Welshpool the river's progress continues through pleasant if not very distinguished country. Its charm is greatest for those who have some knowledge of its wealth of historical and legendary association; one would give a good deal to tramp it with some such rare fellow as George Borrow. A

mile beyond Abermule (whence road and rail branch to the right for Kerry) is Dolforwyn—the Meadow of the Virgin, associated with the fable of Sabrina.

The valley, which has again narrowed somewhat, widens as we pass the hill behind which Montgomery lies, where are the ruins of a once notable castle built by William the Conqueror, the early dwellers in which gave their detested name to the town and to the county wherein the Severn rises—an alien name which prepares one to find the region much

hereabouts, and he and his predecessors seem to have done well by the town in various ways. The advance towards the culture of civilisation is marked by the existence of an antiquarian library and of a very interesting if somewhat unkempt museum. A good supply of pure water from the hills secures Welshpool from the unpleasant business of providing vaccinationists with valuable statistics, such as are to be had in river-drinking towns further south. The neighbourhood is rich in geological interest—



MOEL Y GOLFA AND BREIDDEN FROM WELSHPOOL.

more English in character than most of the Welsh counties surrounding it. Still journeying on, one is gradually aware of a range of hills in the distance, which have a more pronounced character than anything of the sort hitherto encountered. These are the Breidden (Breithen) Hills, which, though of only moderate height (1,324 feet at the highest point), wear a lordly aspect, because they are of volcanic origin and spring sheer from a level plain. By the time Welshpool is reached they dominate the landscape, though still four or five miles distant.

At Welshpool (or Trallwn) the Severn begins to be navigable, and one encounters the grand system of canals which so nobly served the march of commercial progress before railways were. Welshpool is a pleasing town, about the same size as Newtown and similarly interested in flannel, but infinitely preferable. The Earl of Powys is a sort of presiding providence

Sir Roderick Murchison's "Trilobite Dingle" is hard by—and the museum collection of fossils is a fine one.

The "Sandy-bottomed Severn" is now of considerable volume, and, the plain being level betwixt the town and Melferley, where it joins the Vyrnwy and enters England, its twistings and turnings are innumerable. A panoramic view of this part of its course, and of much else that is interesting, is to be had from one or other of the Breidden summits. The climb is well worth the trouble involved, and may be made either from Buttington (where Offa's Dyke is to be seen) or Middletown—despite its name a mere hamlet—whence, if time permits, one may step over into England to see the cottage where "Old Parr" lived to be 152 years of age. This quaint little thatched abode is at present occupied by just such another old rustic as the centenarian, though his years are doubtless less than those at



THE BOATHOUSE FERRY BETWEEN WELSH AND ENGLISH BRIDGES.

which sturdy Thomas was first married. The advancement of humanity during the four centuries or more that have elapsed since the latter was born, has had but little effect upon the simple rural life of the peasantry in out-of-the-way corners of the land like Alberbury parish; and could the centenarian come alive again, he would find himself quite at home in his old domicile—only changed by the touch of Time's fingers—and in the society of its present inmate.

After passing the boundary set by the Breidden range, the Severn's tortuous course takes a more westerly direction, much increased in volume by the addition of the Vyrnwy waters from the north. In dry summer weather the latter seems the more important river of the two, despite the drain upon it of the myriad-throated thirst of Liverpool; which is doubtless due to the city authorities being bound to keep the outflow from the brand-new Vyrnwy Lake up to a stated daily minimum. Some time since there was a project to utilise the Upper Severn in a similar manner for the drinking of London, but it came to nothing.

Having attended the progress of the Severn into England—from the land of strict Sunday-closing to that where the Cymro may get his *cwrw da* on the first day of the week, if only he will be at the trouble to cross the border—we bid it farewell at Shrewsbury, a noble old town upon a hilly peninsula,

encompassed by a gracious horse-shoe sweep of the river. The railway station occupies the isthmus, frowned upon by the Castle, long a royal fortress, but now an innocent private residence. Portions of the old walls remain, and the town (as it proudly preferred to remain when King Charles I. proposed to create it a city) is well supplied with picturesque and interesting edifices, including splendid examples of that attractive timber-framed manner of building which is characteristic of the whole Upper Severn Valley, indicating that its well-wooded character is not of recent date. One of these, in Wyle Cop, is shown as a place where Henry Tudor slept on his way to Bosworth Field.

Into whichever of the quaintly-named streets you may turn you are sure to find something to interest. Plimmer's, immortalised by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq., is still producing Shrewsbury cakes; the museum is stocked with relics of the neighbouring Roman city Uriconium; the School provokes memories of Sir Philip Sidney, Judge Jeffreys, and Charles Darwin; the wonderful old Market House still displays the clock by which the doughty Sir John Falstaff fought the dead Percy "a long hour" at the Battle of Shrewsbury, three miles off. St. Mary's Church boasts a little of almost every style of ancient architecture, and some of the finest stained glass in England, which somehow survived the fall, in 1894, of the steeple.



SHREWSBURY CASTLE.

FURNITURE.

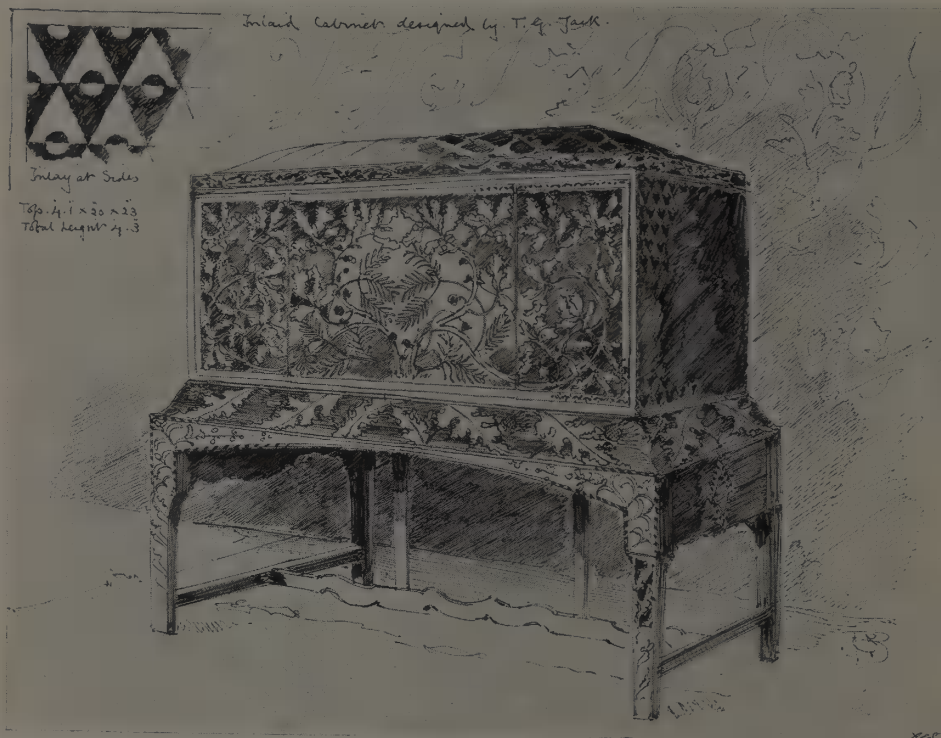
BY REGINALD BLOMFIELD. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE furniture of a living-room is such patent evidence for or against its owner that the indifference with which it is sometimes treated is matter for reflection. It is not a question of money, for a plain rush chair will tell of refinement quite as well as the rarest Spanish leather. It is a question

laboriously acquired, and one cannot expect to see any general average of excellence in modern furniture till there is a serious demand for it and some intelligence as to its proper use.

Two conditions, in fact, are necessary to a well-furnished room. Not only must the furniture be

good in itself, but it must be chosen and arranged with knowledge. Now, the most obvious end in furnishing a room is one's personal comfort, and, considered from this point of view, it is quite astonishing what discomfort the patient citizen will endure in his anxiety that he and his belongings should be as other men's are. In the drawing-room, for instance, it is difficult for an able-bodied man to pick his way. Elegant but flimsy chairs are dotted over the floor, and seats too low to be com-



INLAID CABINET.
(Designed by T. G. Jack.)

of what the owner thinks beautiful and desirable. You may take in at a glance his habits of life; suggestions of his belongings and antecedents, of all the many streams of thought and circumstance that meet in his individuality, flash upon you from these silent witnesses. In the dainty inlaid cabinet and the tortoiseshell frame there is evidence of the fastidious taste of the scholar and the artist; and, again, in the ponderous gilt mirror and the false lines of the sofa, sinuous and unreasonable as the paths of the villa garden, there is proof positive of imperfect sensibility, of a certain callousness which results from a poorly-gifted nature. The power of design and the skill of workmanship necessary to make really beautiful furniture is rare, but hardly less rare is the faculty of appreciation. Once on a time good taste was traditional, not even conditional on birth and breeding, but nowadays it has to be

comfortable fill up the unoccupied spaces—seats which range from copies of the coffin-stands of the seventeenth century to red and green imitations of Egyptian footstools. So much for the floor space; but the walls are equally busy. There is the gilt mirror over the fireplace, or its still more idiotic successor, the over-mantel; curtains are partially looped over the folding doors; more mirrors spot the walls in restless competition with china plates and fans and ill-selected pictures. Now, the first characteristic that strikes one in such a room as this is its inordinate waste, its futile licentiousness. Why have ornaments which, instead of helping, contradict each other? Why break up the room with a number of islands that make any movement difficult? Why loop up curtains which keep out no draughts, which seriously diminish the acoustic powers of the room, and which undoubtedly harbour a very great quantity



THE HALT.

(By J. L. E. Meissonier. Engraved by Fleuret.)

of dust? Where is the common-sense of it all, to say nothing of any beauty? Contrast any old interior and there is a manifest difference, not only in the furniture, but still more clearly in the habit of mind of its inmates. In the familiar "St. Jerome," in the National Gallery, the walls are simply divided into three spaces with wooden rails; a low bench runs round the sides, with a hanging of green cloth at the back; the walls above show plain plaster, with nothing but four cupboards let into the wall. St. Jerome sits at a workmanlike desk of oak or walnut, and the only other piece of furniture is a movable bench of wood painted green. A delightful sense of spaciousness fills the entire room. Or take the

background to the portrait of John Arnolfini, Van Eyck's masterpiece in the National Gallery. On one side is the bed with its canopy and draping and counterpane of red; a carved-oak chair stands by the bed, and a settle between the chair and the window, with cover and cushions of fine red velvet; under the window-sill is a chest with two or three oranges on the lid. A simple mirror hangs on the wall, elaborate and costly; in its centre is a prism of glass reflecting the backs of John Arnolfini and his wife and the faces of his friends looking in at the door. A circle of red and blue enamel separates the glass from the wooden frame, with its ten medallions. Beside the mirror is a rosary of amber beads, and this completes the decoration of the walls. From the rafters hangs the great

brass candle-holder. The floor is of bare boards, except for a rug by the bedside. The terrier dog and John Arnolfini's wooden clogs complete the decoration of the room. The whole is austere simple, yet the room gives the impression of being perfectly furnished. Even the Dutch painters, who represented very coarse people, show fastidious taste in the interiors that they painted. In the pictures

of Metzu or Terburg or De Hooze the furniture and decorations are quiet and sober—a mirror with a tortoiseshell frame, a rich tablecloth from Turkey, a plain mantelpiece with its little fringe of green velvet and the delft and brass candlesticks above, one or two pictures, and perhaps an old roller-map, emblazoned with shields and intricate with curious diagrams and dolphins; and that is all that they thought necessary for anybody's rooms.

We find in these interiors an entirely different atmosphere, due not to the old-fashioned dresses of the owners, but to a certain quality of sanity and self-restraint which is independent of fashion, and the absence of which constitutes the chief difficulty

in the way of modern decorative art. There is no indication of any attempt to force the running, to attract the eye by the display of obtrusive magnificence. The rooms look as if they were lived in familiarly, and as if their effect was spontaneous, almost natural, in its harmony; and the furniture was clearly dictated by use, as against furniture dictated by the vanity either of the designer or the owner. Therefore, no more furniture was placed in the room than was necessary, and the quantity of furniture required being very much less, its quality could be very much better. The idea of paying what is relatively a large sum of money for a single choice piece of furniture seems very preposterous to the modern buyer, unless the piece has a collector's value or has been sat upon by

some eminent or notorious person. He will pay for a picture, rarely for a bronze or piece of statuary, but seldom for an individual bit of modern furniture, however delicate its design and workmanship. Yet the owners of these interiors which we admire in the old masters did undoubtedly pay large sums for their cabinets and tables; and it is a suggestive fact that the furniture which they bought was new



KENTISH CHAIR—ASH AND RUSH SEAT.

furniture, for in all these pictures one finds that the painter painted not old but contemporary furniture, whereas the modern *genre* painter seldom paints the

shows a really reasonable chair. It has a broad rush seat and four stout ash posts for its frame, and though many generations of honest farmers have sat in it with complacency, it still enjoys a vigorous old age. That furniture should be thoroughly well made, goes without saying, though this point is systematically ignored in cheap modern furniture, in which nails and the gluepot take the place of mortices and dovetails, and what professes to be hard-wood furniture, such as rosewood or oak, is formed of a thin veneer on common deal. Another point to be remembered is that furniture has to be constantly handled, and that when a piece of furniture has its angles and its corners covered with carving it is distinctly unpleasant to handle; besides, the carving will be knocked off—which, by the way, is the best



SIDEBOARD.

(Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.)

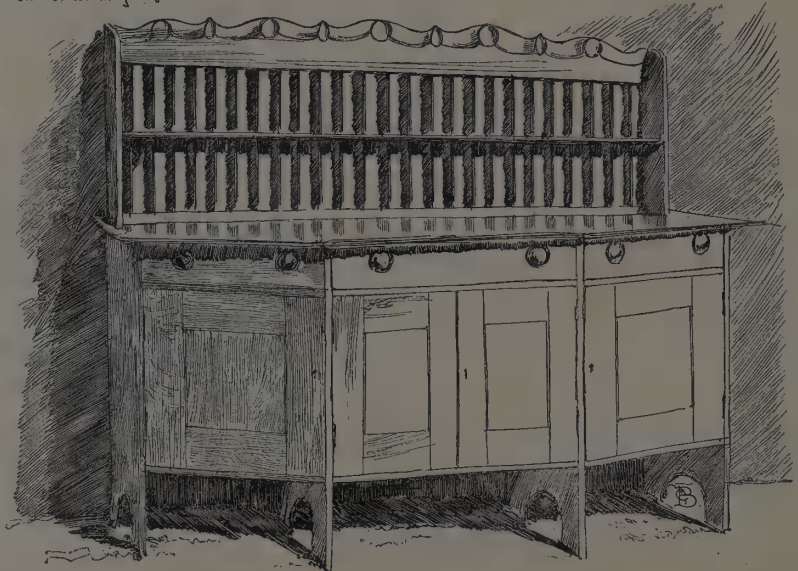
furniture of everyday life, but goes for his studies to the nearest museum.

As a conclusion from these reflections I would suggest—first, that it is wise to buy only such furniture as is necessary. Secondly, as this will cut the quantity of furniture nearly in half, more can be spent on its workmanship: each piece of furniture will be a possession of value, something worthy of that personal attachment which makes a house and home instead of a lodging-house. Thirdly, and also in consequence of this decrease of quantity, there will be room to move about freely, and each piece of furniture will help to set off every other instead of jostling with it for standing room.

As to furniture itself, there are certain considerations which apply to all furniture. In the first place, it must answer the purpose for which it is made. A chair, for instance, is meant to sit on, but if it is so small or so narrow, or generally so angular and uncomfortable, that to sit on it at all is a weariness to the flesh, it clearly is a bad chair, though it has a seat of brocade and its back is inlaid with silver and gold. The illustration

thing that could happen to it. It is not difficult to find instances of sideboards and similar furniture so encrusted with carving that no one can touch them with impunity, and the natural surface of the wood hardly appears at all. As a

oak Sideboard by E. Gimson



OAK SIDEBOARD.

(Designed by E. Gimson.)

complete contrast to this in their unaffected simplicity, I give an illustration of a sideboard by Mr. Gimson and of another by Mr. Voysey. If

there is to be any carving on the furniture, let it at least be out of the way where it can do no harm to anyone's knuckles. But there is something more than this to be looked to. Furniture should not only admit of easy handling, but it should look as if it admitted of it. There is pleasure in the actual feel of well-designed woodwork; the lines of it are gracious and kindly, and wood which can be pared and shaved to any shape lends itself to this of its own nature. One can see the instinct for this treatment in what is set down as the mischief of the boy who has a positive hankering to whittle away any salient angle with his pocket-knife. It is for this reason of handling that inlay and marquetry are better suited for the decoration of furniture than carving. They do not interfere at all with the surface of the wood. They are quite as durable as carving if properly done, and less expensive, and they help the colour without interfering with the form. The coffer designed by Mr. Jack, and executed by Morris and Co., is a very beautiful instance of modern marquetry, and indeed is one of the finest pieces of furniture executed in England since the last century. The one condition of this sort of work, however, is that it should be very carefully done. Inlay in the solid is best, if possible, but by the nature of the cutting involved, only comparatively simple designs can be executed in it, and that at considerable cost. Marquetry work is very charming if the design is good and the woods carefully selected in regard to colour and grain. Ebony, coromandel, snakewood, greywood, orangewood, palmwood, pear, yew, cherry, box, pollard oak, and walnut give materials enough for anyone who knows how to combine them; and a small bit of marquetry made with the actual woods is worth all the sham work of cheap coloured woods in the world. The marquetry of rosewood and thin brass, which was first used by Gillows in England, is another rather pleasant variation. The question of painted furniture—that is, furniture painted with figure or other subjects—is difficult. Some very beautiful work has been done in this way, such as the Italian cassoni, or the coffer painted by Mr. Burne-Jones, shown at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in 1889; but these are works of great price, and I do not think work of this sort is worth doing unless it is really first-rate, and the necessary expense of this would place it out of the reach of most people. Moreover, decoration so costly would make the piece of furniture too precious for any but the most careful handling. Decoration of this sort, and also such sumptuous and beautiful surfaces as that of Vernis Martin, seem to be only fitted for great houses; and for ordinary life the natural wood, or the wood plain painted, seem most

reasonable. One exception, however, might be made in favour of simple lacquers, such as were used in the last century to decorate clock-cases and corner cupboards. These are very charming, and their use need not be particularly costly.

Perhaps the commonest fault in modern furniture is that the wood is very badly treated and left so little to itself. The trade has recently swung



OAK INLAID CHAIR.
(Designed by W. R. Lethaby.)

back to revivals of eighteenth century work—Louis Seize, or whatever it may be; but before this an attempt was made at modern furniture, and terrible stuff it was. The wood was scored backwards and forwards with little sets of beads and mouldings, and chamfered and stop-chamfered and grooved and pinched, and prevented as much as possible from showing its natural self. Instances of this sort of work may still be seen in the suites of bedroom furniture sold at the Stores and elsewhere. This is not the way to bring out the best qualities of a material like wood, which can only show itself in plain surfaces, and which should only be cut into mouldings where the design calls for some additional emphasis of light and shade, or some particular insistence on lines, as, for instance, in the cornice

and base-mould of a cabinet. The maltreatment of wood, the contempt for its intrinsic beauty, or, more probably, the ignorance of its possibilities, are clearly shown in modern ecclesiastical furniture. For instance, set the person known as an ecclesiastical designer to design an oak chair for a church, and he will infallibly produce a chair which will bristle with crockets and be positively scaly with tracery and cusps. This would be bad enough, though possible, in stone-work, but in wood it is simply absurd. Quite apart from the fact that the cusps

of English middle-class society that the dining-room table and its suite of chairs must be at least of oak or mahogany, and large sums are paid accordingly. In that particular section of society it would be *scandalum magnatum* for a young married couple to start their household with a plain deal table, neither stained nor varnished, and a set of chairs of ash or willow with fine rush seats; yet to any person of open mind and reasonable taste this would be positively more pleasant to look upon than the ill-made chairs and the monstrous legs of the established

dining-room table. In many a wealthy household the only really satisfactory pieces of furniture in the house are the kitchen dresser and the kitchen table, because there is no pretension about them and they perfectly answer their purpose. So, too, in regard to the upholstery of chairs and sofas, what common-sense is there in covering them with velvets and "saddle-bag" carpets when the atmosphere of any big town is charged with soot and microbes and bacilli, and many other unnamed horrors which find in the saddle-bag carpet an unassailable resting-place? The horsehair of our great-grandfather was at least inoffensive and clean. In this, as in everything else connected with the art of the day, the two great principles of reasonableness



INLAID CABINET.
(Designed by E. Gimson.)

and the crockets and the tracery can have no conceivable meaning for anyone nowadays, they are abominable to handle, and instead of helping out the beauty of the grain and colour of the wood, they stultify it at every point. Plain oak is beautiful in itself, and its strength and character suggest something broad and massive in treatment; and if you want to enrich it further, inlay is the best way of doing so. The chair designed by Mr. Lethaby for Alderham Church is a very fine example of oak treated as oak ought to be treated for such a purpose as this. Wood of every kind is treated with little respect in modern furniture, even the finer woods, such as rosewood and mahogany; but if these are sacrificed to the dulness of the designer, common woods, such as deal, elm, or ash, can only expect unreserved contempt. It is a sacred tradition

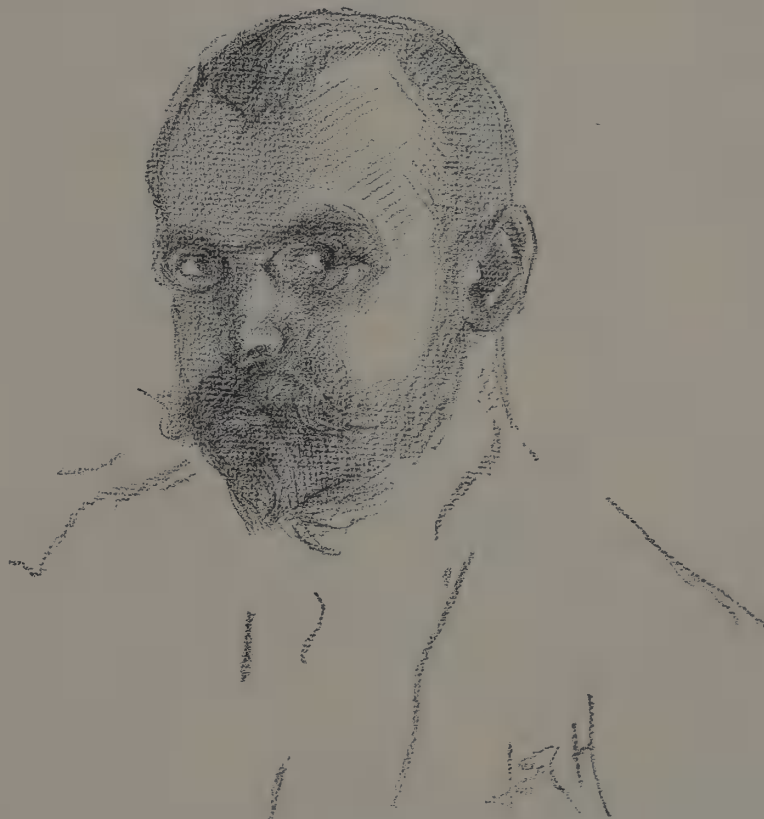
and simplicity are at once the most forgotten and the most deserving of honour. But the fashion lies in another direction, and by a remarkable inversion the public have handed over the arbitrament of fashion to the furniture-dealer and the auctioneer. One can offer no rules for the design or the choice or arrangement of furniture, but the following four simple tests anyone can apply. The furniture should answer its purpose, be well made, easily handled, and set off to the best advantage the beauty of its wood. It is not easy to design or to understand beautiful furniture, but the first step towards it is to part company with a host of conventional notions as to propriety and beauty. Art is a somewhat exacting mistress, and will certainly refuse to play second fiddle to sham respectability and opulent ignorance.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMOURISTS: L. RAVEN HILL.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

WERE I asked to select the draughtsman whose work best indicates the present trend in the rapid evolution of humorous art in England, I should probably point to Mr. L. Raven Hill as a typical instance of its major merits and its minor faults.

acquiring their skill by practice in the papers they had joined, with frank indifference to the æsthetic quality of their work. Then came Charles Keene and the rest, who brought the life-school to uplift what had hitherto been for the most part mere rough



L. RAVEN HILL.

(Drawn by Himself.)

As we have seen in the former papers in this series on our Graphic Humourists, humour first and drawing second were what our ancestors demanded, or, at least, all that they obtained. Good draughtsmanship it never occurred to them to require, and artistic excellence in its fuller sense was beyond their fondest dreams. Of the truth of this statement, the popularity of many of our early jesters with the pencil, with no serious claim whatever to be regarded as artists, affords ample and irrefutable evidence. Sir John Gilbert was the first to enter the arena with the reputation of being a serious artist highly accomplished and fully equipped. Before him we had artists worthy of the name, but they reached their excellence after they entered into the arena of humour,

comic sketching, and imported into it some of the higher problems that exercised the artistic mind. One wonders what Kenny Meadows, Henning, and Alfred Crowquill would have thought—even Cruikshank and Gillray before them—could they have known that in the latter part of the nineteenth century their speciality in art would have been marked not only by an effort to present the fun of a subject with all its point, but worthily to treat the sketch as a “precious” work, hardly second to that of painting, with its problems of composition and silhouette, of light and shade, tones and values, and technique worked out to a solution with all the earnestness and endeavour that might be lavished on a diploma picture. Nowadays, the artist who

aspires to make a name with the greatest, studies from the life, works at the night-schools, enters a Parisian *atelier*, and then settles down—not to rival the frescoes of Michelangelo, or make a bid for the Presidency of the Academy, but to draw for the comic press, with *Punch* as the goal of his ambitions.



"Now why don't 'ee 'ave *two* pair: they be just the thing for any body a bit delicate like. Nothing I do like better than three or fower o' they for a little snack now and then."

Mr. L. Raven Hill, as I have suggested, is one of these. He was born in Bath, but received his artistic training at the Bristol Art School. About the year 1882 he entered as a pupil at the Lambeth Art School—that cradle of so many of our most successful artists—and there had the good fortune to work side by side with Mr. Charles Ricketts and Mr. Shannon; and the three became inseparables thenceforward, not only working together, but developing their art and living in company. At that time Mr. Ricketts was among the students the chief artistic influence, and that influence, as exercised upon Mr. Raven Hill, was salutary, and it was unquestionable. In 1885 Mr. Raven Hill proceeded to Paris, and there studied under various masters, deriving most of the

benefit, perhaps, from M. Aimé Morot—he was a painter, then, and had some reputation as a *chercheur*—and after two years' absence in France, returned to England as a contributor to the exhibitions of pictures conceived and painted in the modern manner. But, in spite of a certain success, he found that the chief opening was for black-and-white work, and that the best way to "realise" it was to illustrate comic ideas rather than serious ones; and thus he drifted into a world of gaiety and humour for which he had not been specially educated, and for which he certainly had not suspected himself of any particular fitness. He had, it is true, drawn for *Judy* before he went to Paris, without any notion of finding his destiny in any such direction as that; but on his return he worked extensively for *Pick-Me-Up*, *Black and White*, and *The Butterfly*, and in all of them he displayed capacity of a high order. The last-named magazine he started in 1893, in company with a small band of artists and writers who shared his ingenuous surprise that no paper in existence would give an artist an absolutely free hand—letting him do what he liked, and contenting itself with paying him a good price for his best work. In due course *The Butterfly* failed, though, in truth, it deserved a very different fate; and then the artist transferred his allegiance to the *Pall Mall Budget*, until it also died. In the pages of that journal appeared much of Mr. Raven Hill's best work. Then followed *The Unicorn*, which, born to an ineffectual struggle of only three weeks, succumbed to its birth-throes through misunderstanding and financial mismanagement.

It was thus as an artist carefully bred and educated, but attended in his publications by singular ill-luck, that Mr. Raven Hill entered the ranks of the humourists. Nevertheless, he was not faultless; for, although an acknowledged disciple of Charles Keene, he was one, as I have said, of the admirable trio of which Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon were the other members. As a matter of fact, he shared their fault of occasional incorrectness of drawing; for they all belong to that school, or class, of artists of whom Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown were the greatest exemplars—who, however highly gifted with artistic instinct and inspiration could never (whether through lack of severe education or through inherent indisposition) assure themselves of impeccable draughtsmanship. Although the early drawings of Charles Keene were tight to a singular extent, he rarely was out of drawing. This tightness never was a fault of Mr. Raven Hill's; but inaccuracy of drawing, often. Nor is this shortcoming unknown to the artist—a shortcoming which, I imagine, arises somewhat from his practical belief in the principle of the Japanese artist, that impression—otherwise, memory—is of

greater value in giving vitality to a drawing than any amount of deliberate searching after accuracy of proportion and truth of outline. At least, it may be said that it is the means of introducing the utmost *unforced* character into the drawing, while suggesting a sense of movement and actuality. "Nothing annoys me so much," Mr. Raven Hill once assured me, "as to see a thing obviously drawn from the model; mere correctness, for the sake of being correct, never did appeal to me. One might as well judge literature from the standpoint of an encyclopædia. This does not mean to say that I despise drawing; but I hate a thing to strike you as 'well drawn' in the manner of the average Salon picture." I have no wish to convey the impression that Mr. Raven Hill is a bad draughtsman; on the contrary, he is a draughtsman of amazing ability and skill; but he is not always right at the first attempt. You may convince yourself of this, by examining the original of that admirable drawing in which an old sea-salt is recommending, as an extremely light diet for the breakfast of a convalescent, "fower o' they," pointing to the fine flounders upon his barrow. In this the artist's radical correction in the drawing of the sternboard of the barrow will sufficiently illustrate the point under discussion.

Although Mr. Raven Hill does not use the artist's-model for his drawings, he must not therefore be thought to revert to the ancient practice of complacently sacrificing art to humour. The opposite is the case. It is simply because he fears to sacrifice spontaneity that he will not allow the studio model to interpose between his sketch-book notes—between the scraps of paper which he carries in his waistcoat pocket for rapid use—and the finished drawing. The labour of correcting and re-correcting the drawing until it comes right may be great, but he prefers to take that course rather than to be hampered by the sight of the posed model. For all that, he keeps his eyes steadily upon the "men of 1860"—Millais, Keene, Fred Walker, Whistler, Pinwell, and others of the band—for the sake of their perfect qualities as illustrators, pure and simple; for in their work are to be found conjoined the highest decorative characteristics with technical excellence. It must be admitted, in defence of Mr. Raven Hill's view, that the decorative faculty in modern illustrative work has sadly fallen out of late, and that most black-and-white work starts, not as decoration, nor even from point of view of quality, but from a desire to make a scene as correct and coldly true as a photograph. There are, indeed, ample signs of a happy reawakening;

and in the movement Mr. Raven Hill has the credit of a considerable share.

The leading objection taken by hostile critics to Mr. Raven Hill's work has usually been his too-close imitation of the work of Keene. It is true that he has aimed at the same economy of means, handled many of the same types and expressions, employed similar methods of suggesting light and form, cultivated the same style of "lining" as Keene's when the master used the pen and not the pencil. But surely the defence is easy against a charge the central point of which is the success of the imitation; for, after all, as Beaumarchais said, "On est toujours le fils de quelqu'un." Keene as a humourist and a black-and-white man summed up all the young artist's ideal; and not from an unworthy desire to "imitate," but out of genuine sympathy and healthy admiration, did Mr. Raven Hill study and learn what I may, without being misunderstood, call the tricks of Keene's method. As with Charles Keene, so with Mr. Raven Hill the main feeling is for expression, pose, light, and movement; form appears to me to



THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

"Arriet, ain't it about time you buried that sealskin?"

appeal to him somewhat less. This sense of the real function of the pen, too, naturally approximates Charles Keene's, and is certainly a leading characteristic. Mr. Sambourne and Mr. Phil May seem to care more for the sweep of their line than for the quality of the line itself; Mr. Dudley Hardy thinks less still



MISS RAVEN HILL.

L.R.H.

of line but wholly of expression; but Mr. Raven Hill spreads his sympathy over quality of line and humour both. Indeed, I need but refer the reader to the artist's etching, "On the Steps, Whitstable," if proof were needed of the resemblance, the genuine similarity, of Mr. Raven Hill's talent to Charles Keene's genius.

Another point of resemblance, too, between the older artist and the younger is the comparative lack of sense of beauty in the case of their women. In power of genuine facial beauty, Mr. Raven Hill is vastly Keene's superior; but although he can give us what must be accepted as a "pretty woman," there is usually an absence of that grace and elegance which even in our avowed masters in the portrayal of low and common life, from Morland and Rowlandson to Mr. Phil May, were not wanting. Mr. Raven Hill is fond of rendering the ballet-girls; but in his

passion for realism he draws their limbs with even more points of muscular development than Degas thinks it necessary to import into his models. And that, of course, means ugliness. In matters such as these, our artist and Mr. Du Maurier are as the poles asunder; for the former sacrifices to individuality what the latter devotes to a post-Raphaelite sense of beauty. A last point of resemblance to Keene should be mentioned. His love of backgrounds is as great as was that of the master, of landscape backgrounds greatest of all; and, like Keene, he loves to make them the setting of pictures which, be it observed, are usually a perfect and well-balanced composition of art, humour, and text, in equal and indivisible parts.

As a humourist—though, as I have said, a humourist only by chance and necessity—Mr. Raven Hill has established his reputation with the public. A comic situation recommends itself to him with instant effect, and its artistic possibilities spring to his eyes as quickly as they are realised by Mr. May's. Where he excels is in the investing of his figures with unconscious humour, as opposed to the "two figures and an underline" style of joke common to most of the comic papers. His joke, therefore, is part of the picture, and the picture, in the art jargon of to-day, is "inevitable." For the rest, his costers and his sea-salts are as coarsely and as richly vulgar as Mr. May's; his German professors as admirably true and life-like as Mr. Du Maurier's; his low and lower middle-life as vivid as Keene's; while his

East-End Jews are distinct creations of his own wonderful powers of observation. How well would such a man illustrate the Ghetto writings of Mr. Zangwill!

As an illustrator, indeed, Mr. Raven Hill's opportunities have been too few; yet his powers, as displayed in "The River Syndicate" drawings in *Scribner's Magazine* executed with the brush, are of striking ability, and full of animation and forceful beauty. It should be remembered that none but a humourist can be a successful illustrator, even of serious subjects; and if I desired to select the finest drawings of Mr. Raven Hill, the "comic artist," I should certainly include the pre-historic and Roman scenes in *The Butterfly* for the sake of their touch of true tragedy, as well as of artistic beauty of a higher kind. The illustrators, even of Dante, who have ever got public applause (whatever the



VILLAGER: "So you ain't had no luck this morning?"

KEEPER: "No luck! 'E missed me twice!"

actual value of it may be), from Piero di Cosimo to Gustave Doré, have all of them been humourists of a pronounced type. If it were otherwise great conceptions could not be kept in check, as we have seen in the case of Blake. Humour and appropriateness are thus the chief notes in Mr. Raven Hill's art. At once shrewd and sincere in his artistic views, he knows how to make even blatant vulgarity supportable, and to infuse truth and life into his slightest sketches and studies. The secret of his successes, as of his failures, may be that he always draws a subject when he "feels like doing it;" and his artistic courage thus occasionally outruns his discretion. But in all things he is thorough and earnest; and if he

leaves a drawing loose in handling, it is not from the carelessness with which he is often reproached, but from his principle, from which he does not depart, that a slight subject must be represented by slight treatment, and that solid work, elaboration of detail, and careful working out of light and shade, must be reserved only for such subjects as seem to him by their importance to call for it.

"No, no," he cried, when I once challenged him to enlarge upon his art; "my talking of my own art would remind me too much of that drawing of Phil May's in which a particularly plain old gentleman complacently exclaims—'How beautiful is everything in Nature!'"



TO OUR READERS—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

ENLARGEMENT OF "THE MAGAZINE OF ART."

A FURTHER substantial enlargement of THE MAGAZINE OF ART has been determined on by the Publishers—an enlargement of at least sixteen pages monthly. This important increase in size has been adopted in acknowledgment of the great advance in public taste and of the widespread interest at length being generally manifested in the decorative and applied arts. This wider and more intelligent interest—a proof of the progress of true

art appreciation—is a most important and delightful sign of the artistic times; one to which, the Proprietors feel, THE MAGAZINE OF ART may not unfairly claim some share in having contributed. Equal pleasure is now being taken in the arts of design which formerly was confined almost exclusively to the Fine Arts; and it is with satisfaction and pride that the Publishers have hastened to conform with the new demand.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

Not only will the sixteen pages be devoted to the reflection, month by month, of the Art Movement of the day, in all its vitality and in its most recent developments, but elsewhere in the Magazine will be found more articles dealing with all the arts of decorative beauty, whether in England or abroad. The Magazine will thus be brought to appeal more than ever, not only to the artist and the art-student, but to the art-lover and man of taste, who will find in its pages at once a record of the best that is being done, and suggestions that will enable him, if he is so minded, to render his own

home beautiful—worthy of the works of fine art to which he has mainly hitherto devoted his attention.

Great Britain is acknowledged as the leader in what may be called the Decorative Renaissance of the Nineteenth Century, and credit of the revival has been frankly accorded to her by her great art-rivals, France, Germany, and Belgium. It will be the aim of THE MAGAZINE OF ART to aid this great pioneer movement, to encourage and guide the public taste, and to watch and illustrate the progress that they mark—not in the arts of design alone, but in painting, sculpture, and the artistic side of architecture.

ART "NOTES AND QUERIES."

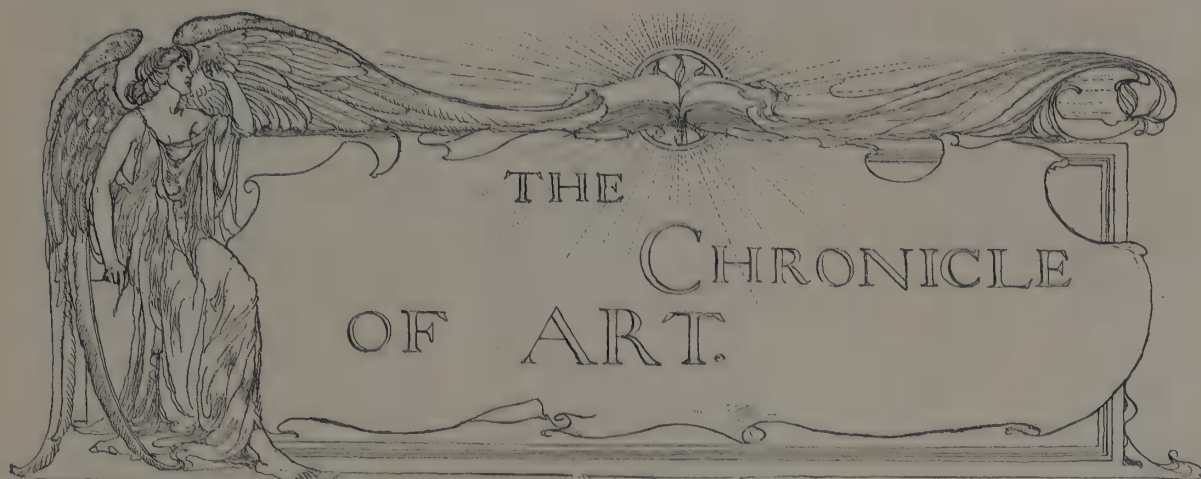
THE number of miscellaneous questions on artistic subjects which are constantly being addressed to the Editor by persons desirous of private information, has suggested to him the inauguration of an entirely new feature for the benefit of enquirers. This consists in an artistic "Notes and Queries," through which not only the regular readers of the Magazine may seek such information as they may require, but the general public may have their questions answered. There will thus be established a Bureau of Artistic Information. A limit must obviously be set to the space that the new feature may occupy, lest too great an encroachment be made on the body of the Magazine. A certain restriction, too, must also be observed as to the character of the Queries allowable. No question, for example, of a commercial tendency can be permitted, nor enquiries more properly addressed to picture-dealers or other men of business. But information may be sought on all matters relating to artistic History, Biography, Technique, Methods and Processes, Copyright Law, Literature, Exhibitions, and so forth. As far as possible, editorial replies will be printed along with, or in the Part

immediately following, the publication of the Queries; but as a good deal more than a mere "Answers to Correspondents" column is intended, the readers of the Magazine are invited (in accordance with the general scheme of reciprocity and exchange of knowledge, on which all "Notes and Queries" publications are based) to forward Replies, and by such added fulness and interest to contribute to the general advantage. These Queries and their Replies need not be confined to literary form alone. Illustrative matter may be included when helpful or necessary to lucidity and interest; and photographs and drawings may be sent for reproduction. The Editor reserves the right to refuse insertion to any Query or Reply, should he for any reason think fit to do so. The full name and address of each correspondent must accompany each communication for the information of the Editor; for the purposes of publication, however, a pseudonym may be adopted by the writer. It is believed that the adoption of the rules which will be set forth in the next Part, will be for the benefit of all concerned, and that the innovation here laid before the reader will meet with wide appreciation.

COMPETITIONS.

It has further been decided to establish valuable Art Competitions of a far more important and interesting character than have hitherto been held, in which the leading as well as less-known artists will, it

is believed, take part. Several hundred pounds will be offered as Prizes. Full particulars of the first competition will appear in the November Part of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, published on the 26th of October.



OCTOBER.

The Reform of South Kensington Museum.

IT is interesting to observe how quickly on the *exposé* in the Press, and on the appointment of a Parliamentary inquiry, the authorities of South Kensington Museum have found it wise to introduce one of the most important administrative reforms for which we have contended. This relates to the reorganisation of the staff of the Museum so that each official should be assigned to a certain section and there retained, in order that he may become a specialist in his own subject. "Until this matter is set right," we said, "and the whole staff put (as it should be) under the absolute control of the Director, the efficiency of the Museum must not be expected to show improvement." We welcome the prompt response of the Director, and, for the sake of the institution under his control, are glad to observe that he has not waited for the Parliamentary Committee to show him his duty. Whether or not the Committee will resent his presenting to them his "Nelson's blind eye" while the whole matter is *sub judice*, does not afford us much serious concern.

Change in the Circulation Department.

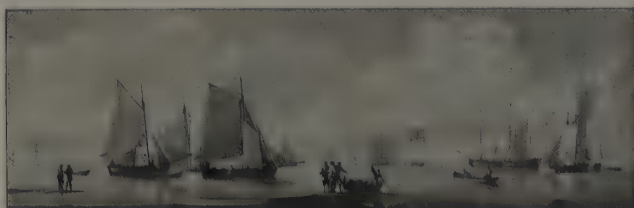
A FURTHER reform has been adopted in this all-important department.

We represented that the Circulation Department had to a serious extent failed in its duty. We are informed that the immediate effect of the public protest has been the instruction of "My Lord" to remove the present chief and to replace him with another gentleman—Mr. W. W. Watts—who is perhaps the most efficient official for the post to be found *within* the Museum. Mr. Watts entered the Museum in 1879 and went straight to "Circulation," where he remained for about ten years. He was supposed to be too good to remain in that department, and was removed, rising in due course high in the Museum, and occupying latterly a position junior only to that of Mr. Skinner, the Assistant Director. Having served for six years in the Museum itself, Mr. Watts may be supposed to have a good acquaintance with the objects it contains; but we are not informed that he has any special knowledge of the needs of the manufacturers in the provinces.

New Mayoral Chain for Liverpool.

CORPORATE insignia is nothing if not symbolical, and it is a point of interest that the designer of the proposed new chain for Liverpool has embodied in his conception an emblematic synopsis of the history of the town, and emphasised the close connection of its neighbouring magnates with the development of the city, not only as a community, but as one of the world's great ports. The city of Liverpool is proud of its connection with the house of Stanley, and not for the first time in history has an Earl of Derby become its chief magistrate. The present chain was given by the members of the Corporation in 1872 to commemorate the public thanksgiving for the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales. There is also a "Jewel Badge," for use on semi-official occasions, which was presented by the late Sir A. B. Walker during his mayoralty in 1877. The Lady Mayoress too

has an official chain, offered in the Jubilee year by Sir David Radcliffe, who was at that time mayor. Other portions of the city regalia are exceptionally rich and striking; but it has long been thought that the present mayoral chain is scarcely worthy of the associations and traditions of the city, the chain now worn be-



THE CALM—A SEASHORE SCENE.

(By Charles Brooking. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,475, Room XVI.)

ing described on the occasion by Mr. Gladstone as "more fitted for a bed-curtain suspender" than to embellish the dignity of the office of mayor. The proposed new mayoral insignia is divided into fourteen panels connected together by a couple of links, the centre of these links containing the Roman fasces. On the panels the designer proposes to enamel certain features of the history of the town. The centre panel represents Britannia watching over the shipping interest of the world, and a figure typifying Commerce seeking her protection, with globe and ship in the background. From this centre on each side appear panels representing "The Granting of the First Charter by King John A.D. 1207," "The First Landing Place in Liverpool" (fourteenth century), "A View of the Fortified Tower of the Earls of Derby" (fifteenth century), "A View of Castle Street" (sixteenth century), "A View of the Old Custom House" (seventeenth century), "The Old Town Hall and

Exchange" (eighteenth century), and "The Present Landing Stage" (nineteenth century). Alternated with these panels are the armorial bearings of the following: the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sefton, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the late Sir A. B. Walker, Sir A. B. Forwood, and Mr. H. H. Hornby. The designer of the new chain is Mr. E. E. DUNTHORNE, of Lord Street, Liverpool.

Exhibition. EARLY in October there will be opened at the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery an exhibition of works by WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER, which should prove to be the finest and most extensive collection of pictures, water-colour drawings, and sketches by this famous landscape artist ever brought together in one room for the benefit of art critics and students. Indeed this is the first special loan exhibition of Müller's works ever held, with the exception of the Bristol Exhibition in 1893, when a number of the artist's paintings were included among the pictures collected on that occasion. Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the director, has succeeded in borrowing many fine examples; Sir William Agnew has promised to lend the great picture "Eel-Bucks at Goring" and others; Mr. James Mason sends the equally famous "Chess-Players"; while Lady Weston is contributing some of the best specimens from the large collection of Müller's works formed by the late Sir Joseph Weston. Among other well-known owners who are lending may be mentioned Baron Burton, the Honourable Victor Cavendish, Sir Samuel Montagu, Mr. William Gillilan, Mr. John Edward Taylor, Mr. Henry Tate, Mr. F. Nettlefold, Mr. James Kenyon, M.P., Mr. C. T. Jacoby, Mr. E. A. Keeley, Mr. J. F. Schwann, Mr. David Jardine, Mr. Alfred East, R.L., Mr. Arthur Sanderson, Mr. Romer-Williams, Mr. William Windus, Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, Mr. S. C. Hosegood, Mr. Jere Osborne, Mr. P. J. Worsley, and others. Among the pictures besides those already mentioned will be found "The Slave-Market," "Gillingham," "Alexandria," "Turkish Merchants with Camels," "The Bay of Naples," "Carnarvon Castle," "The Treasure-Finders," "Venice," "The Money-Changers," "Stapleton Woods," "Rhodes," "Lynnmouth," "The Avenue of Sphinxes," and the original sketches for "Prayer in the Desert" and "The Arab Shepherds," the two brilliant examples of this artist's skill which the citizens of Birmingham happily possess.

Reviews. A TRANSLATION has reached us of a small work on "*The Gait, Exterior, and Proportions of the Horse*," by Colonel DUNOISSIER (Percy Young), an amateur

artist who, as a French cavalry officer, has used his opportunities of studying the animal he writes about. The translation is unfortunately a very bad one. It is not a translation. The French is simply anglicised, with so much of the French idiom retained as to be a source of perpetual irritation; but if the reader can put up with this, he will find the book itself an admirable one, full of useful knowledge, anatomical and artistic, and likely to be of great service to the animal painter.

The theory of perspective, with its intricate problems, has far more interest for the mathematician than for the painter, who, when any difficult question arises in the laying out of a picture, usually calls in a professional "perspective man" to help him with a subject which he cannot afford to neglect. If anyone desires to go thoroughly into the theory of this subject, he cannot do better than get Mr. H. J. DENNIS's "*Advanced Perspective*" for the use of art students (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox), of which the seventh edition has been recently issued. It contains seventy plates of problems, and the man who has carefully gone through this work will

probably know a good deal of perspective if he is not in an utter state of bewilderment.

Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades have given to the world a very interesting souvenir of the Exhibition of "Venetian Art," held at the New Gallery in the winter of 1894-95. It consists of thirty-six reproductions in collotype of pictures by the great Venetians, including the two BELLINIS, MANTEGNA, CRIVELLI, CIMA DA CORNELIANO, GIORGIONE, TITIAN, and others. The book is admirably printed and tastefully bound.

The production of birthday books, like Tennyson's "*Brook*," goes on apparently for ever. It has seemed that every author of note, and every branch of literature, must have been laid under tribute for quotations for the many birthday books already in existence; but apparently modern plays have been undiscovered country until the pro-

duction of "*The Drama Birthday Book*" (John Macqueen), containing selections from the most modern dramas made by Mr. PERCY S. PYMARS. It will doubtless give pleasure to people who despise the modern drama to note the inane sentences which do duty as sentiments. What



MUCIUS SCAEVOLA.

(*Prize de Rome Design by M. Vermeert. From a Photograph by Bernaudat and Aron, Paris.*)



ORESTES.

(*Prize de Rome Painting by M. Moutin.*)

pleasure or profit can anyone get from reading on their birthday detached sentences such as these two, which occur on one page: "I am no ordinary woman" ("Charley's Aunt"), "I'm a pleasant little devil" ("Sweet Nancy")?

We are glad to recognise in *The Evergreen: A Northern Seasonal: The Book of Summer* (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, 1896) a consistency of purpose which speaks well for the earnestness and sincerity of its producers; and we gladly testify to a higher level of literary excellence than we had before noticed. We are bound, however, to say that in this respect Professor PATRICK GEDDES interests us more with his original and suggestive contribution, "Flower of the Grass," than Colleagues has succeeded in doing. In such a work, essentially in some respects experimental, criticism will find several objections. For our part we regard with some alarm—solicitude for the contributors, that is to say, rather than for ourselves—the evolution of a New Art that is producing a New Physiognomy—flat-nosed faces with heavy-lidded eyes and coarse and sensual lips; as well as a perfunctory method of drawing which, as in the case of Mr. BURN MURDOCH's "Antarctic Summer," is simply childish and impertinent. Mr. WOMRATH's "La Lune d'Été" and "Un Soir de Juin" are pleasing and skilful designs enough, though the former is again spoilt by the poor and mean drawing of the faces; but we cannot too strongly insist upon the fact that rich black ink on cream-white paper is not an adequate substitute for elegance and grace.

Dr. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON scarcely does justice to himself when he terms his book, "*Through the Dolomites from Venice to Toblach*" (George Allen), a "guide-book" to the Scotland of Italy. It is indeed a hand-book to that wonderful tract of beautiful country to the north-east of Venice, where Titian spent his summers, and where many other painters since his time, as before it, have found a paradise for sketch-book and canvas; most of the facts we look for in a guide-book are here complete and trustworthy; but the book is as desirable for the art-student as it is for a traveller through the district. Indeed, with its magnificent scenery, its architectural "bits," its village beauties and interesting tradition, the country is as worthy to visit as almost any in Italy; so that in attempting to attract thither the painter and the tourist Dr. Robertson is, in a sense, opening up a new sketching-ground and a new playground; and, through his pleasant book, has become in some sort a public benefactor. It may be added that the little volume is adequately illustrated, and that these plates serve to acquit the author of undue enthusiasm, of which he might otherwise be suspected.

Lord Bacon says in his essay on Truth, "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure," which perhaps explains why "*The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John Marundeville, Kt.*," has always been a book high in favour. It has been translated into every language in Europe, has appeared in scores of varying editions, and is, without doubt, a most entertaining work of imaginary travels. Another new edition printed in old-faced type of a good size and character, and illustrated by Mr. ARTHUR LAYARD, has been issued by Messrs. Constable. The artistic quality of the illustrations might sometimes be higher, but in many of these there is shown

a touch of real imagination, as in "The Holy Hermit and the Monster." A very serious attempt has been made to keep them archaeologically accurate, which is doubtless a good thing, so long as the artist does not disappear in the archaeologist.

Books on design, both the principles and application, are rather numerous, but we have seen no better one of its size on the subject than "*A Book of Studies in Plant Form, with some Suggestions for their Application to Design*," by A. E. V. LILLEY and W. MIDGELEY (Chapman and Hall). It is good because it is really practical. It simply takes a photograph or drawing of a plant form, and shows how it is applied in a design for a specific purpose, and you have both plant and design side by side. The drawings of plants are quite admirable, as are also the designs made from them. The book ought to be in every designer's hands for the sake of the plant drawings alone, which are



NEW MAYORAL CHAIN FOR LIVERPOOL.

(Designed by E. E. Danthorne.)

very numerous as well as very good. It is quite a book of reference for well-drawn flowers and plants.

In "*Etching, Drypoint, Mezzotint*" (Raithby, Lawrence and Co.) Mr. HUGH PATON, A.R.P.E., has sought to produce a practical treatise on the whole art of the painter-etcher. The author has laid the text-books of Maxime Lalanne, Philip Hamerton, and Mr. Herkomer under contribution and, with a good deal of his own experience added, has produced a manual which fairly bears out the promise of its title-page. A number of small plates executed in the various methods dealt with by Mr. Paton serve to illuminate the instructions in the text; but we cannot accept that which pretends to demonstrate the virtues of monotype as at all an adequate illustration of the extraordinary capabilities and range of power and delicacy of the process. The chief merit about Mr. Paton's really important little book is that, although addressed presumably to students and amateurs only, it contains many hints, the result of considerable experience, that may be of use and value to the practised *peintre-graveur*. It is instructive to the general reader, and technical and complete enough to claim a place in every studio.

A second edition of M. EUGENE MUNTZ'S admirable monograph in "Raphael" (Chapman and Hall), ably translated by Mr. WALTER ARMSTRONG, places once more before the art-student one of the very best books in existence on the subject. Indeed, we may say that of its size it is the best handbook on the work, the times, and life of Raphael to be had, brought thoroughly up to date in respect to all that is now known of the master, and well enough illustrated for its purpose with reproductions and facsimiles of drawings and studies.

In a pamphlet of some importance, entitled "*La Culture Artistique en Amérique*" (Paris), Monsieur S. BING has published the results of a tour of observation—a report drawn up at the desire of the Directeur des Beaux Arts in France, of the condition of the arts in the United States. To treat of the painting, sculpture, architecture, and industrial art of a great nation within the limits of a small book is evidently to generalise and suggest the development rather than to demonstrate the growth; but it may be said that the difficult task has been carried out with singular intelligence and sympathy, although with too much haste to guarantee it from error both of judgment and detail.

The "*Brief History of Wood Engraving*" (Sampson Low and Co.), by JOSEPH CUNDALL, is a convenient little handbook, which compresses into the compass of a very small volume the main facts in the history of the most pliable of all the reproductive arts. It would be idle to pretend that the same thing has not been done before, and better done, on a somewhat larger scale. As a brief summary, however, which, we observe, is not brought up to date, it will doubtless be acceptable to many.



BOADICEA.

(From the Group by T. Thornycroft.)

The "*History of Architecture*" (B. T. Batsford), by Messrs. BANISTER FLETCHER and BANISTER F. FLETCHER, is one of the most important as it is certainly one of the most valuable books on the subject issued in recent years. Intended for the student, the craftsman, and the amateur, it

is compiled on the comparative method, and is undoubtedly for the general reader the sanest of all books we know, intended to instruct him not only in the history, but in the theory and general principles of the art of architecture. We need merely point out that the system of classification—somewhat in the manner of M. Boutmy—for each style is regularly divided into—(1) "influences," (2) "architectural character," (3) "examples," (4) "comparative tables," and (5) "reference books" (the first being further subdivided into geographical, geological, climatic, religious, social and political, and historical)—to show how scientific and complete is the authors' plan. To all artists we would recommend a careful study of the work, not only because of the advantage to be obtained from the perusal of any good book upon the subject of architecture, but because of the healthy re-adjustment that it will bring to minds not sufficiently alive to the predominance of architecture among the arts, and to the necessity of a knowledge of artistic instruction to every painter, sculptor, and artificer who would take a broad and enlightened view of the true status of his own craft. The authors have had the temerity to bring their book up to date and to discuss the work of contemporary architects—a recklessness, we suspect, which will be fully dealt with by the professional papers. The book is of permanent worth, and is adequately illustrated with more than a hundred cuts and plates chiefly in collotype, from photographs of typical buildings of every period and order.

Grace, ease, and tender passion are the characteristics of Mr. ARTHUR L. SALMON'S pleasing muse—as the readers of this Magazine have ere now had occasion to know. In "*Songs of a Heart's Surrender*" (W. Blackwood and Sons) the author makes strong appeal to lovers of unaffected poetry beyond the point of most versifiers.

Another of the many handbooks on photography which have of late been published is "*Photography for Artists*," by HECTOR MACLEAN, F.R.P.S., etc. (Percy Lund and Co., London). It is not so useful as its somewhat ambitious title would imply, for most of the hints and warnings which he gives are obvious to the veriest tyro in photography. The limits to which the camera can be applied by artists are too well known to necessitate a volume being written to point them out, and the methods of photographic reproduction have been dealt with so frequently that nothing useful can be gleaned from a book of this nature.

The Boadicea. THAT the Boadicea Statue should go a-begging is little creditable to Londoners.

Metropolitan apathy, when metropolitan embellishment is in question, is as notorious as it is reprehensible. But, unless we are much mistaken, Mr. William Bull's praiseworthy efforts are regarded with a little suspicion through his not making it clear in his representations to the Press that the "Mr. Thornycroft" who modelled the statue and the "Mr. Thornycroft" who offers it are two different persons—father and son—and that neither of them is Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the eminent sculptor. The creator of the monument in question is the late Mr. T. THORNYCROFT, an excellent artist and clever designer, the father of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft and of Mr. John Thornycroft, F.R.S., the distinguished engineer, the latter of whom is willing to present the work to the public. The design, it may be said, is a very fine one, although not carried so far as regards finish as it should be; but that it would be an ornament to London if placed in a suitable position there can be little doubt.



(Drawn by J. Walter West.)

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